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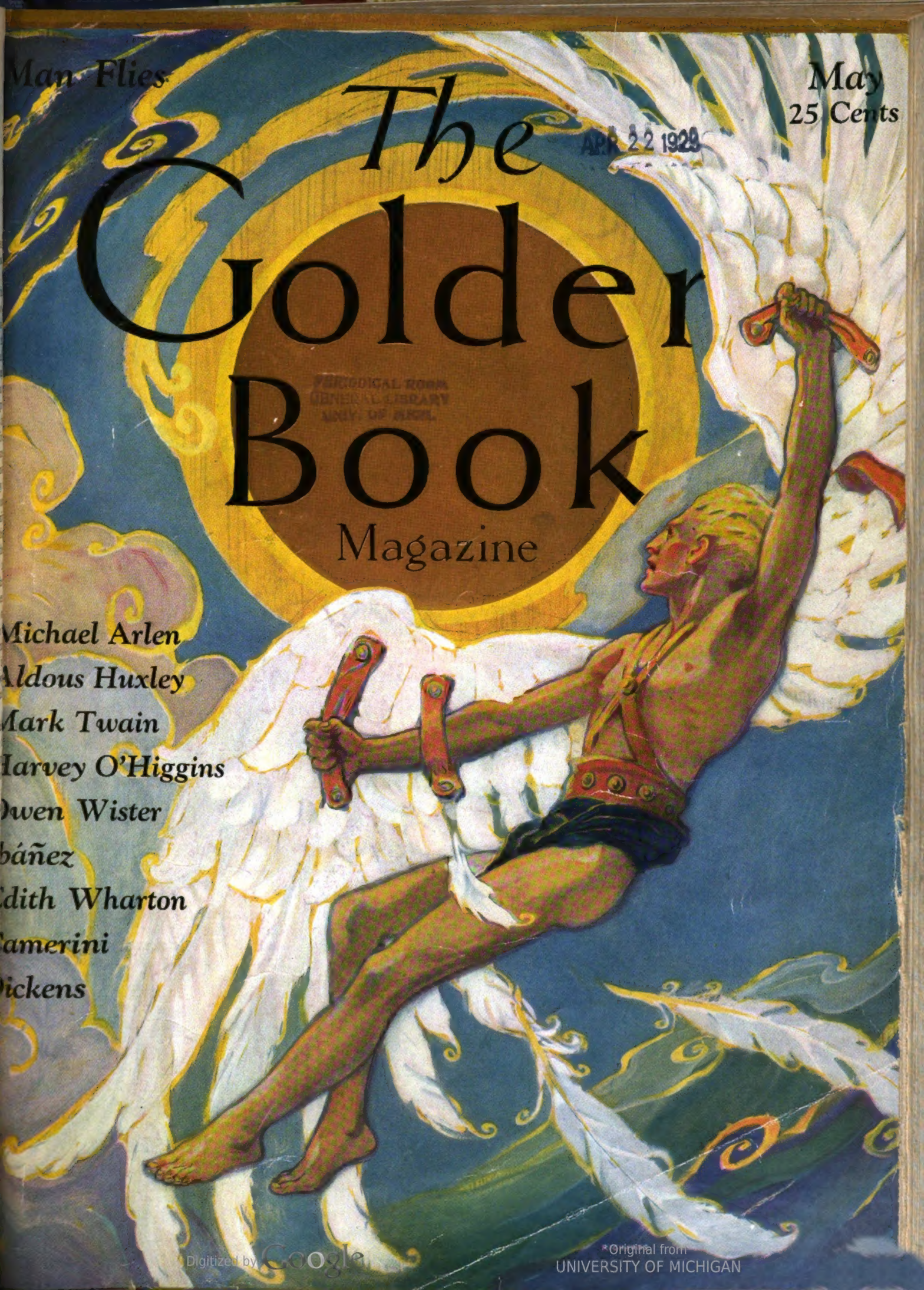

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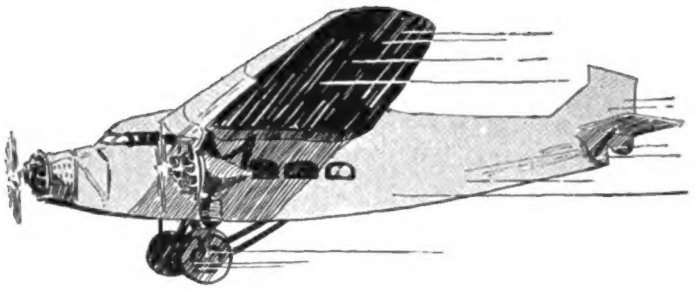

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THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

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Who's Who *in the* Golden Book

GEORGE WASHINGTON and his hatchet, Oscar Wilde and his lily, Michael Arlen and his Green Hat. . . . Whether the fame of the Green Hat will live much beyond this post-war generation we doubt, but certainly no object of wearing apparel ever had better publicity among the so-called sophisticated than this same hat, celebrated in a phenomenally best-selling novel, a play which ran and ran, and a moving-picture which is running still. Yet Dikrān Kouyoumdjian, which is Michael Arlen's real name, has written far better things than *The Green Hat*—notably a handful of light, quick-moving stories, of which "The Broken Nose" is one.

Although Dikrān Kouyoumdjian has lived in England since he was five, he was born in a little Danube village. He came to London at seventeen—dark, foreign, poor, friendless. Only a few years later, the author of *The London Venture, The Romantic Lady, Piracy, These Charming People,* and *The Green Hat* had won the absorbed attention of the generation whose portrait he painted so wittily. His days of loneliness and poverty were over: he was everywhere sought after, and his Rolls Royce was six inches longer than anyone else's. Since then have appeared *Young Men in Love* and, very recently, *Lily Christine.*

AMONG THE BEST of Dickens's writings are some of his short stories. He is principally famous, of course, for those long novels which provide setting for hundreds of never-to-be-forgotten characters, yet there is a unity and an effect of careful workmanship about such stories as "The Christmas Carol" and "The Signal-Man" which is lacking in his novels—nearly all published serially and written under great pressure, one instalment at a time.

Until recently it looked as though Dickens had gone into a partial, temporary eclipse. The inevitable reaction of one generation against the gods of the generation before had set in. Parents deplored that their children did not and would not read Dickens. Critics timidly raised their heads to murmur that Dickens had his faults. But perhaps those days are already over. Never have we heard so many persons discussing Dickens with relish; in the past year alone four important books about him have appeared and found wide public reception. One of these is the Straus biography, which is a vivid portrait of the man: his birth in Landport in 1812; his poverty-stricken boyhood; his early days in London tying and labeling blacking-pots for six shillings a week, visiting his parents on Sundays in their comfortable quarters in the debtors' prison; his tribulations as law clerk and journalist, as suitor and husband; the early failure and later overwhelming success of *Pickwick,* and the gusto with which Dickens assumed the literary purple; the tragic death of his sister-in-law; his troubles with publishers and money; his amazing productivity; and his death on June 9, 1870, the most famous and best-loved literary figure of his day.

CARROLL HOLLIDAY, whose woodcuts illustrate "The Signal-Man," is a specialist in woodcutting and in Boy Scouts. Some of his coloured woodcuts are particularly fine, and his Boy Scout troop is the pride of New Canaan, Conn. In the woodcut on page 37 Mr. Holliday has tried to embody the whole impression of the story in one design, and has, we think, succeeded.

> And meanwhile the beautiful, the incredible world in which we live awaits our exploration, and life is short, and time flows staunchlessly, like blood from a mortal wound. And there is all knowledge, all art. There are men and women, the innumerable living, and, in books, the souls of those dead who deserve to be immortal.

THESE WORDS EXPRESS Aldous Huxley's world, and give to the reader a glimpse of Aldous Huxley himself: detached, brilliant, erudite, with an ironic glance at life, and pity in his heart that it should be so. Again and again he is spoken of as outstanding among "modern" writers. No one writing today, we hear on many sides, mocks at mockery with such flashing wit, such entertaining charm, such supple prose, and utter cynicism.

Mr. Huxley's literary traditions may have something to do with the case. He is an Englishman of thirty-five, whose grandfather was Thomas Huxley, great scientist and writer of the nineteenth century. His father is editor of the *Cornhill Magazine,* once edited by Thackeray. His mother was Julia Arnold, niece of Matthew Arnold. His aunt is Mrs. Humphry Ward. He himself was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, has worked as literary and dramatic critic on several leading British magazines and newspapers, has produced five books of essays, four novels, four collections of short stories and three books of verse. He is long-legged, "with the face of an extremely sensitive, intelligent and alive schoolboy and the handgrip of a midwestern farmer." Of himself, he wrote in a letter to *The Forum*:

"I was educated at Eton, which I left at seventeen

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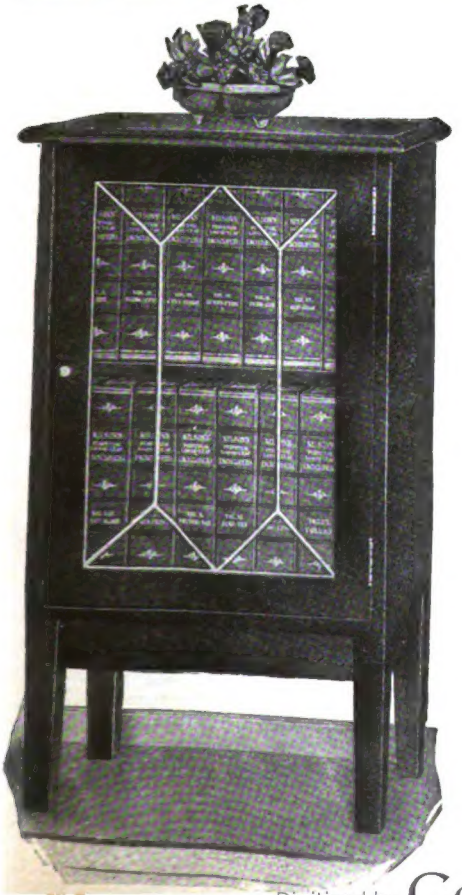

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owing to an affliction of the eyes which left me practically blind for two or three years, an event which preserved me from becoming a complete public-school English gentleman. . . . My temporary blindness also preserved me from becoming a doctor, for which I am also grateful. . . . On the other hand I very much regret the scientific training which my blindness made me miss. It is ludicrous to live in the twentieth century equipped with an elegant literary training eminently suitable to the seventeenth. As soon as I could see well enough to read through a magnifying glass I went to Oxford, where I took my degree in English literature. . . . I prefer sunlight to literary company. My recreations are reading and traveling (in comfort). I rarely take a complete holiday . . . my health begins to break down when I stop working."

In "The Portrait" Mr. Huxley is his satiric self in light mood—the satirist who, Grant Overton has said, "has learned from Dickens the art of caricature. As he draws, his really vast erudition comes crowding through the aisles of his strange and beautiful mind. So you have gradually assembled his company, grotesque, exaggerated, wretched, bizarre, inhuman-human . . . repulsively true, their meaninglessness carrying their deepest meaning."

HARVEY O'HIGGINS died less than two months ago. Born in London, Ontario, in 1876, and educated at Toronto University and on Toronto newspapers, where he was reporter, reviewer, and columnist, he came to New York at the age of twenty-three to make his fortune as a poet. For one week he worked on the staff of the *World*, and on the *Globe* for another week. In the meantime he wrote poems and stories, papering his Greenwich Village attic with the rejection slips. His first success came after an editor had told him his name sounded like a policeman's or a fireman's, not a poet's, and O'Higgins accordingly tried writing about policemen and firemen. He then turned to Irish tenements for inspiration, and added considerably to his beginnings of fame. He later investigated Judge Lindsey's social reform fight in Denver, worked as Associate Chairman of George Creel's Committee on Public Information during the War, and became interested in psychology and psychiatry. Following this he began to write the particular type of story with which his name is now most prominently associated. These stories, published in a collection called *From the Life*, all begin with an imaginary *Who's Who* item about the hero, and then present some decisive event in the hero's life which has directly or indirectly made him what he is. They are penetrating and effective psychological studies, and of them "Owen Carey" is perhaps the best.

I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world!

IN LINES SUCH AS THIS, America's "first authentic voice," Walt Whitman, outraged the poetry readers of his day: Whitman the lusty, the arrogant, the idealistic, who minced no words and respected no conventions in setting forth his sermon on the glories of democracy and of America; who at thirty-five discovered the form of expression which best suited him, and thenceforth devoted his whole life to the perfecting and expanding of his one volume of rhythmic free-verse, *Leaves of Grass*. It is not surprising that his poetry aroused consternation at first in the hearts and minds of the conventional, nor that this consternation gave way to a steadily swelling applause which has made Whitman unique in American literature.

John Tracy Winterich, who tells the story of the publication and first failure, republications, and eventual success of *Leaves of Grass*, is an authority on book-collecting, and on the inside stories of the writing and first publication of the world's great books. He is editor of the *American Legion Monthly* and author of *A Primer of Book Collecting* and *Collector's Choice*.

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS first began to write in Virginia City, Nevada, whither he had gone when the outbreak of the Civil War deprived him of his career as a Mississippi River pilot. Wandering west to act as secretary to his brother Orion, "with nothing to do and no pay," he shortly afterward joined the staff of the Nevada *Territorial Enterprise*. The

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weekly articles which he wrote poking fun at the lawmakers of Carson City represent his first professional appearance as an author.

These articles, at first unsigned, created a sensation. They appeared on Sundays, and on Mondays no work was done in the legislature, while one aggrieved gentleman after another rose to complain. Clemens was delighted, and in order to make the articles even more personal, took to signing them with the name Mark Twain—the Mississippi leadsman's old cry for two fathoms.

But those were the good old days, and soon Mark found himself involved in a duel, and with the sheriff at his heels. He crossed the border into California, tried journalism and gold-mining there, visited the Sandwich Islands, and on his return ventured on to the lecture platform (1868). Here he was a tremendous success, and all through his life continued to make friends and money by this means. "The roars of laughter fall like a surf when Mark lectures," George W. Cable wrote to his family while on a lecture tour with Twain in 1884.

Twain had published only one collection of stories, *The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County*, when *Innocents Abroad* appeared in 1869 as the result of a five-months' Mediterranean tour. But in its first year it sold one hundred thousand copies, and a similar warm welcome awaited nearly everything henceforth which Mark Twain was to write. By 1872, when *Roughing It* was being written, Mark Twain had settled down in Hartford, Conn., which was to be his headquarters for many years. From then on, *Tom Sawyer* (1876), *The Prince and the Pauper* (1882), *Life on the Mississippi* (1883), *Huckleberry Finn* (1885), *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (1889), *Pudd'nhead Wilson* (1894), and *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc* (1896) marked a steady growth in fame and in scope. Needless to say, this list is far from complete. His works fill twenty-two good-sized volumes in the authorized edition, and include collections of short stories, biography, and a number of essays crusading on one thing or another.

Mark Twain was born in Florida, Missouri, in 1835, and spent a youth in the sleepy Mississippi towns which he describes in *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*, in *Pudd'nhead Wilson* and *Life on the Mississippi*. Before he was thirteen, Samuel Moffett tells us, he had nearly been drowned nine times, out of sheer adventurousness, at which "his mother, with the high confidence in his future which never deserted her, merely remarked: 'People who are born to be hanged are safe in the water.'" At thirteen he gave up falling into the Mississippi to work as compositor on his brother's newspaper, and later wandered East, earning his way by setting type. In 1857, back on the Mississippi again, he decided to adopt the august career of a Mississippi River steamboat pilot, who in those days received a salary equal to that of the then Vice-president of the United States. But just as he finished an arduous initiate and secured his license, the war broke out, and the leisurely white side-wheelers gave way to squat, iron-plated gunboats.

"A Terrible, Awful Medieval Romance" was written about 1868, and was Mark Twain's avowedly first try at romancing.

> I write explosively. I am sometimes hardly aware what I am doing. The germ of an idea comes to me; it grows and grows until there is a sort of spontaneous combustion. . . . I rush headlong, whirling, plunging, working endlessly until I reach the finale.
>
> IBÁÑEZ.

THIS METHOD, used in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, resulted in a force, a vitality which swept the four horsemen at top speed around a war-ridden world. Vicente Blasco Ibáñez awoke to sudden fame, the roughnesses in that and succeeding volumes overlooked in view of the rush of passions, the abundance of life which filled his books to the brim.

Ibáñez's own life was far from tranquil. "The day you write the story of your life," Anatole France once said to him, "will see the birth of the most interesting novel in the world." Born in Spain in 1867, he was put in jail at least thirty times for revolutionary activities; he was a cowboy and a soldier of fortune in the Argentine; a sailor, and the founder of a city in Patagonia. He edited a radical newspaper and ran a publishing house. He interested himself fiercely in politics, history, and sociology; he translated "whole libraries" of foreign books into Spanish; and he found time to write more than thirty novels and histories, as well as innumerable short stories. He died in exile, at Mentone, in 1928.

His best-known book is *The Four Horsemen*, with *Mare Nostrum* and *The Shadow of the Cathedral* close seconds. *La Bodega*, *Enemies of Women*, and *A Novelist's Tour of the World* are also widely known. One of Ibáñez's most pleasant qualities, his mastery of good-humoured satire, is admirably displayed in "The Four Sons of Eve," the whimsically irreverent and very human story published here.

OWEN WISTER is the direct descendant of Bret Harte in the matter of western stories. And perhaps Wister today reads even a little better than Harte, master of the short story though he is, for some of the Harte stories which seemed most wonderful when we were fifteen are stagy and unreal on re-reading. Not so Wister. The ripe humour and the wider understanding of human nature in Wister's stories save his gamblers and cowboys

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In this one beautiful book have been collected more than 200 stirring short stories by the most daring and powerful writer the world has ever known.

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Service

BUSINESS today is based upon service. The "grab and run" manufacturer is almost extinct. Advertising has played its part in his passing. By contrast with the open methods of others, it has thrown his operations into such sharp relief that it has left him no recourse. His failure was inevitable.

People have come to depend upon consistently advertised merchandise. They have confidence in the manufacturer who places himself on record month after month as to the merits of his product. They know he will maintain that product at the standard he has set, not only for their protection but for his own. Should he drop below, the buying public would soon discover it, and his business would be faced by ruin. No manufacturer who is spending large sums to produce, advertise and sell an article is going to take that risk.

Quality, utility and value are the things uppermost in the mind of the advertiser today. Improving his product, making it more useful to you, giving you greater value for your money, these are his aims. When he succeeds, he tells you about it—in the advertisements.

If you neglect the advertisements, you are missing one of the most vital features in this magazine.

and pioneer ladies from the effects of the unconscious but cruel burlesquing of these types by the moving-pictures.

Wister is not a westerner. He was born in Philadelphia in 1860, and studied at Harvard and in Paris. Then he went West for his health, later returning to Harvard to study law, and to take up its practice in Philadelphia. He has written his stories between briefs, going back to the West whenever he could to learn more about the inner workings of the cowboy mind. *Red Men and White* (1896), *Lin McLean* (1898), *The Virginian* (1904), *Lady Baltimore* (1906), and *Members of the Family* (1911) are his best western books. Not that Mr. Wister has to write about the West: *Philosophy 4*, for example, is a story of his days at Harvard, and is excellent.

HERE ARE A FEW MORE comments and suggestions that we want to say a word about:

> I wish to add the expression of my hope to that of Dr. W. L. Phelps, noted in the January *Scribner's* "As I Like It," that you publish "The End of All" in the GOLDEN BOOK. I must have read it in the early '90's in a volume of short stories and it has stuck in my memory all these years, even the name of its author, whom I looked up at the time only to discover that he was not credited with other stories. I recall the details of the story differently from Mr. Duffy, whose letter to Dr. Phelps is published in the same issue. So I am additionally interested in seeing who has the more accurate memory, although that is a very, very minor detail in connection with the story itself. . . .
>
> The stories of Arthur Cosslett Smith, all of which are new to me, are all that you claim for them and more.
>
> I had forgotten that *The Kentucky Cardinal* was a literary gem, although it has long been a favourite story. I had hoped that you would follow it with *Aftermath*. The GOLDEN BOOK causes us to re-read many books which we are always promising ourselves to read. How fine is *The Virginian*, too. My husband buries himself in *The Queen's Necklace* monthly, which does not appeal so strongly to me. Perhaps Dumas is more of a man's author anyway. I am inclined to think so.

We have already set our editorial sleuths on the trail of *The End of All*, and will report progress soon. We hope the story will be available, as probably many others like our correspondent would be interested in re-reading it.

Unfortunately there are not likely to be many more stories by Arthur Cosslett Smith in the GOLDEN BOOK. Mr. Smith wrote only a few stories before his death.

Do not be surprised if, some day this summer, you open your GOLDEN BOOK and find *Aftermath* in it as a three-part story. We have been waiting for a chance to run it ever since the conclusion of *The Kentucky Cardinal*, but one thing and another has happened to crowd it out.

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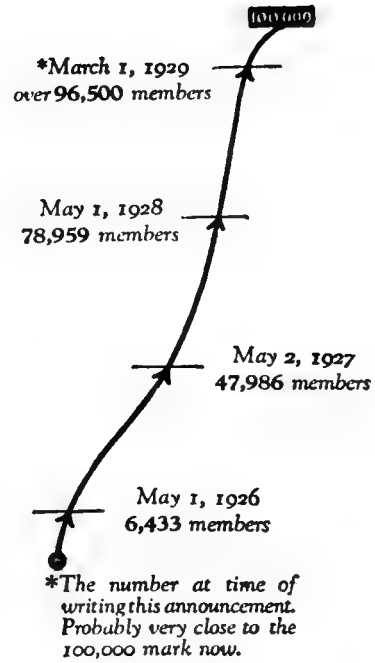
Join

the Book-of-the-Month Club before its membership reaches ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND

The First Book FREE

—to those who, by joining now, carry the membership over the 100,000 mark

A GREAT many people (we know) have been on the verge of joining the Book-of-the-Month Club, but have neglected to do so, largely through oversight. If this has been true in your case, it is clearly an advantage not to delay longer. We suggest simply that you get full information at once about what the Book-of-the-Month Club does for you, and then decide once for all whether you want to join. The mere fact that almost 100,000 judicious book-readers already belong to the organization—that they represent the elite of the land in every profession and every walk of life—that not a single one was induced to join by a salesman or by personal solicitation of any kind, but did so after simply reading the facts about what the Club does for book-readers—all these are indications that it is worth your while at least to get the facts as quickly as possible, and then (if you want to) join before this "first book free" offer expires. You assume no obligation in sending the coupon below for full information.



*The number at time of writing this announcement. Probably very close to the 100,000 mark now.

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Authors and Books

THERE IS NO DOUBT about it, when Sinclair Lewis publishes a book, it is the book of the month, even if it is as outrageously journalistic and tract-like as *Elmer Gantry*. . . . Which *Dodsworth* isn't. *Dodsworth* has the distinction among Mr. Lewis's books of being about a man he likes, and of deserting the small-town scene for Europe—America in Europe (Babbitt in Europe, in fact), but still Europe. . . . And given these things, he tells—say his publishers—the story of a million American marriages. . . . But does he?

Sam Dodsworth, fifty, wealthy, retired, goes abroad to find the things he has missed. So he thinks; in reality he goes because Fran, his wife, wants him to—Fran, selfish, stupid, restless, beautiful, who keeps Sam in complete subjugation until the very end of the book. . . .

Yes, Mr. Lewis has done just this: the story of a million marriages rather than one. He has again produced a satire of types. . . . But he has done it more kindly, more fairly, more carefully than before. . . . It is a more likable book than any he has written, and no less interesting for that. . . .

NEXT MOST EXCITING of the month's onrush of books—though it was hard to choose—is Lewis Mumford's *Herman Melville*. . . . It is a superb biography of one of America's most interesting and least-known literary figures, by an outstanding modern critic. Herman Melville emerges gigantic, lonely, groping—a man born before his time, who is only now emerging into the prominence he deserves. . . . Mr. Mumford pictures America in the middle of the nineteenth century—the America which had a welcome for *Typee* and *Omoo*, the two early simple books of this young Dutch-American who had lived among the South Sea cannibals, but who drew aside its prim skirts when *Moby Dick* arrived, in massive, crowded, incoherent splendour. . . . It is from this time on—from the time when, according to Mr. Mumford, Melville began groping to find himself, totally unwatched and un-understood, that Mr. Mumford deals in most detail, and it is a battle as tremendous, as tragic as *Moby Dick's* own that he has recorded in brilliant prose. . . . *Herman Melville* (Harcourt Brace) is the Literary Guild's choice for March. . . .

From *Skippy*, by Percy L. Crosby.

"YOU ARE AS BAD as the woman who had the impertinence to ask Mr. Lytton Strachey if, when in bed, he slept with his beard under or above the sheets," someone said to Sewell Stokes, author of irreverent interviews with the great.

"What did Mr. Strachey reply?" asked the imperturbable Sewell.

"He said: 'Come and see!'"

Lytton Strachey, drawn by Gabriel Atkin for *Pilloried!* by Sewell Stokes.

Sewell Stokes's book, *Pilloried*, published by Appleton, is the result of relentlessly "going and seeing" a variety of celebrities, from Dorothy Gish to the Pope. . . . He lunched with Rebecca West on the Riviera and learned that she likes her friends to call her "Panther"; he heard Somerset Maugham, smooth and cryptic, responding to a request to autograph Hichen's *The Garden of Allah*, with a calm "My dear sir, I didn't write *The Sheik* either"; he was told the secret of perpetual youth by Fanny Ward herself; he visited Ellen Terry at her famous Jasmine Cottage; interviewed E. Phillips Oppenheim, the prophet of Monte Carlo; discussed with William J. Locke his recipe for tripe; found Jackie Coogan truly modest, and watched Lady Astor manicure her nails. . . . There can be few thrills left for this young man. . . . It is a flippant, cynical, even "smarty" book, but somehow Mr. Stokes makes us like him in spite of himself, and we haven't heard so much good gossip in a *long* while. . . .

SKIPPY—PHILOSOPHER, LOVER and skeptic—has romped into national fame since his exploits were first pictured by Percy Crosby in 1925. . . . The secret of Skippy's success has been, partly, that the verbal part of the Skippy cartoons has been as good as the drawings. The editors of *Life*, where Skippy has appeared, boasted that they never had to seek a collaborator to supply Skippy's ideas and speeches. . . . And gradually Mr. Crosby's typewriter has become even busier than his wash-brush. The result is Mr. Crosby's first novel, *Skippy*, published by Putnam. . . . Therein you will find the dynamic hero and his pal Sooky and the rest, still belittlin', still placating hard-pressed parents. . . .

AS SIMPLE AS A FAIRY TALE beginning "Once upon a time there was a Prince named Rudolph, who was very much of a Prince indeed," and as realistic as an easy chapter in a history book, is Louis Kronenberger's first novel, *The Grand Manner*, published by Horace Liveright. . . . Rudolph IV of Hedenstrom believed in the divine right of kings in a day (the waning nineteenth century) when such beliefs were not appreciated by a people beginning to yammer about their rights. . . . It made it awfully hard for Rudolph, who was a nice person—pig-headed, but devoted to his people, and every inch a king. Even his beautiful

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The story of a seafarin' girl who tells all.

America's latest rage, started by Robert L. Ripley, a modern Marco Polo—with proofs.

The book that put a kick in thinking.

THE WHOLE NATION IS READING THESE THREE BEST SELLERS

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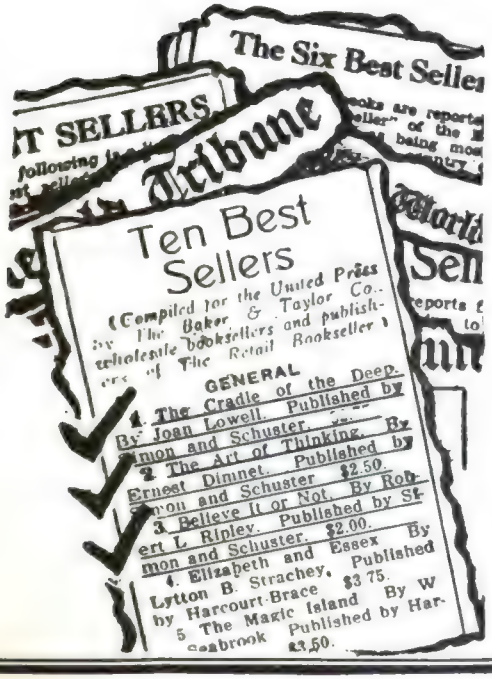
The Six Best Sellers
Tribune
Ten Best Sellers
(Compiled for the United Press by The Baker & Taylor Co., wholesale booksellers and publishers, and The Retail Bookseller)
GENERAL
1. The Cradle of the Deep. By Joan Lowell. Published by Simon and Schuster.
2. The Art of Thinking. By Ernest Dimnet. Published by Simon and Schuster. $2.50.
3. Believe It or Not. By Robert L. Ripley. Published by Simon and Schuster. $2.00.
4. Elizabeth and Essex By Lytton B. Strachey. Published by Harcourt-Brace. $3.75.
5. The Magic Island By W Seabrook Published by Harcourt-Brace. $3.50.

ALL AMERICA IS DISCUSSING THESE THREE BEST-SELLERS FROM THE INNER SANCTUM OF SIMON AND SCHUSTER

24,109 copies of Joan Lowell's book, *The Cradle of the Deep*, sold in one week—123,478 copies in seven weeks! This story of a young girl's adventures on the high seas, the March Book-of-the-Month, is lashing to the mast all best-seller records.

Next comes *The Art of Thinking*, by Abbé Ernest Dimnet, a delight for the type of discerning readers who made *The Story of Philosophy* a best seller for the years!

Believe It or Not! Ripley's tantalizing but incontrovertible book of cartooned paradoxes, went into its third edition five days after it came off press.

To *THE INNER SANCTUM of* SIMON and SCHUSTER
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☐ *The Art of Thinking*	Enclosed find $2.50
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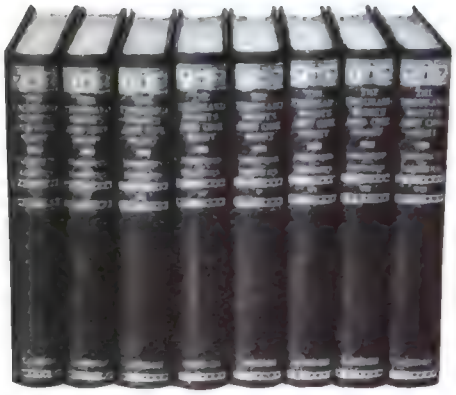
The REAL Arabian Nights



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mistress deserted him to marry the Prime Minister, who, one fine day, was forced to ask Rudolph to abdicate. . . . It is an easy, graceful book, hiding wit in simplicity . . . a book that reads quickly and stays in your mind, clean-cut, after more obvious books have faded. . . .

Illustration from *The Larger Birds*, by Eric Fitch Daglish.

WE HAVE JUST FINISHED reading a novel which for power and perfection of writing we know not the like of in 1929. . . . This is Henry Williamson's *The Pathway*, published by Dutton, a book drenched in mysticism, coloured with at least ten characters, all of whom are fully realized and made into persons. . . . And lest that scare you off—well, we don't want to scare you off, and yet we can't say that there is very much plot to it, or anything sensational about it. . . . Somehow, it is just not the least boring, holding you by quiet intensity of emotion, reality of characters, and dream-like quality of prose. . . . We even forgave the absurdities of the hero, ex-army officer Maddison, who, for all he carries his love of nature to extremes, is not ridiculous. . . . Mr. Williamson's previous book, *Tarka, the Otter*, won the Hawthornden Prize, a coveted British trophy. Other books, written in Devon, in the little workman's cottage where he has lived since the War, are *Dream of Fair Women, Sun Brothers, The Old Stag*. . . .

GOLDEN BOOK READERS will find of particular interest two biographies of Ambrose Bierce, the mystery man of American letters, whose stories have several times appeared in this magazine. . . . One of these biographies is by Adolphe de Castro, Bierce's intimate friend and collaborator—the "A. Danziger" whose name appears on the title pages of some editions of *The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter*. . . . It is a sympathetic, almost too enthusiastic study of this eccentric satirist and story-writer of the nineteenth century; and is called *Portrait of Ambrose Bierce* (Century). . . . The other biography is sounder but barer. *Bitter Bierce: A Mystery of American Letters*, by C. Hartley Grattan, published by Doubleday, Doran, recounts Bierce's vivid life with more authenticity, but less anecdote. It expounds his astonishing personality, and presents more squarely than does Mr. de Castro's the question whether Bierce's personality or literary achievement keeps his memory alive today. . . . After all, Bierce did not write much that merits a longer life than most journalism—at most, two or three books of short stories. *The Devil's Dictionary*, some bitter fables. . . . But he succeeded all his life, whether purposely or not, in always being in a fight, and in always being mysterious. . . . And celebrity flourishes on fights and mystery. . . . In 1913, he disappeared once and for all into Mexico, and it is believed that he was killed by Villa's forces—there are a number of stories, none reliable. The seventy-one-year-old trouble-maker simply and completely disappeared. . . . That alone makes him worth newspaper space whenever his name comes up. . . .

Ambrose Bierce, from a woodcut by Schnelle for *Bitter Bierce: A Mystery of American Letters*, by C. H. Grattan.

IF THERE IS ONE THING we like better than another it's penguins. . . . And Eric Fitch Daglish has a very nice penguin indeed in his recent *The Larger Birds* (Morrow). Mr. Daglish is writing, it is true, for readers of six to nine years of age. . . . In fact, his book is a selection of the Junior Book-of-the-Month Club . . . That fixes our mental age pretty definitely, doesn't it?

WE PROMISED TO TALK about Joan Lowell's *Cradle of the Deep*. . . . Well, it certainly is a good yarn. . . . By the time this reaches you nearly everything possible will already have been said about it—in advertisements, in reviews, and at dinner tables. . . . But here is a summing up: it is everything that the advertisements or the reviews or the dinner tables say it is . . . . a corking story of a seafarin' lass, chockful of thrills and words (also events) that in Victorian novels would have been spelled with dashes. . . . As to its authenticity, it is easily too melodramatic and well-written to be true, but, we say, what does it matter, and we thank Miss Lowell for an engrossed three hours. . . .

AT THE AGE OF FIFTY Mr. Jonathan Leonard completed the manuscript of his first novel, and sent it off to a publisher. Promptly it came back. This happened several times, until Mr. Leonard, deciding perhaps that it had been appropriately named *Back to Stay*, resolved to publish it himself. . . . He bought a job press, learned to set type, printed and bound the book, and issued one hundred

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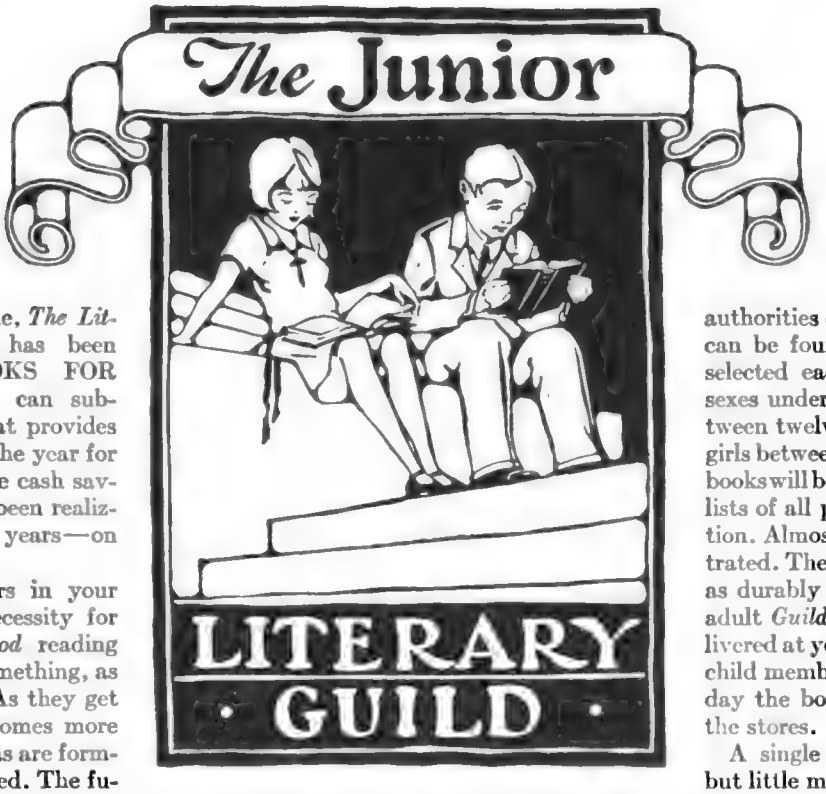
Now You Can Save Money on the Best Books for CHILDREN



Now, for the first time, *The Literary Guild* plan has been adapted to BOOKS FOR CHILDREN! Now you can subscribe to a book club that provides the twelve best books of the year for young readers at the same cash saving Guild members have been realizing for more than two years—on adult books.

If there are youngsters in your home you realize the necessity for providing them with *good* reading matter. They *will* read something, as soon as they learn how. As they get older *what* they read becomes more important every day. Ideas are forming. Lives are being molded. The future of America is in the hands of these boys and girls. Their own future is at stake. The obligation is *yours!* YOU must see that their reading fits them for life, that it gives them no false notions or distorted standards of reasoning.

From the first fairy tale to the first "grown-up" novel the books children own and read must be chosen for them. You cannot read every book before *they* read it. But you can have the same feeling of safety that practice would give you by enrolling your children in *The Junior Guild*.

Until an adequate Editorial Board is elected, the books will be chosen by Carl Van Doren and his associates, aided by the best authorities on children's reading who can be found. Three books will be selected each month, one for both sexes under twelve, one for boys between twelve and sixteen and one for girls between twelve and sixteen. The books will be carefully picked from the lists of all publishers before publication. Almost all of them will be illustrated. They will be bound in cloth, as durably and distinctively as the adult *Guild* books. They will be delivered at your door, addressed to the child member, postpaid, on the same day the book is released for sale in the stores.

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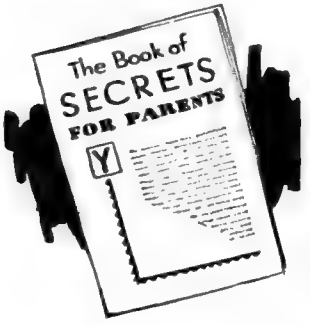

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copies, largely to friends. . . . A wily editor happening on one of these copies, was immediately struck with it, and negotiations for republication on a larger scale were begun. A few weeks ago the book reappeared under the sponsorship of the Viking Press, and was warmly acclaimed by the reviewers. *Back to Stay* is the story of a social rebel who returns to his New England home—the New England of *The Scarlet Letter*—two centuries later, and refuses to be beaten by the prejudice and hate he encounters. It is a strong book, and not very cheery. . . . Since *Back to Stay*, Mr. Leonard, himself a New Englander, has written another novel, *The Meddlers*, due to appear soon. . . .

ALMOST THE SAME THING that happened to Mr. Leonard took place back in 1882 over the publication of "Ed" Howe's *The Story of a Country Town*, sometimes described as the first realistic novel about a small town . . . In Mr. Howe's pleasant autobiography, *Plain People*, just published by Dodd, Mead, he tells us that he sent the manuscript of his early book to seven or eight publishers, who were no doubt afraid to print anything so utterly different from the pretty-pretty pictures of small-town life popular at that time . . . Finally, Mr. Howe decided to print it himself in the job office of the Atchison (Kansas) *Globe*. . . . Mark Twain and W. D. Howells, among others, praised it warmly when it appeared, and the publishers hastily started bidding for it. . . . *Plain People* is written in a "folksy" style which brings this memorable Kansas editor right into the room, talking to you, as you read; and an attractive conversationalist he makes. . . .

IN CASE, SOME DAY, in the after-dinner coffee lapse of conversation, you should say "By the way, do any of you happen to know why people shake hands (or bless a sneeze, or design pretzels, or wear two buttons on their coat-cuffs, or kiss)?" and everyone says no. and perhaps . . . perhaps . . . some one asks you to tell them . . . you had better read *Why People Do It* by Ed. Wolff, published by the Macaulay Company. . . .

AND AS THOUGH THAT weren't enough, along comes Dr. Richard Burton with *Why Do You Talk Like That?: Not to Mention: Why Do You Write That Way?* (Bobbs-Merrill). . . . Dr. Burton is a lecturer on Drama and Poetry at Columbia University, and survivor of a sporting youth spent playing grammar games at the dinner-table . . . Reverently speaking, however, Dr. Burton has an amazingly sly way of putting his finger on your particular pet faults, and the book is entertaining as well as instructive. . . . Among the important problems he discusses are the seeming quarrel between idiom and grammar, the calling of a spade a spade (where should a gentleman or lady draw the line?), the American love of high-sounding words, the might of monosyllables, and others. . . .

SNIPES, HOGGED, BIG HOUSE, poke, racket-talk, bozo, seed notes, grease-ball, shag, gazabo, yiddle, alky-cockers, rootin'-tootin' were a few of the words which Harcourt, Brace and Company had to translate before Charles Walt's *Love in Chicago* could be brought out in England. . . . Which tells you a good deal about the book. . . . We even had to ask a taxi-driver friend of ours what some of it was all about . . .

SUICIDE BATTALIONS, by Wendell Westover, Capt. 4th M. G. Bn., A. E. F., is a story of the American Division which perhaps saw the most service in France—the 2nd Regulars. . . . And the writer saw it from that No Man's Land of lieutenant-ship—where the calm strategy of those high in command who look on the battlefield as a chessboard is humanized by close contact with the private who lives in the present—not knowing what is accomplished behind him or what lies ahead—and whose feet are cold and wet. . . . Wet feet, death, the science of warfare, propaganda and jokes jostle one another comfortably in Capt. Westover's book. It is a large and handsome volume, published by Putnam, and is a joy to thumb through, looking for the forty-six excellent illustrations by Lucien Jonas, Official French War Artist, and stopping by the way to read an energetic paragraph or two. . . .

ANOTHER BOOK ABOUT THE WAR, more tragic, less propagandist about preparedness—the work of a poet rather than a born captain like Mr. Westover—is Edmund Blunden's *Undertones of War*, published by Doubleday, Doran. . . . The War had its own particular brand of suffering—Mr. Blunden's "undertones"—for men such as Blunden, Sassoon, Brooke, and Alan Seeger. . . . In scope, Captain Westover's and Edmund Blunden's books overlap not at all for the latter is concerned only with the first two years before the Americans arrived. . . .

WHAT MIGHT JUST AS well be two brand new books, both by long-since dead

Drawn by M. J. Gallegher for *Undertones of War* by Edmund Blunden.

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authors, have just appeared. . . . One is the first complete translation of Alexander Pushkin's *The Captain's Daughter* (Viking), certainly one of his finest novels, and "the first pure example of Russian realism in literature," published in Russia in 1836. . . . The other dates from 1840. It is Stendhal's (Marie Henri Beyle's) last novel, *Lamiel* (Brentano), on which he was at work when he died. . . . This is the first English version. . . . *Lamiel* is an astonishingly modern story, with a delightful heroine sketched against a realistic background of French country life in the time of Louis Philippe. . . . Also, a biography of *Stendhal—The Story of a Modern Lover*, by Paul Hazard, has just been published by Coward, McCann. . . .

Horses swimming: Drawn by Leon Underwood for *Red Tiger* by Phillips Russell.

WE HAVE BEEN INDULGING our taste for things Yucatacen (it is *not* Yucatanian, as we once were ignorant enough to believe). . . . Phillips Russell, author, and Leon Underwood, illustrator, recently made a 3,000-mile trip through Guatemala, Chiapas, Tabasco, and Yucatan, following the route taken in 1839 by John L. Stephens and the artist Catherwood. . . . They have published the record of their adventures under the title *Red Tiger*. It is a handsome book, sponsored by Brentano—its black jacket sporting a very red Yucatacen tiger, its end-papers presenting a map of the trip, and its large pages full of little sketches interspersed with full-page woodcuts—some in colour—that are nice indeed. . . . The drawings cover everything from Indian peon life to Mayan ruins, and give some scenes of the old Indian cities still surviving. . . . The text keeps step, adequately if not too colourfully. . . .

A NEW PUBLISHER has made his appearance. . . . Elliot Holt, offices in the publishers' Mayfair of 45th Street, who has brought out as his first book Con O'Leary's *The Delicate Creature*. . . . Beautiful, faithless Boda Coakley is given a drug by an East Indian explorer which allows her to become all those beings, human and animal, that she has ever injured. . . . The results are all that might be expected of a highly unusual plot, added to good fancy-weaving powers on Mr. O'Leary's part. . . . In places, we admit, it seemed overdrawn and a bit confused, but we suspect Mr. O'Leary had good fun writing it, and we forgive him hard spots, highly moral ending and all (the selfish young Boda reforms completely, stops killing rabbits, and is even kind to her husband ever after). . . .

A PROLONGED DIET OF mystery stories does a strange thing to the avid reader. He goes rapidly through the events which create the problem in a cold, dispassionate effort to figure out the answer before the author tells him. . . . He accepts incidents, intended to be breath-taking, as just additional factors in the equation which will give him the solution. . . . Another body is found. His reaction is not "How exciting!" but "How does this narrow the thing down?" We found an exception to all this in *The House that Whispered*, by Samuel Emery. The entangling events were sufficiently exciting to make us enjoy them for themselves alone. . . . Three New Yorkers are in Vermont for a quiet vacation. . . . From Tuesday to Saturday a staggering number of mysterious things happen. The explanation of it all is a bit too complicated, perhaps, but the book is worth reading for the vivid chronicling of events leading up to the dénouement. . . .

NOW THEY ARE trying to make you write mystery stories as well as read them. . . . Doubleday, Doran offers a prize of $5,000 for the best mystery story sent to them during 1929 for the Scotland Yard Prize. . . . Kay Cleaver Strahan's *Footprints* won the prize for 1928, and look how that is selling. . . . The judges will be Frederic F. Van De Water, Will Cuppy, and Joseph Auslander. . . .

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART has done something different enough—for M. R. R.—to create a sensation as well as her usual sensational sale. . . . The book, her thirty-first, is called *This Strange Adventure* (Doubleday, Doran), and is a good book. . . . A psychological novel, more carefully written than is Mrs. Rinehart's wont, with a real and tragic heroine, Missie Colfax, who grows up and marries in the days of pompadours, bicycles, and whatnots . . . . losing illusion after illusion until the present day finds her a beautiful, lonely, "modern" woman. . . .

IN *Expiation*, the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*, since known as "Elizabeth," has done it again. . . . Simplicity and child-like literalness confounding sophistication and convention is the medium for most of Elizabeth's inimitable wit. *Expiation* is good reading—and it would have been better reading if we could avoid comparing each of this author's books with *The Pastor's Wife*, which, for us, is unforgettable. . . .

THE DIARY OF TOLSTOY'S WIFE, brought out by Payson and Clarke, makes an

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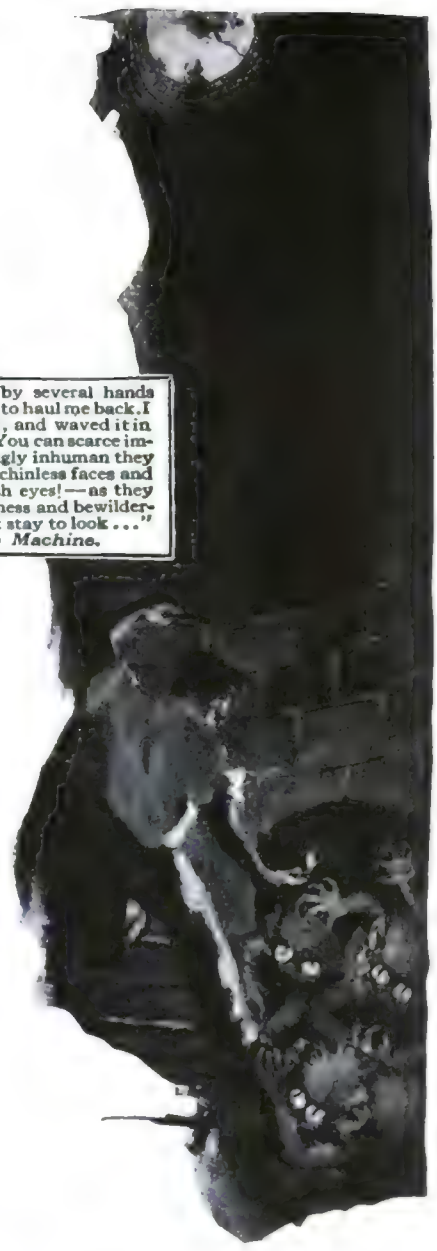

"I was clutched by several hands ... they were trying to haul me back. I struck another light, and waved it in their dazzled faces. You can scarce imagine how nauseatingly inhuman they looked—those pale, chinless faces and great, lidless, pinkish eyes!—as they stared in their blindness and bewilderment. But I did not stay to look ..." —From *The Time Machine*.

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They cannot all be listed here, there is not room. But, really, there is no need.

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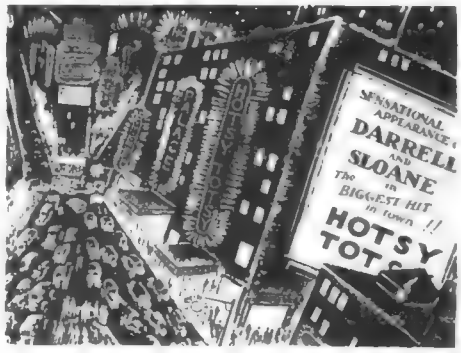
important addition to the library of Tolstoy enthusiasts, who will also want to sell the family *bijoux* for the complete Centenary edition of Tolstoy's works, with the two-volume life by Aylmer Maude, being brought out, bit by bit, by the Oxford University Press. . . . Introductions have been written for each of the twenty-one volumes by such men as William Lyon Phelps, John Galsworthy, and Gilbert Murray. . . .

WE TAKE PLEASURE in announcing a find: a first novel—and a good one—that is not autobiographical. . . . It is Myron Brinig's *Madonna Without Child* (Doubleday, Doran), the story of a lonely woman's hungry seeking after love, which she at last finds. . . .

SPRING SEEMS TO BE the time for first novels. . . . But not all of them have such sing-songy and astronomical titles as *Dark Star*, by Lorna Moon. . . . We would have mentioned this book just for the sake of the title even if it had been a very poor first novel, which it distinctly is not. . . . Miss Moon knows how to write, having tried her hand on numerous short stories, which appeared in the *Woman's Home Companion* and *Century*, and have since been gathered into a book. . . . It's a wild, intense novel, packed with old-fashioned romance, but written with modern realism . . . which seems somehow to make the romance all the more convincing.

MAY THE TASTE for fine books go on coming into popular favour. . . . It seems to us that more and more of the wide reading public are developing an interest in fine bindings and paper, in clean, beautiful type and good decoration. . . . Now along comes Carl J. H. Anderson of Philadelphia, who purposes to bring out beautiful books at popular prices—or almost popular prices. He plans to publish six well-loved books a year—such as Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, Hugo's *Toilers of the Sea*, Cervantes' *Don Quixote*, Cellini's *Autobiography*, Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*, Poe's *Tales*. . . . They will be handsome, durable, illustrated by such men as Lyle Justis, Gustav Jensen, Walter Teague, Wilson, Edgar, and Ruzicka. In the prospectus, which speaks well for Mr. Anderson's taste, drawings by a number of these men for the proposed volumes are beautifully reproduced in colour. . . . The price is $5.50 a volume, and yes, it does sound too good to come true. . . . But may it flourish. . . .



End-paper by Jeannette Warmuth for Gene Markey's *Stepping High*.

ONE OF THE THINGS we like best about modern books is their end-papers, and we were glad to have our attention called to an article in the *Publishers' Weekly* praising Arthur W. Rushmore of Harper's for his efforts in this direction. . . . The article cited Countee Cullen's *Carolling Dusk*, Rebecca Lowrie's *Cambric Tea*, and Claude McKay's *Home to Harlem* as splendid examples of Mr. Rushmore's delicate touch. . . . And indeed they are. We remember all three as deserving, and having, the best of end-papers. . . .

THE ENERGETIC young publishing house of Covici-Friede have several pleasant hints for spring on their list. . . . Best of all is François Mauriac's *Destinies*, translated by Eric Sutton. Readers of Mauriac's *Thérèse* will reach hastily for this intense and beautifully written story. . . . Then there is *Potshots from Pegasus*, by the late Keith Preston, former column-conductor of *The Chicago Daily News*:—Mr. Bulfinch's fables brought up to date make us want to quote and quote. . . . Another book the publishers are proud of (we have not read it) is Algernon Crofton's *Queen of Nineveh*, very Assyrian, and, we take it, somewhat after the manner of Erskine.

RECENTLY MR. PERCEVAL WILDE, author of *Rogues in Clover*, a novel about cardsharpers, received the following letter, bearing the address of a Louisiana prison:

"Dear Mr. Wilde:

"Just a line or two regarding a review I have just read of your book. 'Rogues in Clover.' I am a convict—got the hook. Been here a long time, as long times go in prisons, and have a long time still to remain.

"This review by McClure in the *Times-Picayune* has so interested me that I'm taking a cinch in the grub line and asking you cold turkey for a free copy of your book.

"Not that I'm worthy of even a Salvation preacher's handout—only that I was on the racket myself for years—not Belmont or Saratoga style, but taking them when the taking was not too difficult and the John Laws too honest.

"If there was the remotest chance of scooping up enough butter to get one of your books, I'd do it—and you may lay to it. But jack rabbits carry their own lunches 'round here—so I'm asking kindly and honestly if you can slip me a copy of your book, for which I'll remember you."

P.S.—He got the book.

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"It is over. The task is done, the divers have dispersed, the *S-51* is a memory. But to the families of the men who formed her crew, we have brought back the bodies of their loved ones, heroically dead at their posts on the *S-51*. To the Navy, we brought back its ship. And to the Nation we brought back a story of victory over the sea, wrought by the quiet courage of men who could face death in solitude, disregard failure, and still fight on until they had wrested from the ocean the tomb of their shipmates. . . ."

Books for which the spry reader had better keep his eye open are Edith Wharton's *Hudson River Bracketed* (Appleton), Louis Bromfield's *Awake and Rehearse* (Stokes), Anne Douglas Sedgwick's *Dark Hester* (Houghton, Mifflin), P. G. Wodehouse's *The Man with Two Left Feet* (Doubleday, Doran), and Marcel Proust's *The Captive* (A. and C. Boni)—all fiction. And non-fiction: Werner's biography of *Bryan* (Harcourt), *The Intimate Journal of George Sand*, edited by Marie Howe (John Day), Henry Fairfield Osborn's *From the Greeks to Darwin* (Scribner's), Will Durant's *The Mansions of Philosophy* (Simon and Schuster), and Stuart Chase's *Machines* (Macmillan) . . . and that will have to do you until next month. . . .

F. F.

Recent Books

Fiction

Dark Hester, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50. The struggle of a mother and a daughter, admirably portrayed.

Dodsworth, by Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt. $2.50. Babbitt again, but Mr. Lewis in kindlier mood. A story of marriage.

The Pathway, by Henry Williamson Dutton. $2.50. A beautifully written story of a compassionate man, struggling to reconcile himself to the modern world. Everywhere through it breathes the Devon countryside.

This Strange Adventure, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50. The quiet tragedy of Missie Colfax's loss of illusions, set in vividly portrayed scenes from the gay nineties to the present day. Mrs. Rinehart's best novel in a number of years.

Kristin Lavransdater, by Sigrid Undset. Harpers. $3. Mrs. Undset's great trilogy—consisting of *The Bridal Wreath*, *The Mistress of Husaby* and *The Cross*—in one volume.

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The Gambler

He gambles that a "lucky break" will come to him in the course of time

"Things will be BETTER next year
-They're $URE to give me a rai$e"
WAIT till I get my chance!
Perhaps sometime I'll go in business for myself
$OME day I'll get a good break
$omething's BOUND to happen!

MOST men live in the **HOPE** that their "lucky break" will come **TOMORROW** or **NEXT WEEK** or **NEXT YEAR**.

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Gambling on what **TIME** and **FATE** have in store for you is more costly than any other form of gambling known.

You lose **MORE** than money. You lose your **SELF-RESPECT**. You lose the self-respect of those about you.

And as each year passes your **CHANCE** to amount to anything becomes slimmer and slimmer.

You get discouraged. You begin to feel that fate is **AGAINST** you. You complain secretly about your ill luck. Perhaps you hide your shortcomings behind a whole flock of easy **EXCUSES**.

But the hard, cold world doesn't care about you.

You've got to look out for **YOURSELF**.

Time alone cannot help you. If it could, **EVERY** man over 70 would be rich.

You cannot **COUNT** on luck or fate or circumstances. If you could, **EVERYBODY** would get rich at some time or other.

Your life is too precious to waste away **WAITING** for "something to turn up."

There's **ONE SURE WAY**—yes, **ONLY** one sure way—to get what you want out of life.

Nothing can help you but your own **BRAIN**. Make your brain just a little bit more effective and you will **MULTIPLY** your earning power.

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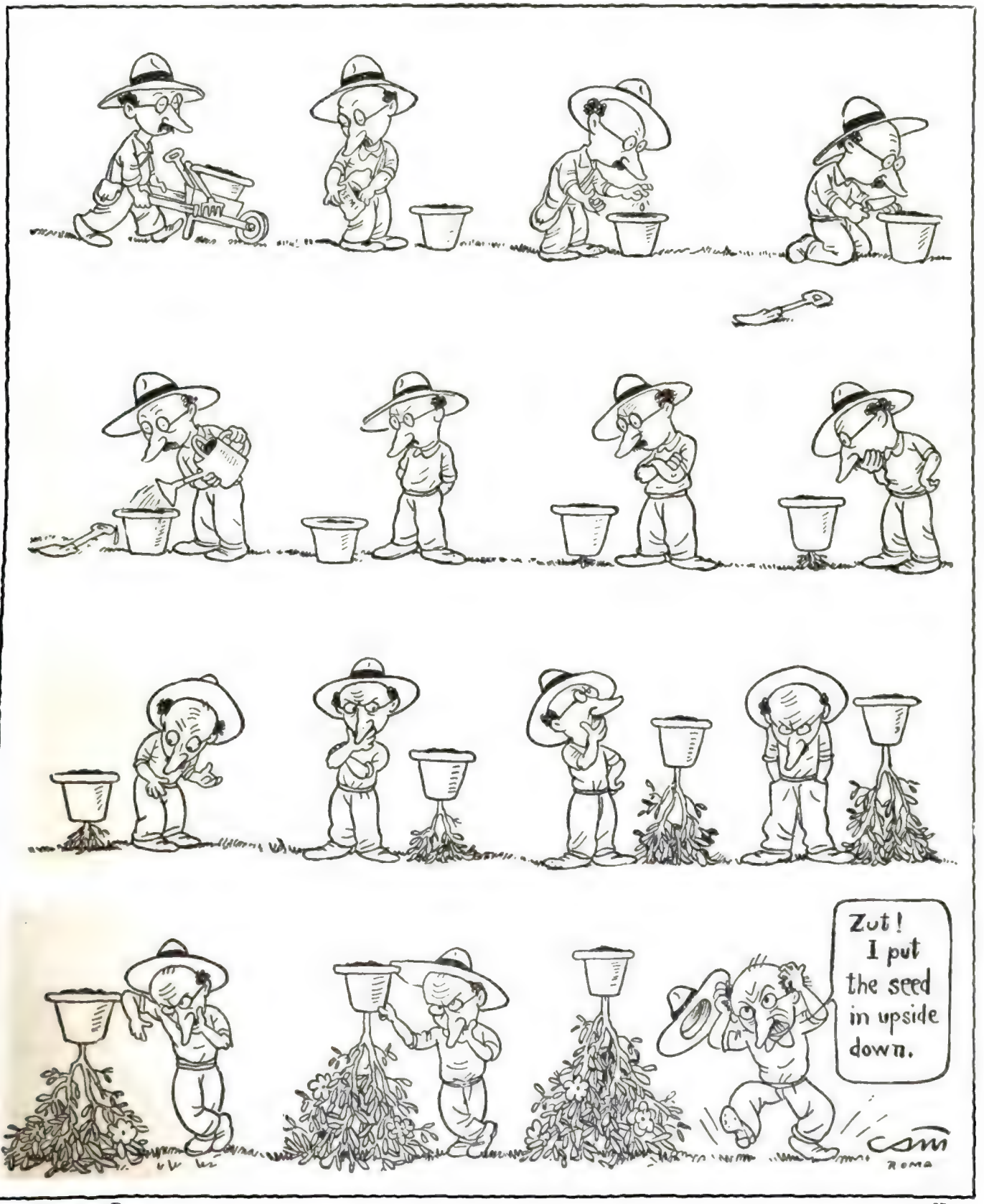
By CAMERINI



From *Il Travaso*, Rome

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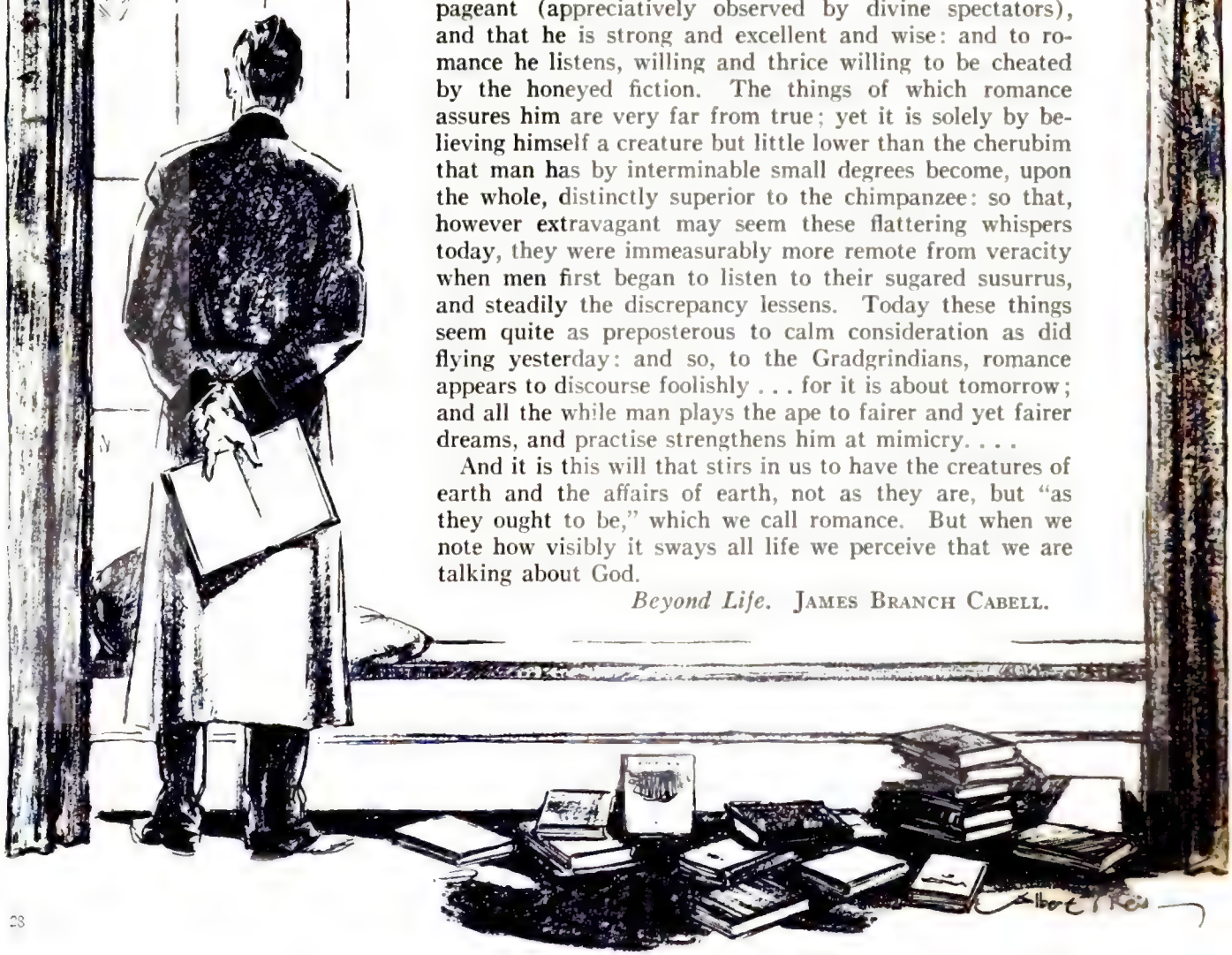
MAY

So I IN POINT OF FACT desire of literature, just as you guessed, precisely those things of which I most poignantly and most constantly feel the lack in my own life. And it is that which romance affords her postulants. The philtres of romance are brewed to free us from this unsatisfying life that is calendared by fiscal years, and to contrive a less disastrous elusion of our own personalities than many seek dispersedly in drink and drugs and lust and fanaticism, and sometimes in death. For, beset by his own rationality, the normal man is goaded to evade the strictures of his normal life, upon the incontestable ground that it is a stupid and unlovely routine; and to escape likewise from his own personality, which bores him quite as much as it does his associates. So he hurtles into these very various roads from reality, precisely as a goaded sheep flees without notice of what lies ahead. . . .

And romance tricks him, but not to his harm. For, be it remembered that man alone of animals plays the ape to his dreams. Romance it is undoubtedly who whispers to every man that life is not a blind and aimless business, not all a hopeless waste and confusion; and that his existence is a pageant (appreciatively observed by divine spectators), and that he is strong and excellent and wise: and to romance he listens, willing and thrice willing to be cheated by the honeyed fiction. The things of which romance assures him are very far from true; yet it is solely by believing himself a creature but little lower than the cherubim that man has by interminable small degrees become, upon the whole, distinctly superior to the chimpanzee: so that, however extravagant may seem these flattering whispers today, they were immeasurably more remote from veracity when men first began to listen to their sugared susurrus, and steadily the discrepancy lessens. Today these things seem quite as preposterous to calm consideration as did flying yesterday: and so, to the Gradgrindians, romance appears to discourse foolishly . . . for it is about tomorrow; and all the while man plays the ape to fairer and yet fairer dreams, and practise strengthens him at mimicry. . . .

And it is this will that stirs in us to have the creatures of earth and the affairs of earth, not as they are, but "as they ought to be," which we call romance. But when we note how visibly it sways all life we perceive that we are talking about God.

Beyond Life. JAMES BRANCH CABELL.



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The Broken Nose

By MICHAEL ARLEN

Michael Arlen.

It was as GEORGE TARLYON and I turned away from Gainsborough's "Musidora Bathing Her Feet," talking loftily about legs, that we were confronted by a tall and dark young man.

"Sir," he addressed Tarlyon, "I would be obliged if you would tell me in which gallery hang the pictures by Manet?"

"Ah," said Tarlyon, "one letter can make so much difference! You are sure you do not mean Monet?"

"Manet," said the dark stranger, and looked as though he meant it.

"I am delighted to meet a man of taste," said Tarlyon heartily. "We, too, were just about to view the Manets. We are partial to Manet. This way."

We followed him like lambs. Tarlyon's knowledge as to where the Manets were took the form of trying every gallery in which the Manets were not. The dark stranger walked silently and firmly. He was a tall young man of slight but powerful build; his nose, which was of the patrician sort, would have been shapely had it not once been broken in such a way that forever after it must noticeably incline to one side. He carried himself with an air of determination and assurance which would, I thought, make any conversation with him rather a business. His hat, which was soft and had the elegance of the well worn, he wore cavalierly. Shoes by Lobb.

At last a picture rose before our eyes, a large picture, very blue. Now who shall describe that picture which was so blue, blue even to the grass under the soldiers' feet, the complexion of the soldiers' faces and the rifles in the soldiers' hands? Over against a blue tree stood a solitary soldier, and miserably blue was his face, while the others stood very stiffly with their backs to us, holding their rifles in a position which gave one no room to doubt that they were about to shoot the solitary soldier for some misdemeanour.

"Manet," said Tarlyon proudly.

The dark young stranger was absorbed; he pulled his hat a little lower over his left eye, so that the light should not obtrude on his vision.

"These things happen," he murmured. "And they happen like that." But it was as though he spoke to himself.

"Come on," I whispered to Tarlyon, for we seemed to be intruding—so that I was quite startled when the stranger suddenly turned from the picture to me.

"You see, sir," he said gravely, "I know all about killing. I have killed many men."

"Army Service Corps?" inquired Tarlyon.

"No, sir," snapped the stranger. "I know nothing of your corps. I am a Zeytounli."

"Are you, by God!" cried Tarlyon. I envied him, but could not imitate him.

"Please have patience with me," I begged the stranger. "What is a Zeytounli?"

He regarded me with those smouldering dark eyes; and I realized vividly that his nose had been broken

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in some argument which had cost the other man more than a broken nose.

"Zeytoun," he said softly, "is a fortress in Armenia. For five hundred years Zeytoun has not laid down her arms, but now she is burnt stones on the ground. The Zeytounlis, sir, are the hill-men of Armenia. I am an Armenian."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" Tarlyon murmured.

"Why?" snarled the Armenian.

"Well, you've been treated pretty badly, haven't you?" said Tarlyon. "All these massacres and things——"

THE STRANGER GLARED at him, and then he laughed at him. I shall remember that laugh. So will Tarlyon. Then the stranger raised a finger and, very gently, he tapped Tarlyon's shoulder.

"Listen," said he. "Your manner of speaking bores me. Turks have slain many Armenians. Wherefore Armenians have slain many Turks. You may take it from me that, by sticking to it year in and year out for five hundred years, Armenians have in a tactful way slain more Turks than Turks have slain Armenians. That is why I am proud of being an Armenian. And you would oblige me, gentlemen, by informing your countrymen that we have no use for their discarded trousers, but would be grateful for some guns. And you would still further oblige me by trying, in future, not to talk nonsense about Armenians. Adieu, gentlemen. You will probably hear of me again."

He left us.

"I didn't know," I murmured, "that Armenians were like that. I have been misled about Armenians. And he speaks English very well."

"Hum," said Tarlyon thoughtfully. "But no one would say he was Armenian if he wasn't, would he?"

"Also," said I, "he is the most aggressive young man I have ever met. Manet, indeed!"

"So would you be aggressive," Tarlyon snorted, "if you had been massacred and made an atrocity of ever since you were a slip of a boy, and had spent your holidays being chased round Lake Van by roaring Turks and hairy Kurds with scimitars dripping with the blood of Circassian children."

"All the same," I suggested, "it must be pretty restless for the Turks living in the same suburbs with a crowd of young men like that. I would go a long way round on a dark night to avoid meeting that young man, just in case he might be in a bad temper."

If anyone told me the tale of our second meeting with the Zeytounli that very night, and of its consequences, I might humour him, but I would not believe him. But this is what actually happened, toward midnight of that very day, within a stone's throw of Claridge's Hotel, in Brook Street, Mayfair.

George Tarlyon and I had been of the same company for dinner and then bridge at a house in Brook Street. Toward midnight, a gap in the bridge allowed us to slip away, which we did, refusing a last glass of barley-water with passionate restraint. Tarlyon had parked his car outside Claridge's, and thither we walked. Brook Street, at that hour, is undecided between a state of coma and one of glittering abandon; which means that the deathly silence is every now and then shattered by rich automobiles hurling themselves and lovely ladies all covered in pearls and chrysoprase into the bosom of Grosvenor Square. Claridge's, of course, hath music, so that youth may dance. But of pedestrians along Brook Street there are less than a few, and of young men in gents' evening wear running furiously after limousines there is a noticeable scarcity.

He simply tore past us, that young man, in the middle of the road, a few yards behind a swiftly going car. The car stopped near Grosvenor Square. We were more than fifty yards away, and could not determine whether it was a man or a woman who emerged from the car and entered the house, but it looked like a fat little man. Then the car slid away. The pursuing young man had disappeared.

"He can't have been doing it for fun," said Tarlyon.

"Perhaps he's gone to have a bath," I suggested. For it was a very warm night, and running after motor-cars must have been a wet business.

"We'll see," said Tarlyon. We retraced our steps up Brook Street, and passed the house into which the occupant of the car had disappeared. It was a house like another, dark and silent; and as it stood almost at the corner, we went round the corner into Grosvenor Square; at least we were rounding the corner when a young man in a great hurry collided with us.

"Ah!" said Tarlyon.

"SORRY," SAID THE STRANGER. I was right about the running—it had made his face very wet.

"So it's you!" said Tarlyon.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said the Armenian, with a sort of furious courtesy. "If you will excuse me, I am in a hurry." He made to pass us.

"We noticed it," said Tarlyon. "In fact we noticed nothing else."

"Damn!" snapped the Armenian. "So you saw me running!"

"So did he," I murmured, looking up Brook Street. A policeman was sauntering toward us.

"If you don't want to be asked any questions by the arm of the law," Tarlyon suggested, "you had better take a turn round the square with us."

"I won't move," the stranger cried passionately. "I have found him at last—I won't move."

"But neither will he," I soothed him. "He's gone into the house."

"Did you see him go in?"

We nodded.

"Ah, but his excellency is clever!" said the Armenian viciously.

We grabbed hold of him and hauled him round the square. He never even pretended that he liked our company.

"I suppose," said Tarlyon, "you've got bombs all over you."

"Sir," said the Armenian, "you are a fool. Do I look the kind of man to carry bombs? I favour the revolver."

"Oh, do you?" said I.

Sarcastic I was, you understand.

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"And one shot is always enough."

I gave up.

"And where," asked Tarlyon reasonably, "does his excellency come in?"

"He won't come in anywhere after tonight. His excellency is going to die." And with that the Armenian suddenly stopped in his unwilling stride and looked from one to the other of us. His broken nose made fantasy of his dark face, but I remember thinking it must once have been a handsome enough face of its kind, for not even a broken nose made him ugly. He was as tall as Tarlyon, but much slighter; his was a dangerous thinness. He addressed Tarlyon.

"Sir," he said—an Armenian habit, I suppose, that "sir"—"you have intruded your company on me, but I have accepted you. I have trusted you. I have treated you as gentlemen, being by nature an optimist, and I take it for granted that you will neither betray me nor try to deter me. You will understand the strength of my intention when I say that a young girl is concerned in this, that I have sworn a vow, and that if you were in my position you would do what I am going to do. Good night, gentlemen."

"Hold on," cried Tarlyon. "What on earth were you chasing that car for? And who the devil is his excellency? We'd like to know, you see, so as to be able to pick him out from among the other murders in tomorrow's papers."

"Achmed Jzzit Pasha, the Young Turk," said the Armenian softly.

"Ah!" said George Tarlyon. "I see. Enver Pasha, Talaat Pasha, and Achmed Jzzt Pasha of the Committee of Union and Progress. I see. Talaat Pasha has already been killed, hasn't he?"

"Three of us," said the Armenian somberly, "set out from Armenia last year, and each of us had a mission of revenge. One of us—you will remember?—shot and killed Talaat Pasha in a street in Berlin some months ago. Enver Pasha has fled to Bokhara. A murder has been arranged, and will shortly take place in Bokhara. And I, at last, have found Achmed Jzzit, the foulest murderer of all. There is not an Armenian in the world who would not shoot Achmed Jzzit Pasha on sight if he had the chance—but Armenians who come to Western countries at once acquire the nasty Western habit of money-grubbing and forget the glory there is in killing. But I, a Zeytounli, have never forgotten it."

"Were you," I asked, "educated at an English public school?"

"That is a matter of opinion. But even an English public school could not make me forget that I am an Armenian, and that an Armenian's first business is to kill Turks; failing Turks, he can, of course, kill Kurds or ravish Circassian maidens——"

"Oh, not Circassian!" I pleaded.

"Well, Albanian," he allowed me. "During the war I fought through the siege and destruction of Zeytoun, and then as an irregular under Andranik; and since the war I have pursued Achmed Jzzit Pasha—and tonight I have found him. He has been here in London for some months, but under an assumed name, for he knows that he is marked by the Dashnakists and the Henchakists,* and he is afraid. I will cure him of his fear forever."

And with a wrench his arms were free of our gently restraining hands and he was off down the square. But Tarlyon was swift, very swift; I panted up just as he was again "intruding himself" on the Armenian.

"You don't seem to realize," breathed Tarlyon, "that you can't enter a house in Brook Street, kill a pasha, and get away——"

"I don't care if I get away or not," the other broke in fiercely. "Besides, my friend who killed Talaat in Berlin was acquitted. So will you please excuse me, sir?"

It was marvelous what venom that broken-nosed young man could put into a simple question!

"I've taken rather a fancy to you," murmured Tarlyon, "and I hate to think of your going off murdering pashas. Come and have a drink instead, there's a good fellow."

"If I tell you," snapped the Armenian, "that there is a girl in that house, and that I must rescue that girl, then you will perhaps see you way to minding your own business."

"Has the pasha got your girl?" I asked kindly.

"She is my sister, O fool," he said wearily. "And do you think I can allow my little sister to stay in that loathsome old creature's house one night more than I can help?"

"Collar him," said Tarlyon to me; and I grabbed the young man's other arm, though I didn't in the least want to, and we began hauling him round the square again. As I walked close to him I could feel a solid bulky thing in his hip pocket, and I did not like the feeling.

"Now," said Tarlyon, very business-like, "what's all this about your sister?"

The Armenian almost screamed with impatience.

"Have I not told you all along that if you were in my position you would do exactly what I am going to do? Must I explain to you that my little sister was carried away by that old lecher before my eyes? Must I tell you how Zeytoun on the hill was at last shelled to dust by the batteries of two army corps under Achmed Jzzit Pasha, and how the Turks entered the smoking town and gave no quarter to man, woman, or child? Must I, just to satisfy your useless and asinine curiosity, ravage my heart with retelling how my father and mother were bayoneted before my eyes, and how I escaped only because they thought me already dead?

"Must I tell you how my little sister was carried away to the harem of Achmed Jzzit Pasha, who, on beholding her, straightway swore a mighty oath that he would not rest from disemboweling Christians until he had ravished her? Did she give way? The slaying went on, day by day and night by night, so that a count of the leaves of the trees in your Green Park would make but a fraction of the number of the dead bodies that lay rotting in the plain of Mush. An expert killer was Achmed Jzzit Pasha; and whether or not the blood-lust of the Osmanli was heightened

* Armenian revolutionary societies—very bloodthirsty.

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by his oath to ravish my sister, I do not know, but I do know that there has not been such a tale of dead Christians since Timur passed through the land to meet Bajazet.

"And that is the man who holds my sister in that house, while you detain me here with vain questions and idiotic comments. I followed him to Paris, but he escaped me. I found him in Bournemouth, but again I withheld my hand while I planned some way of rescuing Anaïs—fool that I was! But the idea in my head was that I must first get the girl to some place of safety—and then come back, kill him, and pay whatever is the penalty in your country for killing a loathsome animal. But now I have realized that there is no other way of rescuing Anaïs but by killing him first. Always, wherever he goes, he keeps her locked in a room next to his, and thus it must be in this house. Bestial fancies seethe in his brain, and he sleeps lightly. And while the night is dwindling, here I stand satisfying your idle curiosity. You really must excuse me now, gentlemen."

"But hold on!" cried Tarlyon. "Why kill the wretched man at all? Why not rescue your sister with the charming name and let him go on being a pasha until he dies a horrible death by reason of those bestial fancies which you mentioned? He won't dare come after her—and I don't see much point in getting your sister back if you have got to swing for it more or less at once. Eh, Ralph?"

"QUITE RIGHT," said I. "Let's drink it over."

"This is no time for drink," snapped the Armenian. "The night is dwindling—and how can I desist from killing him when, as I have told you, I cannot get into her room without awaking him? And it stands to reason that as soon as I see him I shall also see red, and kill—as I must, by reason of my vow and by order of the Dashnakists. As I have told you, I would have preferred to have got Anaïs out of the house first, but that seems impossible."

Tarlyon opened his mouth, and he closed it. I knew what was passing in Tarlyon's mind, and I thought I would let it pass, so that he might think again. But then he reopened his mouth, and this is what he said:

"My friend and I," he said, "might perhaps consider giving you a little assistance, if in return you gave us a promise——"

"I promise nothing."

"Don't be silly," said Tarlyon. "What I wish to point out is that, if my friend and I help you to get your sister out of that house, you must drop this killing business. We will contrive some way of keeping his excellency quiet while you rescue your sister—but you must give your word of honour, or some efficient substitute, that you will not come back and murder the wretched pasha. Now, I want no back-chat about it—either you will or you will not."

"But I am bound to the Dashnakists!" cried the Armenian; rather regretfully, I thought.

"Blast the Dashnakists," said Tarlyon. "Yes or no?"

"I promise," said the Armenian suddenly.

Reasonable noises issued from me.

"You seem to take it for granted that we just walk into the house. How do we get in?"

"This cuts windows like a knife," said the Armenian, showing us in the palm of his hand a glittering little thing like a toy dagger. "A German invention."

"The matter will be further facilitated," said Tarlyon, "by our first getting my car, which is opposite Claridge's, and driving in it to the front door. No policeman would dare suspect anything wrong in a house while a Rolls-Royce is standing outside it. Especially, Ralph, when you are sitting in it."

"I shall be in the house," I said firmly. Not that I wanted to be—but one says those things, and one always says them firmly.

"Perhaps that would be better," said the Armenian. "It will certainly take the two of you to keep Achmed Jzzit quiet while I break in the first locked door I see and get Anaïs. And a Rolls-Royce car is even more impressive empty than when some one is in it—people make it seem possible."

Thus and thus, we got the car and drove bravely to the house. We passed two policemen at the corner of Davies Street, but they were not interested in us. I must say burglary is easy when one has a large and rich car to do it from.

Like all Mayfair houses, this had a tradesmen's entrance; through a little gate, on the right of the few steps to the front door, down some steps, and into a little area where was the kitchen door and a window.

"Wait in the car," said the dark young man, and vanished down to the area. We heard a very faint scratching, one little wicked word, a little more scratching; and then the lights blazed up through the glass above the front door, and it was opened. The Armenian stood in the lighted doorway as though he owned the house. I admired him.

Tarlyon's first words when we were in the hall of the house were: "Give me your gun."

The Armenian surrendered his revolver without a word, but he sighed. Then he marshaled us.

"VERY QUIET," he whispered. "And very quick. We must try the upstairs rooms to see which is his bedroom. One touch on the door will awaken him, so you must muffle him at once, else he will awaken the servants. In the meanwhile I will find my sister; then I will take her straight out of the house and we will await you in your car—and I will blow your horn twice, gently, to show that I am awaiting you. It will be kind of you, then, to drive us to Mr. Ritz's hotel in Piccadilly, where, perhaps, with your influence, we may get my sister a lodging for the night. But, remember, keep a tight hold on Achmed Jzzit until I blow the horn—muffle him straightway and let him not open his mouth, else he will bring the whole neighbourhood down on us. Let us begin."

We began with a bit of luck—or so it seemed. Having tip-toed up to the first landing, the very first door we touched held the lightly sleeping pasha. We knew he was there by the howl that followed our touching the door knob—indeed he was a light sleeper, that man of bestial fancies! But we gave him no time to

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Drawing by Victor De Pauw

"His excellency is going to die."

make a real noise; we leaped into the room; I switched on the light, Tarlyon leaped on the bed and him, I leaped after Tarlyon, and in a second we held him making smothered, howling noises under the bedclothes. We had not even had time to see if he was young or old, but the shape of him suggested a certain age. He was, however, an active and restless shape. We were very gentle with him, almost too gentle, for once a distinct howl issued from somewhere under the sheets.

"Steady," said George Tarlyon to the restless shape. "You'll throttle yourself," he added.

To prevent that, we, with a sudden and well-concerted movement, uncovered his head and muffled him with a handkerchief. We looked upon his face for the first time.

"YOU'RE A NASTY, cruel old man," said George Tarlyon.

Achmed Jzzit Pasha looked all that the Armenian had said he was, and more. A fierce old face it was that looked at us. His eyes, under white, bushy eyebrows, were frantic and furious, and never for a second did he cease to struggle. I thought of that fine old Turkish warrior of the last century, the man of Plevna, Osman Pasha; this old man was of the same breed, I thought.

We had so far heard nothing of the Armenian; but that Achmed Jzzit Pasha realized that we two were only accessories was evident, for not even his struggling with us concealed the fact that he was listening, listening intently.

A slight noise, as of a drawer hastily banged, came from the next room. It was only a small noise, but it had a mighty effect on the old slayer of men. His eyes simply tore at us, his fat little body heaved frantically, he bit my finger in trying to howl—he went quite mad, that violent old Turk. But neither Tarlyon nor I am a small man, and we managed to hold him.

"He's an infernally long time about it," grumbled Tarlyon at last——and at that very moment the horn outside blew twice. We welcomed it.

"Now," said Tarlyon to the heaving old man, "we are about to release you. Your girl has flown, so it's too late for you to make a noise. So don't." And for form's sake he showed the revolver, though I never saw a man who looked less likely to use it. "You may not realize it," he added severely, "but we have saved your life. After the first shock has worn off, you will thank two disinterested men for having saved you from the wrath of an Armenian."

With another sudden and well-concerted movement we let go. The pasha did not make a noise. It was evident he realized that it was too late. But in the next few seconds he revealed, for a Turk, an astonishing knowledge of the English language. Then he leaped out of bed, a funny little creature in pink flannel pajamas, and rushed out of the room. Breathless, we found him in the next room.

Now, I have very little acquaintance with girls' bedrooms, but a glance was sufficient to show me that no girl alive could have a bedroom like that. There was no bed in it, and very little else: just a thing like a tall-boy, but made of steel, or so it looked; and that had certainly been ravaged. Then the old man really began to howl, and we hadn't the heart to stop him. He howled himself back to the bedroom, and we followed him, looking and feeling like all the things he said we were.

"But aren't you Achmed Jzzit Pasha?" I pleaded. But the life had suddenly gone out of him; he sat on the edge of the bed.

"My name is Wagstaffe," he said weakly, "and I have the finest collection of Roman coins in the country. Or rather I had. My son, Michael Wagstaffe, has them now—thanks to you two idiots!"

We had heard of Michael Wagstaffe—bankrupt twice, a well-known war correspondent, and a V. C. What can you do with a man like that?

Tarlyon had an idea, which took him to the

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window; I had the same idea, and followed him. We looked down upon the face of Brook Street, and behold! it was empty. Never was a Rolls-Royce car with lamps alight so invisible. We went back to Mr. Wagstaffe on the edge of the bed.

"WE ARE SORRY," I muttered, but he seemed not to hear us. George Tarlyon is usually a fine, upstanding fellow, and some people have thought him handsome, but now he looked as though he had been trodden on all over.

Mr. Wagstaffe was whispering, almost to himself: "Two years ago, when I drove him out of the house, he swore that one day he would steal my coins. And now he has stolen my coins. I always knew he would keep his word, for he is a devil. And he always knew that, come what might, I would not prosecute my son for a thief. My Roman coins!" And Mr. Wagstaffe wept.

We explained our position to him. We gave him a brief outline of the facts. We begged him to understand. We pointed out that if his son really had been an Armenian and if he had really been Achmed Jzzit Pasha we had undoubtedly saved his life. I couldn't help thinking that he ought to be grateful to us, but I didn't say that.

He seemed to find a little solace in our discomfiture.

"Ah, he's a clever boy, Michael," sighed Mr. Wagstaffe. "He is always on the lookout for what he calls the mugs. I gather that you two gentlemen are mugs—the same, perhaps, as what are known in America as guys. But I, his father, can assure you that he is not an Armenian; nor has he ever been nearer to Armenia than the Bankruptcy Court, but he's been there twice.

"He calls himself the cavalier of the streets, but when he is up to any of his tricks he disguises himself as an Armenian—the disguise consisting merely of his saying he is an Armenian. It's so simple, he says, for the mugs believe him at once, on the ground that no one would say he was an Armenian if he wasn't. I have been back from America only a week, and he must have been searching all London for me. He probably saw me at the theatre this evening, and was going to raid my house alone when you two intelligent gentlemen got in his way. But he is not a bad boy really—he's got ideas, that's what it is, and also mugs seem to have an irresistible fascination for him.

"Take your case, for instance. I have no doubt but that he will be ready to return me my coins in exchange for a check—though, of course, that depends on the check. And I can see, gentlemen, that you are eager to show your regret for breaking into my house and assaulting my person, by offering to pay the check yourselves. I thank you; though, indeed, it is the least you can do, and an infinitely more convenient way of settling the matter than wearisome arguments in a police-court—provided, of course, that housebreaking and assault are matters for argument."

I giggled. I simply couldn't help it.

"That's all very well," said Tarlyon, "but what about my car?"

"What is the matter with your car?" asked Mr. Wagstaffe gently.

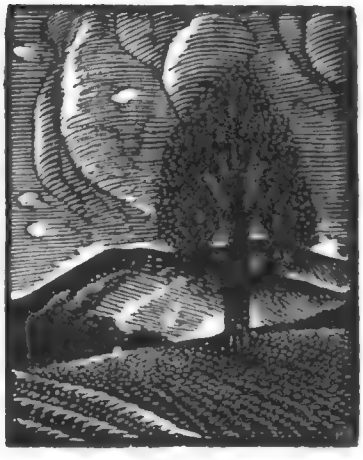
"There's so damn little the matter with it," snapped Tarlyon, "that it's probably half-way down the Dover road by now."

"Ah," said Mr. Wagstaffe wearily, "I see. Cars have an irresistible fascination for Michael. I am sorry. Was it a good car?"

Tarlyon's answer left no room for doubt.

"Pity," said Mr. Wagstaffe. "A great pity. He may, of course, return it. He may. You cannot, of course, compel him to, for it would be difficult for you, in your position, to put the police on him. But he may return it on his own. Michael is not a bad boy really. He will, I am sure, communicate with me as to what I will offer for the return of my coins. I will then give him the check which you have so kindly promised to post to me tonight, and perhaps he will soften also as regards your car and return it to you. Naturally, he will expect your check to approximate to the value of your car—say, half its value. Michael is something of an expert about the value of cars. That's why I said it was a pity, sir, a pity that your car was not a cheap car. But I am sure you will have no difficulty in finding a taxicab home. They are so abundant in Grosvenor Square that my sleep is often disturbed by them."

The rest of the story is not at all interesting. George Tarlyon's car was finally returned, and George Tarlyon is sorry that Mr. Michael Wagstaffe's nose is already broken.



By Richad Bennett, from Winter Words, *by Thomas Hardy (The Book League Monthly).*

Waiting Both

By THOMAS HARDY

A STAR looks down at me,
And says: "Here I and you
Stand, each in our degree:
What do you mean to do,—
Mean to do?"

I say, "For all I know,
Wait, and let Time go by,
Till my change come,"—"Just so,"
The star says: "So mean I:—
So mean I."

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The Signal-Man

By CHARLES DICKENS

"HALLOA! BELOW THERE!"

When he heard a voice thus calling to him, he was standing at the door of his box, with a flag in his hand, furled round its short pole. One would have thought, considering the nature of the ground, that he could not have doubted from what quarter the voice came; but instead of looking up to where I stood on the top of the steep cutting nearly over his head, he turned himself about, and looked down the Line. There was something remarkable in his manner of doing so, though I could not have said for my life what. But I know it was remarkable enough to attract my notice, even though his figure was foreshortened and shadowed, down in the deep trench, and mine was high above him, so steeped in the glow of an angry sunset, that I had shaded my eyes with my hand before I saw him at all.

"Halloa! Below!"

From looking down the Line, he turned himself about again, and, raising his eyes, saw my figure high above him.

"Is there any path by which I can come down and speak to you?"

He looked up at me without replying, and I looked down at him without pressing him too soon with a repetition of my idle question. Just then there came a vague vibration in the earth and air, quickly changing into a violent pulsation, and an oncoming rush that caused me to start back, as though it had force to draw me down. When such vapour as rose to my height from this rapid train had passed me, and was skimming away over the landscape, I looked down again, and saw him refurling the flag he had shown while the train went by.

I repeated my inquiry. After a pause, during which he seemed to regard me with fixed attention, he motioned with his rolled-up flag towards a point on my level, some two or three hundred yards distant. I called down to him, "All right!" and made for that point. There, by dint of looking closely about me, I found a rough zigzag descending path notched out, which I followed.

The cutting was extremely deep and unusually precipitate. It was made through a clammy stone, that became oozier and wetter as I went down. For these reasons, I found the way long enough to give me time to recall a singular air of reluctance or compulsion with which he had pointed out the path.

When I came down low enough upon the zigzag descent to see him again, I saw that he was standing between the rails on the way by which the train had lately passed, in an attitude as if he were waiting for me to appear. He had his left hand at his chin, and that left elbow rested on his right hand, crossed over his breast. His attitude was one of such expectation and watchfulness that I stopped a moment, wondering at it.

I resumed my downward way, and stepping out upon the level of the railroad, and drawing nearer to him, saw that he was a dark, sallow man, with a dark beard and rather heavy eyebrows. His post was in as solitary and dismal a place as ever I saw. On either side, a dripping-wet wall of jagged stone, excluding all view but a strip of sky; the perspective one way only a crooked prolongation of this great dungeon; the shorter perspective in the other direction terminating in a gloomy red light, and the gloomier entrance to a black tunnel, in whose massive architecture there was a barbarous, depressing, and forbidding air. So little sunlight ever found its way to this spot, that it had an earthy, deadly smell; and so much cold wind rushed through it, that it struck chill to me, as if I had left the natural world.

Before he stirred, I was near enough to him to have touched him. Not even then removing his eyes from mine, he stepped back one step, and lifted his hand.

This was a lonesome post to occupy (I said), and it had riveted my attention when I looked down from up yonder. A visitor was a rarity, I should suppose; not an unwelcome rarity, I hoped? In me, he merely saw

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a man who had been shut up within narrow limits all his life, and who, being at last set free, had a newly awakened interest in these great works. To such purpose I spoke to him; but I am far from sure of the terms I used; for, besides that I am not happy in opening any conversation, there was something in the man that daunted me.

He directed a most curious look towards the red light near the tunnel's mouth, and looked all about it, as if something were missing from it, and then looked at me.

That light was part of his charge? Was it not?

He answered in a low voice: "Don't you know it is?"

The monstrous thought came into my mind, as I perused the fixed eyes and the saturnine face, that this was a spirit, not a man. I have speculated since, whether there may have been infection in his mind.

In my turn, I stepped back. But in making the action, I detected in his eyes some latent fear of me. This put the monstrous thought to flight.

"You look at me," I said, forcing a smile, "as if you had a dread of me."

"I was doubtful," he returned, "whether I had seen you before."

"Where?"

He pointed to the red light he had looked at.

"There?" I said.

Intently watchful of me, he replied (but without sound), "Yes."

"My good fellow, what should I do there? However, be that as it may, I never was there, you may swear."

"I think I may," he rejoined. "Yes; I am sure I may."

His manner cleared, like my own. He replied to my remarks with readiness and in well-chosen words. Had he much to do there? Yes; that was to say, he had enough responsibility to bear; but exactness and watchfulness were what was required of him, and of actual work—manual labour—he had next to none. To change that signal, to trim those lights, and to turn this iron handle now and then, was all he had to do under that head. Regarding those many long and lonely hours of which I seemed to make so much, he could only say that the routine of his life had shaped itself into that form, and he had grown used to it. He had taught himself a language down here—if only to know it by sight, and to have formed his own crude ideas of its pronunciation, could be called learning it. He had also worked at fractions and decimals and tried a little algebra; but he was, and had been as a boy, a poor hand at figures. Was it necessary for him when on duty always to remain in that channel of damp air, and could he never rise into the sunshine from between those high stone walls? Why, that depended upon times and circumstances. Under some conditions there would be less upon the Line than under others, and the same held good as to certain hours of the day and night. In bright weather, he did choose occasions for getting a little above these lower shadows; but, being at all times liable to be called by his electric bell, and at such times listening for it with redoubled anxiety, the relief was less than I would suppose.

He took me into his box, where there was a fire, a desk for an official book in which he had to make certain entries, a telegraphic instrument with its dial, face, and needles, and the little bell of which he had spoken. On my trusting that he would excuse the remark that he had been well educated, and (I hoped I might say without offence) perhaps educated above that station, he observed that instances of slight incongruity in such wise would rarely be found wanting among large bodies of men; that he had heard it was so in workhouses, in the police force, even in that last desperate resource, the army; and that he knew it was so, more or less, in any great railway staff. He had been, when young (if I could believe it, sitting in that hut—he scarcely could), a student of natural philosophy, and had attended lectures; but he had run wild, misused his opportunities, gone down, and never risen again. He had no complaint to offer about that. He had made his bed, and he lay upon it. It was far too late to make another.

All that I have here condensed he said in a quiet manner, with his grave dark regards divided between me and the fire. He threw in the word, "Sir," from time to time, and especially when he referred to his youth—as though to request me to understand that he claimed to be nothing but what I found him. He was several times interrupted by the little bell, and had to read off messages, and send replies. Once he had to stand without the door, and display a flag as a train passed, and make some verbal communication to the driver. In the discharge of his duties, I observed him to be remarkably exact and vigilant, breaking off his discourse at a syllable, and remaining silent until what he had to do was done.

In a word, I should have set this man down as one of the safest of men to be employed in that capacity, but for the circumstance that while he was speaking to me he twice broke off with a fallen colour, turned his face towards the little bell when it did not ring, opened the door of the hut (which was kept shut to exclude the unhealthy damp), and looked out towards the red light near the mouth of the tunnel. On both of those occasions, he came back to the fire with the inexplicable air upon him which I had remarked, without being able to define, when we were so far asunder.

Said I, when I rose to leave him, "You almost make me think that I have met with a contented man."

(I am afraid I must acknowledge that I said it to lead him on.)

"I believe I used to be so," he rejoined, in the low voice in which he had first spoken; "but I am troubled, sir, I am troubled."

He would have recalled the words if he could. He had said them, however, and I took them up quickly.

"With what? What is your trouble?"

"It is very difficult to impart, sir. It is very, very difficult to speak of. If ever you make me another visit, I will try to tell you."

"But I expressly intend to make you another visit. Say, when shall it be?"

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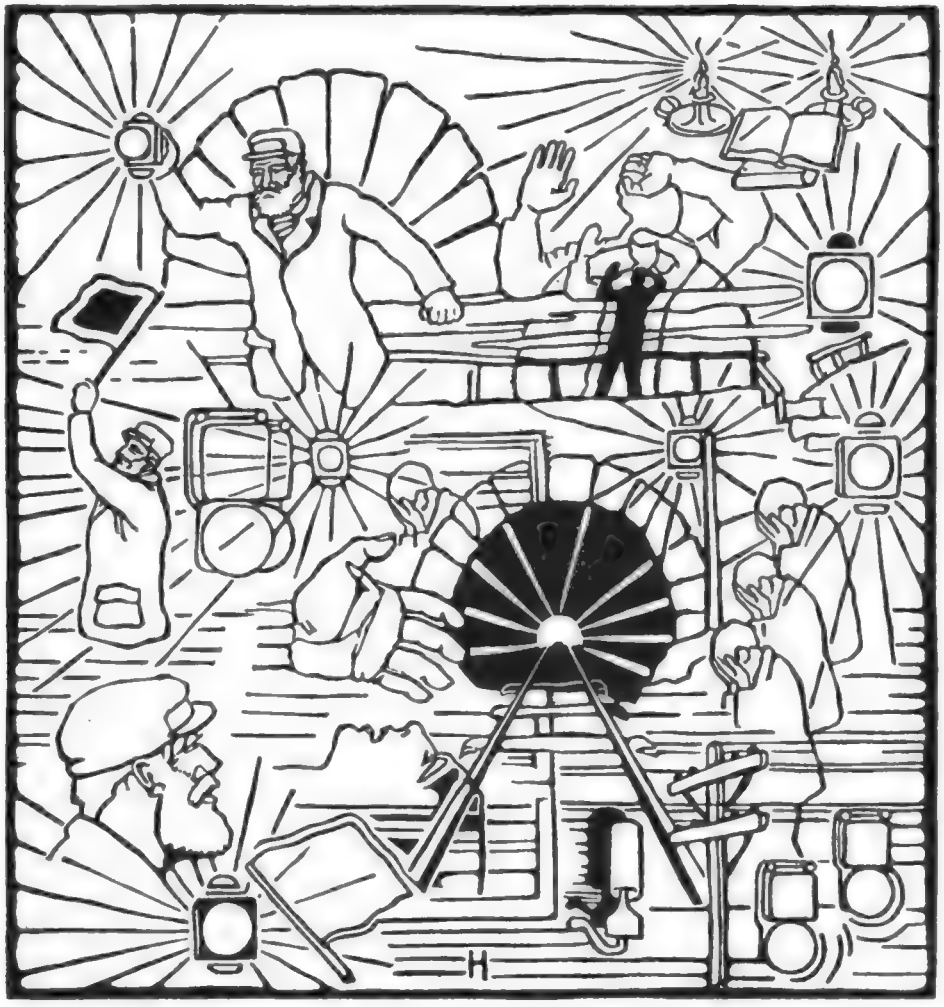

Original woodcuts by Carroll Holliday

"I go off early in the morning, and I shall be on again at ten tomorrow night, sir."

"I will come at eleven."

He thanked me, and went out at the door with me. "I'll show my white light, sir," he said, in his peculiar low voice, "till you have found the way up. When you have found it, don't call out! And when you are at the top, don't call out!"

His manner seemed to make the place strike colder to me, but I said no more than, "Very well."

"And when you come down tomorrow night, don't call out! Let me ask you a parting question. What made you cry, 'Halloa! Below there!' tonight?"

"Heaven knows," said I. "I cried something to that effect——"

"Not to that effect, sir. Those were the very words. I know them well."

"Admit those were the very words. I said them, no doubt, because I saw you below."

"For no other reason?"

"What other reason could I possibly have?"

"You had no feeling that they were conveyed to you in any supernatural way?"

"No."

He wished me good-night, and held up his light. I walked by the side of the down Line of rails (with a very disagreeable sensation of a train coming behind me) until I found the path. It was easier to mount than to descend, and I got back to my inn without any adventure.

Punctual to my appointment, I placed my foot on the first notch of the zigzag next night as the distant clocks were striking eleven. He was waiting for me at the bottom, with his white light on. "I have not called out," I said, when we came close together; "may I speak now?" "By all means, sir." "Good-night, then, and here's my hand." "Good-night, sir, and here's mine." With that we walked side by side to his box, entered it, closed the door, and sat down by the fire.

"I have made up my mind, sir," he began, bending forward as soon as we were seated, and speaking in a tone but a little above a whisper, "that you shall not have to ask me twice what troubles me. I took you for some one else yesterday evening. That troubles me."

"That mistake?"

"No. That some one else."

"Who is it?"

"I don't know."

"Like me?"

"I don't know. I never saw the face. The left arm is across the face, and the right arm is waved—violently waved. This way."

I followed his action with my eyes, and it was the action of an arm gesticulating, with the utmost passion and vehemence, "For God's sake, clear the way!"

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"One moonlight night," said the man, "I was sitting here, when I heard a voice cry, 'Halloa! Below there!' I started up, looked from that door, and saw this Some one else standing by the red light near the tunnel, waving as I just now showed you. The voice seemed hoarse with shouting, and it cried, 'Look out! Look out!' And then again, 'Halloa! Below there! Look out!' I caught up my lamp, turned it on red, and ran towards the figure, calling, 'What's wrong? What has happened? Where?' It stood just outside the blackness of the tunnel. I advanced so close upon it that I wondered at its keeping the sleeve across its eyes. I ran right up at it, and had my hand stretched out to pull the sleeve away, when it was gone."

"Into the tunnel?" said I.

"No. I ran on into the tunnel, five hundred yards. I stopped, and held my lamp above my head, and saw the figures of the measured distance, and saw the wet stains stealing down the walls and trickling through the arch. I ran out again faster than I had run in (for I had a mortal abhorrence of the place upon me), and I looked all round the red light with my own red light, and I went up the iron ladder to the gallery atop of it, and I came down again, and ran back here. I telegraphed both ways, 'An alarm has been given. Is anything wrong?' The answer came back, both ways, 'All well.'"

RESISTING THE SLOW TOUCH of a frozen finger tracing out my spine, I showed him how that this figure must be a deception of his sense of sight; and how that figures, originating in disease of the delicate nerves that minister to the functions of the eye, were known to have often troubled patients, some of whom had become conscious of the nature of their affliction, and had even proved it by experiments upon themselves. "As to an imaginary cry," said I, "do but listen for a moment to the wind in this unnatural valley while we speak so low, and to the wild harp it makes of the telegraph wires."

That was all very well, he returned, after we had sat listening for a while, and he ought to know something of the wind and the wires—he who so often passed long winter nights there, alone and watching. But he would beg to remark that he had not finished.

I asked his pardon, and he slowly added these words, touching my arm—

"Within six hours after the Appearance, the memorable accident on this Line happened, and within ten hours the dead and wounded were brought along through the tunnel over the spot where the figure had stood."

A disagreeable shudder crept over me, but I did my best against it. It was not to be denied, I rejoined, that this was a remarkable coincidence, calculated deeply to impress his mind. But it was unquestionable that remarkable coincidences did continually occur, and they must be taken into account in dealing with such a subject. Though to be sure I must admit, I added (for I thought I saw that he was going to bring the objection to bear upon me), men of common sense did not allow much for coincidences in making the ordinary calculations of life.

He again begged to remark that he had not finished.

I again begged his pardon for being betrayed into interruptions.

"This," he said, again laying his hand upon my arm, and glancing over his shoulder with hollow eyes, "was just a year ago. Six or seven months passed, and I had recovered from the surprise and shock, when one morning, as the day was breaking, I, standing at the door, looked towards the red light, and saw the spectre again." He stopped, with a fixed look at me.

"Did it cry out?"

"No. It was silent."

"Did it wave its arm?"

"No. It leaned against the shaft of the light, with both hands before the face. Like this."

Once more I followed his action with my eyes. It was an action of mourning. I have seen such an attitude in stone figures on tombs.

"Did you go up to it?"

"I came in and sat down, partly to collect my thoughts, partly because it had turned me faint. When I went to the door again, daylight was above me, and the ghost was gone."

"But nothing followed? Nothing came of this?"

He touched me on the arm with his forefinger twice or thrice, giving a ghastly nod each time:

"That very day, as a train came out of the tunnel, I noticed, at a carriage window on my side, what looked like a confusion of hands and heads, and something waved. I saw it just in time to signal the driver, Stop! He shut off, and put his brake on, but the train drifted past here a hundred and fifty yards or more. I ran after it, and, as I went along, heard terrible screams and cries. A beautiful young lady had died instantaneously in one of the compartments, and was brought in here, and laid down on this floor between us."

Involuntarily I pushed my chair back, as I looked from the boards at which he pointed, to himself.

"True, sir. True. Precisely as it happened, so I tell it you."

I COULD THINK OF NOTHING to say, to any purpose, and my mouth was very dry. The wind and the wires took up the story with a long lamenting wail.

He resumed. "Now, sir, mark this, and judge how my mind is troubled. The spectre came back a week ago. Ever since, it has been there, now and again, by fits and starts."

"At the light?"

"At the Danger-light."

"What does it seem to do?"

He repeated, if possible with increased passion and vehemence, that former gesticulation of, "For God's sake, clear the way!"

Then he went on. "I have no peace or rest for it. It calls to me, for many minutes together, in an agonized manner, 'Below there! Look out! Look out!' It stands waving to me. It rings my little bell——"

I caught at that. "Did it ring your bell yesterday

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evening when I was here, and you went to the door?"

"Twice."

"Why, see," said I, "how your imagination misleads you. My eyes were on the bell, and my ears were open to the bell, and if I am a living man, it did *not* ring at those times. No, nor at any other time, except when it was rung in the natural course of physical things by the station communicating with you."

He shook his head. "I have never made a mistake as to that, sir. I have never confused the spectre's ring with the man's. The ghost's ring is a strange vibration in the bell that it derives from nothing else, and I have not asserted that the bell stirs to the eye. I don't wonder that you failed to hear it. But *I* heard it."

"And did the spectre seem to be there, when you looked out?"

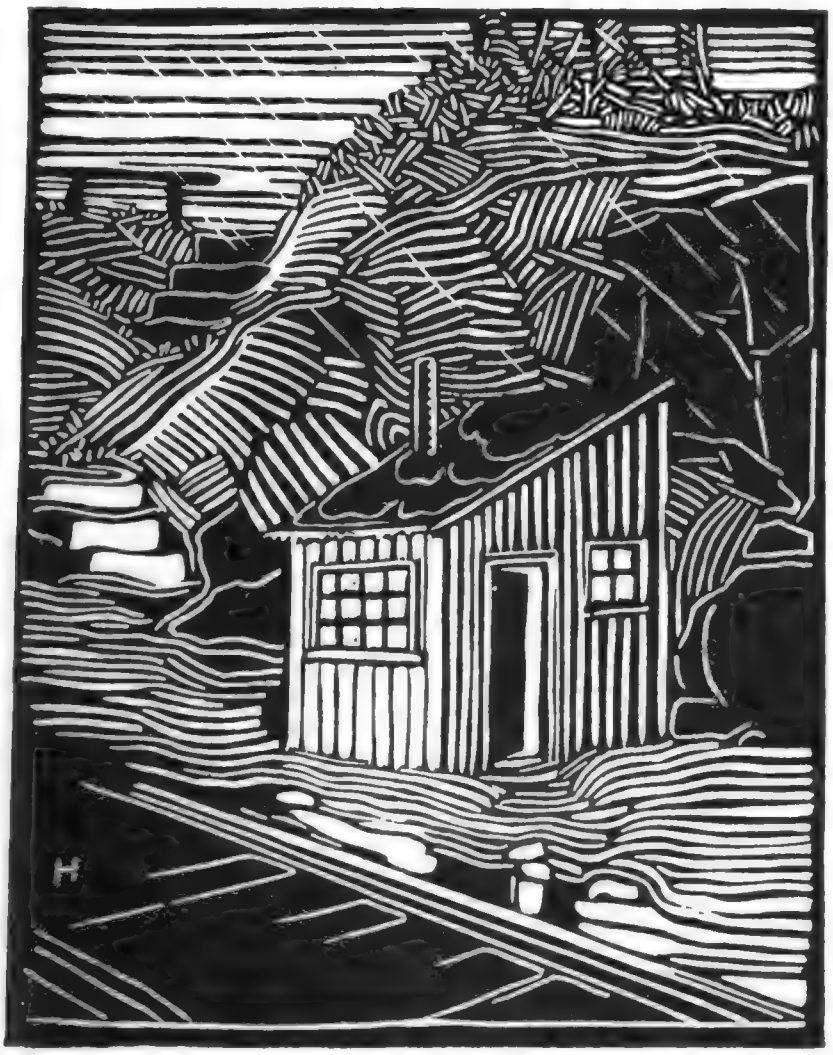
"It *was* there."

"Both times?"

He repeated firmly: "Both times."

"Will you come to the door with me, and look for it now?"

He bit his underlip as though he were somewhat unwilling, but arose. I opened the door, and stood on the step, while he stood in the doorway. There was the Danger-light. There was the dismal mouth of the tunnel. There were the high, wet stone walls of the cutting. There were the stars above them.



"Do you see it?" I asked him, taking particular note of his face. His eyes were prominent and strained, but not very much more so, perhaps, than my own had been when I had directed them earnestly towards the same spot.

"No," he answered. "It is not there."

"Agreed," said I.

We went in again, shut the door, and resumed our seats. I was thinking how best to improve this advantage, if it might be called one, when he took up the conversation in such a matter-of-course way, so assuming that there could be no serious question of fact between us, that I felt myself placed in the weakest of positions.

"By this time you will fully understand, sir," he said, "that what troubles me so dreadfully is the question, What does the spectre mean?"

I was not sure, I told him, that I did fully understand.

"What is its warning against?" he said, ruminating, with his eyes on the fire, and only by times turning them on me. "What is the danger? Where is the danger? There is danger overhanging somewhere on the Line. Some dreadful calamity will happen. It is not to be doubted this third time, after what has gone before. But surely this is a cruel haunting of *me*. What can *I* do?"

He pulled out his handkerchief, and wiped the drops from his heated forehead.

"If I telegraph Danger, on either side of me, or on both, I can give no reason for it," he went on, wiping the palms of his hands. "I should get into trouble, and do no good. They would think I was mad. This is the way it would work—Message: 'Danger! Take care!' Answer: 'What Danger? Where?' Message: 'Don't know. But, for God's sake, take care!' They would displace me. What else could they do?"

His pain of mind was most pitiable to see. It was the mental torture of a conscientious man, oppressed beyond endurance by an unintelligible responsibility involving life.

"When it first stood under the Danger-light," he went on, putting his dark hair back from his head, and drawing his hands outward across and across his temples in an extremity of feverish distress, "why not tell me where that accident was to happen—if it must happen? Why not tell me how it could be averted—if it could have been averted? When on its second coming it hid its face, why not tell me, instead, 'She is going to die. Let them keep her at home'? If it came, on those two occasions, only to show me that its warnings were true, and so to prepare me for the third, why not warn me plainly now? And I, Lord help me! A mere poor signal-man on this solitary station! Why not go to somebody with credit to be believed, and power to act?"

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When I saw him in this state, I saw that for the poor man's sake, as well as for the public safety, what I had to do for the time was to compose his mind. Therefore, setting aside all question of reality or unreality between us, I represented to him that whoever thoroughly discharged his duty must do well, and that at least it was his comfort that he understood his duty, though he did not understand these confounding Appearances. In this effort I succeeded far better than in the attempt to reason him out of his conviction. He became calm; the occupation incidental to his post as the night advanced began to make larger demands on his attention: and I left him at two in the morning. I had offered to stay through the night, but he would not hear of it.

That I more than once looked back at the red light as I ascended the pathway, that I did not like the red light, and that I should have slept but poorly if my bed had been under it, I see no reason to conceal. Nor did I like the two sequences of the accident and the dead girl. I see no reason to conceal that, either.

BUT WHAT RAN MOST in my thoughts was the consideration how ought I to act, having become the recipient of this disclosure? I had proved the man to be intelligent, vigilant, painstaking, and exact; but how long might he remain so, in his state of mind? Though in a subordinate position, still he held a most important trust, and would I (for instance) like to stake my own life on the chances of his continuing to execute it with precision?

Unable to overcome a feeling that there would be something treacherous in my communicating what he had told me to his superiors in the company, without first being plain with himself and proposing a middle course to him, I ultimately resolved to offer to accompany him (otherwise keeping his secret for the present) to the wisest medical practitioner we could hear of in those parts, and to take his opinion. A change in his time of duty would come round next night, he had apprised me, and he would be off an hour or two after sunrise, and on again soon after sunset. I had appointed to return accordingly.

Next evening was a lovely evening, and I walked out early to enjoy it. The sun was not yet quite down when I traversed the field-path near the top of the deep cutting. I would extend my walk for an hour, I said to myself, half an hour on and half an hour back, and it would then be time to go to my signal-man's box.

Before pursuing my stroll, I stepped to the brink, and mechanically looked down, from the point from which I had first seen him. I cannot describe the thrill that seized upon me, when, close at the mouth of the tunnel, I saw the appearance of a man, with his left sleeve across his eyes, passionately waving his right arm.

The nameless horror that oppressed me passed in a moment, for in a moment I saw that this appearance of a man was a man indeed, and that there was a little group of other men, standing at a short distance, to whom he seemed to be rehearsing the gesture he made. The Danger-light was not yet lighted. Against its shaft, a little low hut, entirely new to me, had been made of some wooden supports and tarpaulin. It looked no bigger than a bed.

With an irresistible sense that something was wrong—with a flashing self-reproachful fear that fatal mischief had come of my leaving the man there, and causing no one to be sent to overlook or correct what he did—I descended the notched path with all the speed I could make.

"What is the matter?" I asked the men.

"Signal-man killed this morning, sir."

"Not the man belonging to that box?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not the man I know?"

"You will recognize him, sir, if you knew him," said the man who spoke for the others, solemnly uncovering his own head, and raising an end of the tarpaulin, "for his face is quite composed."

"Oh, how did this happen, how did this happen?" I asked, turning from one to another as the hut closed in again.

"He was cut down by an engine, sir. No man in England knew his work better. But somehow he was not clear of the outer rail. It was just at broad day. He had struck the light, and had the lamp in his hand. As the engine came out of the tunnel, his back was towards her, and she cut him down. That man drove her, and was showing how it happened. Show the gentleman, Tom."

The man, who wore a rough dark dress, stepped back to his former place at the mouth of the black tunnel.

"Coming round the curve in the tunnel, sir," he said, "I saw him at the end, like as if I saw him down a perspective glass. There was no time to check speed, and I knew him to be very careful. As he didn't seem to take heed of the whistle, I shut it off when we were running down upon him, and called to him as loud as I could call."

"What did you say?"

"I said, 'Below there! Look out! Look out! For God's sake, clear the way!'"

I started.

"Ah! it was a dreadful time, sir. I never left off calling to him. I put this arm before my eyes not to see, and I waved this arm to the last; but it was no use."

Without prolonging the narrative to dwell on any one of its curious circumstances more than on any other, I may, in closing it, point out the coincidence that the warning of the Engine-Driver included, not only the words which the unfortunate Signal-man had repeated to me as haunting him, but also the words which I myself—not he—had attached, and that only in my own mind, to the gesticulation he had imitated.

A doe once passed near a lioness, saying: "I have many children in a year, and thou only hast in all thy life but one or two." And the lioness said to her: "It is true; nevertheless, if it be but one, yet he is a lion."—From the Arabian *Lokman.*

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Drawings by
Ralph Maxon

The Portrait

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

Aldous Huxley

"PICTURES," said Mr. Bigger, "you want to see some pictures? Well, we have a very interesting mixed exhibition of modern stuff in our galleries at the moment. French and English, you know."

The customer held up his hand, shook his head. "No, no. Nothing modern for me," he declared in his pleasant northern English. "I want real pictures, old pictures. Rembrandt and Sir Joshua Reynolds and that sort of thing."

"Perfectly." Mr. Bigger nodded. "Old Masters. Oh, of course, we deal in the old as well as the modern."

"The fact is," said the other, "that I've just bought a rather large house—a Manor House," he added in impressive tones.

Mr. Bigger smiled; there was an ingenuousness about this simple-minded fellow which was most engaging. He wondered how the man had made his money. "A Manor House." The way he had said it was really charming. Here was a man who had worked his way up from serfdom to the lordship of a manor, from the broad base of the feudal pyramid to the narrow summit. His own history and all the history of classes had been implicit in that awed, proud emphasis on the "Manor." But the stranger was running on; Mr. Bigger could not allow his thoughts to wander further. "In a house of this style," he was saying, "and with a position like mine to keep up, one must have a few pictures. Old Masters, you know: Rembrandts and what's-his-names."

"Of course," said Mr. Bigger, "An Old Master is a symbol of social superiority."

"That's just it," cried the other beaming; "you've said just what I wanted to say."

Mr. Bigger bowed and smiled. It was delightful to find some one who took one's little ironies as sober seriousness.

"Of course, we should need Old Masters only downstairs, in the reception room. It would be too much of a good thing to have them in the bedrooms, too."

"Altogether too much of a good thing," Mr. Bigger assented.

"As a matter of fact," the Lord of the Manor went on, "my daughter—she does a bit of sketching. And very pretty it is. I'm having some of her things framed to hang in the bedrooms. It's useful having an artist in the family. Saves you buying pictures. But, of course, we must have something old downstairs."

"I think I have exactly what you want." Mr. Bigger got up and rang the bell. "My daughter does a little sketching"—he pictured a large blonde barmaidish personage, thirty-one and not yet married, running a bit to seed. . . . His secretary appeared at the door. "Bring me the Venetian portrait, Miss Pratt, the one in the back room. You know which I mean."

Miss Pratt nodded and disappeared.

"You're very snug in here," said the Lord of the Manor, looking round the room. Mr. Bigger's sanctum was austerely luxurious. "Business good, I hope." He genuinely did hope it. He liked this fellow. He was sympathetic. He understood things almost before you had begun to explain. He seemed to have known you for years.

"This picture has a story."

Mr. Bigger sighed. "The slump," he said. "We art dealers feel it worse than anyone."

"Ah, the slump." The Lord of the Manor chuckled. His round, red, shining face shone with mirth. "I foresaw it all the time. Some people seemed to think the good times were going to last forever. What fools! I sold out of everything at the crest of the wave. That's why I can buy pictures now."

Mr. Bigger laughed, too. This was the right sort of customer. "Wish I'd had anything to sell out during the boom," he said.

The Lord of the Manor laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks. He was still laughing when Miss Pratt re-entered the room.

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She carried a picture shieldwise, in her two hands, before her.

"Put it on the easel, Miss Pratt," said Mr. Bigger. "Now," he turned to the Lord of the Manor, "what do you think of that?"

The picture that stood on the easel before them was a half-length portrait. Plump-faced, white-skinned, high-bosomed in her deeply scalloped dress of blue silk, the subject of the picture seemed a typical Italian lady of the middle eighteenth century. A little complacent smile curved the pouting lips, and in one hand she held a black mask, as though she had just taken it off after a day of carnival.

"Very nice," said the Lord of the Manor; but he added doubtfully, "it isn't very like Rembrandt, is it? It's all so clear and bright. Generally in Old Masters you can never see anything at all, they're so dark and foggy."

"Very true," said Mr. Bigger. "But not all Old Masters are like Rembrandt."

"I suppose not." The Lord of the Manor seemed hardly to be convinced.

"This is eighteenth-century Venetian. Their colour was always luminous. Giangolini was the painter. He died young, you know. Not more than half a dozen of his pictures are known. And this is one."

The Lord of the Manor nodded. He could appreciate the value of rarity.

"One notices at a first glance the influence of Longhi," Mr. Bigger went on airily. "And there is something of the morbidezza of Rosalba in the painting of the face."

The Lord of the Manor was looking uncomfortably from Mr. Bigger to the picture and from the picture to Mr. Bigger. There is nothing so embarrassing as to be talked at by some one possessing more knowledge than you do. Mr. Bigger pressed his advantage.

"Curious," he went on, "that one sees nothing of Tiepolo's manner in this. Don't you think so?"

The Lord of the Manor nodded. His face wore a gloomy expression. The corners of his baby's mouth drooped. One almost expected him to burst into tears.

"It's pleasant," said Mr. Bigger, relenting at last, "to talk to somebody who really knows about painting. So few people do."

"Well, I can't say I've ever gone into the subject very deeply," said the Lord of the Manor, modestly. "But I know what I like when I see it." His face brightened again, as he felt himself on safer ground.

"A natural instinct," said Mr. Bigger. "That's a very precious gift. I could see by your face that you had it; I could see that the moment you came into the gallery."

The Lord of the Manor was delighted. "Really now," he said. He felt himself growing larger, more important. "Really." He cocked his head critically on one side. "Yes. I must say, I think that's a very fine bit of painting. Very fine. But the fact is, I should rather have liked a more historical piece, if you know what I mean. Something more ancestor-like, you know. A portrait of somebody with a story—like Anne Boleyn or Nell Gywnn or the Duke of Wellington or some one like that."

"But, my dear sir, I was going to tell you. This picture has a story." Mr. Bigger leaned forward and tapped the Lord of the Manor on the knee. His eyes twinkled with benevolent and amused brightness under his bushy eyebrows. There was a knowing kindliness in his smile. "A most remarkable story is connected with the painting of that picture."

"You don't say so?" The Lord of the Manor raised his eyebrows.

MR. BIGGER LEANED BACK in his chair. "The lady you see there," he said, indicating the portrait with a wave of the hand, "was the wife of the fourth Earl Hurtmore. The family is now extinct. The ninth earl died only last year. I got this picture when the house was sold up. It's sad to see the passing of these old ancestral homes." Mr. Bigger sighed. The Lord of the Manor looked solemn, as though he were in church. There was a moment's silence; then Mr. Bigger went on in a changed tone. "From his portraits, which I have seen, the fourth Earl seems to have been a long-faced, gloomy, gray-looking fellow. One can never imagine him young; he was the sort of man who looks permanently fifty. His chief interests in life were music and Roman antiquities. There's one portrait of him holding an ivory flute in one hand and resting the other on a fragment of Roman carving. He spent at least half his life traveling in Italy, looking for antiquities and listening to music. When he was about fifty-five he suddenly decided that it was about time to get married. This was the lady of his choice." Mr. Bigger pointed to the picture. "His money and his title must have made up for many deficiencies. One can't imagine, from her appearance, that Lady Hurtmore took a great deal of interest in Roman antiquities. Nor, I should think, did she care much for the science and history of music. She liked clothes, she liked society, she liked gambling, she liked flirting, she liked enjoying herself. It doesn't seem that the newly wedded couple got on too well. But still, they avoided an open breach. A year after the marriage Lord Hurtmore decided to pay another visit to Italy. They reached Venice in the early autumn. For Lord Hurtmore, Venice meant unlimited music. It meant Galuppi's daily concerts at the orphanage of the Misericordia. It meant Piccini at Santa Maria. It meant new operas at the San Moise; it meant delicious cantatas at a hundred churches. It meant private concerts of amateurs; it meant Porpora and the finest singers in Europe; it meant Tartini and the greatest violinists. For Lady Hurtmore, Venice meant something rather different. It meant gambling at the Rudotto, masked balls, gay supper parties—all the delights of the most amusing city in the world. Living their separate lives, both might have been happy here in Venice almost indefinitely. But one day Lord Hurtmore had the disastrous idea of having his wife's portrait painted. Young Giangolini was recommended to him as the promising, the coming painter. Lady Hurtmore began her sittings. Giangolini was handsome and dashing, Giangolini was young. He had an amorous technic as perfect as his artistic technic. Lady Hurtmore would have been more than

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human if she had been able to resist him. She was not more than human."

"None of us are, eh?" The Lord of the Manor dug his finger into Mr. Bigger's ribs and laughed.

Politely, Mr. Bigger joined in his mirth; when it had subsided, he went on. "In the end they decided to run away together across the border. They would live at Vienna—live on the Hurtmore family jewels, which the lady would be careful to pack in her suitcase. They were worth upward of twenty thousand, the Hurtmore jewels; and in Vienna, under Maria Theresa, one could live handsomely on the interest of twenty thousand. The arrangements were easily made. Giangolini had a friend who did everything for them—got them passports under an assumed name, hired horses to be in waiting on the mainland, placed his gondola at their disposal. They decided to flee on the day of the last sitting. The day came. Lord Hurtmore, according to his usual custom, brought his wife to Giangolini's studio in a gondola, left her there, perched on the high-backed model's throne, and went off again to listen to Galuppi's concert at the Misericordia. It was the time of full carnival. Even in broad daylight people went about in masks. Lady Hurtmore wore one of black silk—you see her holding it, there, in the portrait. Her husband, though he was no reveler and disapproved of carnival junketings, preferred to conform to the grotesque fashion of his neighbours rather than attract attention to himself by not conforming. The long black cloak, the huge three-cornered black hat, the long-nosed mask of white paper were the ordinary attire of every Venetian gentleman in these carnival weeks. Lord Hurtmore did not care to be conspicuous; he wore the same. There must have been something richly absurd and incongruous in the spectacle of this grave and solemn-faced English milord dressed in the clown's uniform of a gay Venetian masker. 'Pantaloon in the clothes of Pulcinella,' was how the lovers described him to each other; the old dotard of the eternal comedy dressed up as the clown. Well, this morning, as I have said, Lord Hurtmore came as usual in his hired gondola, bringing his lady with him. And she in her turn was bringing under the folds of her capacious cloak, a little leather box, wherein, snug on their silken bed, reposed the Hurtmore jewels. Seated in the dark little cabin of the gondola, they watch the churches, the richly fretted *palazzi*, the high mean houses, gliding past them. From under his Punch's mask Lord Hurtmore's voice speaks gravely, slowly, imperturbably:

" 'The learned Father Martini,' he said, 'has promised to do me the honour of coming to dine with us tomorrow. I doubt if any man knows more of musical history than he. I will ask you to be at pains to do him special honour.'

" 'You may be sure I will, my Lord.' She could hardly contain the laughing excitement that bubbled up within her. Tomorrow at dinner time she would be far away—over the frontier, beyond Gorizia, galloping along the Vienna road. Poor old Pantaloon! But no, she wasn't in the least sorry for him. After all, he had his music, he had his odds and ends of broken marble. Under her cloak she clutched the jewel case more tightly. How intoxicatingly amusing her secret was!"

Mr. Bigger clasped his hands and pressed them dramatically over his heart. He was enjoying himself. He turned his long foxy nose toward the Lord of the Manor and smiled benevolently. The Lord of the Manor for his part was all attention.

"Well?" he inquired.

Mr. Bigger unclasped his hands and let them fall on to his knees.

"Well," he said, "the gondola draws up at Giangolini's door, Lord Hurtmore helps his wife out, leads her up to the painter's great room on the first floor, commits her into his charge with his usual polite formula, and then goes off to hear Galuppi's morning concert at the Misericordia. The lovers have a good two hours to make their final preparations.

"Old Pantaloon safely out of sight, up pops the painter's useful friend, masked and cloaked like everyone else in the streets and on the canals of this carnival Venice. There follow embracements and hand shakings and laughter all round; everything has been so marvelously successful, not a suspicion roused. From under Lady Hurtmore's cloak comes the jewel case. She opens it and there are loud Italian exclamations of astonishment and admiration. The brilliants, the pearls, the great Hurtmore emeralds, the ruby clasps, the diamond earrings—all these bright glittering things are lovingly examined, knowingly handled. Fifty thousand sequins at the least is the estimate of the useful friend. The two lovers throw themselves ecstatically into each other's arms.

"THE USEFUL FRIEND interrupts them; there are still a few last things to be done. They must go and sign for their passports at the ministry of police. Oh, a mere formality; but still it has to be done. He will go out at the same time and sell one of the lady's diamonds to provide the necessary funds for the journey."

Mr. Bigger paused to light a cigarette. He blew a cloud of smoke, and went on.

"So they set out, all in their masks and capes, the useful friend in one direction, the painter and his mistress in another. Ah, love in Venice!" Mr. Bigger turned up his eyes in ecstasy. "Have you ever been in Venice and in love, sir?" he inquired of the Lord of the Manor.

"Never farther than Dieppe," said the Lord of the Manor, shaking his head.

"Ah, then you've missed one of life's great experiences. You can never fully and completely understand what must have been the sensations of little Lady Hurtmore and the artist, as they glided down the long canals, gazing at each other through the eyeholes of their masks. Sometimes, perhaps, they kissed—though it would have been difficult to do that without unmasking, and there was always the danger that some one might have recognized their naked faces through the windows of their little cabin. No, on the whole," Mr. Bigger concluded reflectively, "I expect they confined themselves to looking at each other.

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"My box, I think."

But in Venice, drowsing along the canals, one can almost be satisfied with looking—just looking." He caressed the air with his hand and let his voice drop away into silence. He took two or three puffs at his cigarette without saying anything. When he went on, his voice was very quiet and even.

"About half an hour after they had gone a gondola drew up at Giangolini's door, and a man in a paper mask, wrapped in a black cloak and wearing on his head the inevitable three-cornered hat got out and went upstairs to the painter's room. It was empty. The portrait smiled sweetly and a little fatuously from the easel. But no painter stood before it and the model's throne was untenanted. The long-nosed mask looked about the room with an expressionless curiosity. The wandering glance came to rest at last on the jewel case that stood where the lovers had carelessly left it, open on the table. Deep set and darkly shadowed behind the grotesque mask, the eyes dwelt long and fixedly on this object. Long-nosed Pulcinella seemed to be rapt in meditation.

"A few minutes later there was the sound of footsteps on the stairs, of two voices laughing together. The masker turned away to look out of the window. Behind him the door opened noisily; drunk with gay laughable irresponsibility, the lovers burst in.

"'*Aha, caro* amico. Back already. What luck with the diamond?'

"The cloaked figure at the window did not stir; Giangolini rattled gaily on. There had been no trouble whatever about the signatures, no questions asked; he had the passports in his pockets. They could start at once.

"Lady Hurtmore suddenly began to laugh uncontrollably; she couldn't stop.

"'What's the matter?' asked Giangolini, laughing, too.

"'I was thinking,' she gasped between the paroxysms of her mirth, 'I was thinking of old Pantaloon sitting at the Misericordia, solemn as an owl, listening—' she almost choked, and the words came out shrill and forced as though she were speaking through tears—'listening to old Galuppi's boring old cantatas.'

"The man at the window turned round. 'Unfortunately, Madam,' he said, 'the learned maestro was indisposed this morning. There was no concert.' He took off his mask. 'And so I took the liberty of returning earlier than usual.' The long, gray, unsmiling face of Lord Hurtmore confronted them.

"The lovers stared at him for a moment speechlessly. Lady Hurtmore put her hand to her heart; it had given a fearful jump and she felt a horrible sensation in the pit of her stomach. Poor Giangolini had gone as white as his paper mask. Even in these days of *cicisbei*, of official gentleman friends, there were cases on record of outraged and jealous husbands resorting to homicide. He was unarmed, but goodness only knew what weapons of destruction were concealed under that enigmatic black cloak. But Lord Hurtmore did nothing brutal or undignified. Gravely and calmly, as he did everything, he walked over to the table, picked up the jewel case, closed it with the greatest care and saying: 'My box, I think,' put it in his pocket and walked out of the room. The lovers were left looking questioningly at each other."

There was a silence.

"What happened then?" asked the Lord of the Manor.

"The anticlimax," Mr. Bigger replied shaking his head mournfully. "Giangolini had bargained to elope with fifty thousand sequins. Lady Hurtmore didn't, on reflection, much relish the idea of love in a cottage. Woman's place, she decided at last, is in the home—with the family jewels. But would Lord Hurtmore see the matter in precisely the same light? That was the question, the alarming, disquieting question. She decided to go and see for herself.

"She got back just in time for dinner. 'His Illustrissimous Excellency is waiting in the dining room,' said the major-domo. The tall doors were flung open before her; she swam in majestically, chin held high—but with what a terror in her soul! Her husband was standing by the fireplace. He advanced to meet her.

"'I was expecting you, Madam,' he said and led her to her place.

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"That was the only reference he ever made to the incident. In the afternoon he sent a servant to fetch the portrait from the painter's studio. It formed part of their baggage when, a month later, they set out for England. The story has been passed down with the picture from one generation to the next. I had it from an old friend of the family when I bought the portrait last year."

Mr. Bigger threw his cigarette end into the grate. He flattered himself that he had told that tale very well.

"Very interesting," said the Lord of the Manor, "very interesting indeed. Quite historical, isn't it? One could hardly do better with Nell Gwynn or Anne Boleyn, could one?"

Mr. Bigger smiled vaguely, distantly. He was thinking of Venice—the Russian countess staying in his *pension*, the tufted tree in the courtyard outside his bedroom, that strong hot scent she used (it made you catch your breath when you first smelled it), and there was the bathing on the Lido and the gondola and the dome of the Salute against the hazy sky, looking just as it looked when Guardi painted it. How enormously long ago and far away it all seemed now! He was hardly more than a boy then; it had been his first great adventure. He woke up with a start from his reverie.

The Lord of the Manor was speaking. "How much now would you want for that picture?" he asked. His tone was detached, offhand; he was a rare one for bargaining.

"Well," said Mr. Bigger, quitting with reluctance the Russian countess, the paradisal Venice of five-and-twenty years ago. "I've asked as much as a thousand for less important works than this. But I don't mind letting this go for seven-fifty."

The Lord of the Manor whistled. "Seven-fifty," he repeated. "It's too much."

"But my dear sir," Mr. Bigger protested, "think what you'd have to pay for a Rembrandt of this size and quality—twenty thousand at least. Seven hundred and fifty isn't at all too much. On the contrary, it's very little considering the importance of the picture you're getting. You have a good enough judgment to see that this is a very fine work of art."

"Oh, I'm not denying that," said the Lord of the Manor. "All I say is that seven-fifty's a lot of money. Whe-ew! I'm glad my daughter does sketching. Think if I'd had to furnish the bedrooms with pictures at seven-fifty a time!" He laughed.

Mr. Bigger smiled. "You must also remember," he said, "that you're making a very good investment. Late Venetians are going up. If I had any capital to spare—" The door opened and Miss Pratt's blonde and frizzy head popped in.

"Mr. Crowley wants to know if he can see you, Mr. Bigger."

Mr. Bigger frowned. "Tell him to wait," he said irritably. He coughed and turned back to the Lord of the Manor. "If I had any capital to spare, I'd put it all into late Venetians. Every penny."

He wondered, as he said the words, how often he had told people that he'd put all his capital, if he had any, into primitives, cubism, nigger sculpture, Japanese prints. . . .

In the end the Lord of the Manor wrote him a check for six hundred and eighty.

"You might let me have a typewritten copy of the story," he said as he put on his hat. "It would be a good tale to tell one's guests at dinner, don't you think? I'd like to have the details quite correct."

"Oh, of course, of course," said Mr. Bigger, "the details are most important."

He ushered the little round man to the door. Good morning. Good morning. He was gone. A tall pale youth with side whiskers appeared in the doorway. His eyes were dark and melancholy; his expression, his general appearance were romantic and at the same time a little pitiable. It was young Crowley, the painter.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," said Mr. Bigger. "What did you want to see me for?"

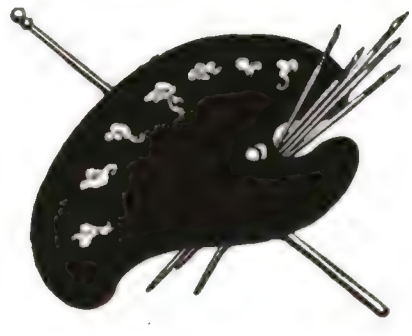
Mr. Crowley looked embarrassed, he hesitated. How he hated having to do this sort of thing! "The fact is," he said at last, "I'm horribly short of money. I wondered if perhaps you wouldn't mind . . . if it would be convenient to you . . . to pay me for that thing I did for you the other day. I'm awfully sorry to bother you, like this."

"Not at all, my dear fellow." Mr. Bigger felt sorry for this wretched creature who didn't know how to look after himself. Poor young Crowley was as helpless as a baby. "How much did we settle it was to be?"

"Twenty pounds, I think it was," said Mr. Crowley timidly.

Mr. Bigger took out his pocketbook. "We'll make it twenty-five," he said.

"Oh, no, really . . . I couldn't. Thanks very much." Mr. Crowley blushed like a girl. "I suppose you wouldn't like to have a show of some of my landscapes, would you?" he asked, emboldened by Mr. Bigger's air of benevolence.



"No, no. Nothing of your own." Mr. Bigger shook his head inexorably.

"There's no money in modern stuff. But I'll take any number of those sham Old Masters of yours." He drummed with his fingers on Lady Hurtmore's sleekly painted shoulder. "Try another Venetian," he added. "This one was a great success."

With every woman, to love a man is to feel that she must positively know just where he is going as soon as he is out of her sight.

F. Marion Crawford.

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So They Say

NEW YORK "HERALD TRIBUNE":
"Scratch a scientific man and not far inside you find a would-be detective."

"SCOTTY" ALLAN:
driver of Alaskan sledge dogs
"In a crisis a good dog can think twice as fast as the average man."

CALVIN C. COOLIDGE:
ex-President of the United States
"Capital is so easily secured for any promising enterprise that it is no longer necessary to be rich to go into business, even on an extensive scale."

AMEEN RIHANI:
Syrian writer and poet, brings three Arab horses to America
"Stamina is the chief characteristic of the Arab horse. An Arab colt ten days old will walk fifteen miles behind its mother. Pampering is not in the Arab code."

PROFESSOR JAMES MOFFATT:
of the Union Theological Seminary
"The greatest foes of accomplishment are: waiting for unpunctual people, listening to people who have nothing to say, and letting people take ten minutes to say what might be said in two."

AGNES REPPLIER:
literary essayist and critic
"It is not because the city is big, but because it draws to its heart all things that are gay and keen, that the life in its streets is exhilarating."

DR. ALVAH H. DOTY:
medical director of the Western Union Telegraph Company, explains the derivation of the terms "flu" and "grippe"
"The Italians believed that the symptoms were caused by the influence of the stars, and so they called the malady 'influenza.' The French were more descriptive writers, though less fanciful. They thought the choking sensation that went with it resembled a throttling or gripping of the throat, so they called the disease 'la grippe.' The old English word for the same disease is 'cold.'"

ST. JOHN ERVINE:
English playwright, discovers that the term "mutt" derives from "mutton-head"
"There are, indeed, as many 'mutts' among the intelligentsia as there are among the unintelligentsia."

JOHN COWPER POWYS:
English writer on crime and crime literature
"While the love story remains, *par excellence*, the form of fiction dearest to modern women, the crime story, where love plays a subordinate and negligible *rôle*, will become what psychoanalysts call the 'masculine protest.'"

HARRODS OF LONDON:
"invite three of our greatest Masters of the Written Word to lend their pens to the cause of Business," but are told by
—ARNOLD BENNETT:
". . . Public opinion in Britain is not yet ripe to approve the employment of responsible imaginative writers to whom it has granted a reputation, in any scheme of publicity for a commercial concern. Personally I differ from public opinion in this matter; but the opinion exists and I will not flout it. In flouting it I should certainly lose caste, and I do not intend to lose caste by attempting to create a precedent which could result, for me, in nothing save a disadvantageous notoriety."

—H. G. WELLS:
"A writer, you say, is a skilled professional, an artist. Why should he not do what all artists, architects, technicians, and so forth do, and place his skill at your disposal? The answer is that, rightly or wrongly, the writer takes himself more seriously than that. In his heart he classes himself not with the artists but with the teachers and the priests and the prophets."

—G. BERNARD SHAW:
". . . To accept payment from a commercial enterprise for using his influence to induce the public to buy its wares would be to sin against the Holy Ghost. . . . A writer who has been consecrated by fame to the service of the public, and has become prophet as well as author, must take wages in no other service."

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Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk:
director of the Life Extension Institute, New York City

"The idea of time having an effect on aging and decay exerts an enormous influence, and may be found in practically every textbook on medicine; but it is as baseless as the jargon of a voodoo savage. Old age is a disease. Death is always due to pathology."

John Martin:
of the New York Ethical Culture Society, speaking on the hoped-for results of the Kellogg Peace Pact

"I look to America to duplicate the great literary age of Elizabeth, even the music of Beethoven's day, and the art and culture of the days of Da Vinci and Pericles—a 'Golden Age' when we may have a youth that is innocently jocund and adventurous, a middle age that is sturdy and creative, and an old age that is wise, serene, and unafraid."

"Boston Transcript":

"When a modern girl buys a spool of thread she may not intend to mend anything—she may need a new clothesline."

Elsie McCormick:
in the New York "World," gives "A Piece of Her Mind" to vocational bureaus

"They (vocational bureaus) seem to have a very strange and fallacious notion to the effect that everybody is interested in making good. Thus they entirely overlook that section of the population which has a special talent for leisure."

M. André Siegfried:
French writer on labour

"The best of us are much more ourselves when we are producing than when we are taking recreation."

Bernhard Ragner:
in Paris, notes the fondness of the French for German beer

"Carrie Nation may turn in her grave and Pussyfoot Johnson object, but the fact remains that beer—vulgar, proletarian beer—is one of the effective, if inartistic, agents working for Franco-German conciliation."

Rupert "Robot":
England's newest mechanical man, when asked by a boy where he could get a "bite to eat"

"Take the third aisle on your left and walk straight on."

Dr. Joseph Collins:
neurologist and author, who "looks on" love, life, marriage, medicine, etc.

"By starving the emotions we become humourless, rigid and stereotyped; by repressing them we become literal, reformatory and holier-than-thou; encouraged, they perfume life; discouraged, they poison it."

Dr. Katharine Jeanne Gallagher:
professor of History, Goucher College, Baltimore

"It is not education which makes women less domestic, but wealth."

Lewis E. Lawes:
warden of Sing Sing prison

"Education is as much of a problem in crime as ignorance—the educated criminal is probably more dangerous than the ignorant. There is no inherent virtue in learning."

Charles F. Abbott:
executive director of the American Institute of Steel Construction, Inc., advocates "obsolescence" as a force to make business prosperous

"By obsolescence, I mean the scrapping of obsolete goods and machinery. . . . Some may argue that obsolescence means waste. Certainly it means waste! . . . We need to do more creative wasting in order to promote greater progress."

Ex-Emperor William II of Germany:
enlightens the world

"To promote the welfare of the German people and to preserve the peace of the world—this has ever been the supreme law governing my actions."

Rev. E. M. L. Gould:

"Distrust any cult or philosophy which offers a royal road to Heaven. You cannot be good without effort."

Paul Willard Garrett:
Financial Editor of The New York "Evening Post," describes the stock ticker room of a metropolitan evening newspaper

"At the stroke of ten on any market day thirty ticker boys spring to their stools. . . . Within seventeen minutes after the closing gong at three, newsboys are calling 'Wall Street Edition, closing prices!'"

John E. Andrus:
octogenarian "Millionaire Straphanger" of New York

"I think the morals of women are improving more than men's. Their judgment is often better in business matters. The only time I ever was swindled was by a man against whom my wife had warned me. After that I always took her advice."

Mrs. Walter Ferguson:
in the New York "Telegram"

"No man marries for the good of the race. He should, but he doesn't."

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By MARK TWAIN

S. L. Clemens
Mark Twain

A Terrible,

CHAPTER I

The Secret Revealed

It was night. Stillness reigned in the grand old feudal castle of Klugenstein. The year 1222 was drawing to a close. Far away up in the tallest of the castle's towers a single light glimmered. A secret council was being held there. The stern old lord of Klugenstein sat in a chair of state meditating. Presently he said, with a tender accent:

"My daughter!"

A young man of noble presence, clad from head to heel in knightly mail, answered:

"Speak, father!"

"My daughter, the time is come for the revealing of the mystery that hath puzzled all your young life. Know, then, that it had its birth in the matters which I shall now unfold. My brother Ulrich is the great Duke of Brandenburgh. Our father, on his death-bed, decreed that if no son were born to Ulrich, the succession should pass to my house, provided a *son* were born to me. And further, in case no son were born to either, but only daughters, then the succession should pass to Ulrich's daughter, if she proved stainless; if she did not, my daughter should succeed, if she retained a blameless name. And so I, and my old wife here, prayed fervently for the good boon of a son, but the prayer was vain. You were born to us. I was in despair. I saw the mighty prize slipping from my grasp, the splendid dream vanishing away. And I had been so hopeful! Five years had Ulrich lived in wedlock, yet his wife had borne no heir of either sex.

"'But hold,' I said, 'all is not lost.' A saving scheme had shot athwart my brain. You were born at midnight. Only the leech, the nurse, and six waiting-women knew your sex. I hanged them every one before an hour had sped. Next morning all the barony went mad with rejoicing over the proclamation that a *son* was born to Klugenstein, an heir to mighty Brandenburgh! And well the secret has been kept. Your mother's own sister nursed your infancy, and from that time forward we feared nothing.

"When you were ten years old, a daughter was born to Ulrich. We grieved, but hoped for good results from measles, or physicians, or other natural enemies of infancy, but were always disappointed. She lived, she throve—Heaven's malison upon her! But it is nothing. We are safe. For, Ha-ha! have we not a son? And is not our son the future Duke? Our well-beloved Conrad, is it not so?—for, woman of eight-and-twenty years as you are, my child, none other name than that hath ever fallen to *you!*

"Now it hath come to pass that age hath laid its hand upon my brother, and he waxes feeble. The cares of state do tax him sore. Therefore he wills that you shall come to him and be already Duke in act, though not yet in name. Your servitors are ready—you journey forth tonight.

"Now listen well. Remember every word I say. There is a law as old as Germany that if any woman sit for a single instant in the great ducal chair before she hath been absolutely crowned in presence of the people, SHE SHALL DIE! So heed my words. Pretend humility. Pronounce your judgments from the Premier's chair, which stands at the *foot* of the throne. Do this until you are crowned and safe. It is not likely that your sex will ever be discovered; but still it is the part of wisdom to make all things as safe as may be in this treacherous earthly life."

"Oh, my father, is it for this my life hath been a lie! Was it that I might cheat my unoffending cousin of her rights? Spare me, father, spare your child!"

"What, huzzy! Is this my reward for the august fortune my brain has wrought for thee? By the bones of my father, this puling sentiment of thine but ill accords with my humour. Betake thee to the Duke

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Awful Medieval Romance

instantly! And beware how thou meddlest with my purpose!"

Let this suffice of the conversation. It is enough for us to know that the prayers, the entreaties, and the tears of the gentle-natured girl availed nothing. They nor anything could move the stout old lord of Klugenstein. And so, at last, with a heavy heart, the daughter saw the castle gates close behind her, and found herself riding away in the darkness surrounded by a knightly array of armed vassals and a brave following of servants.

The old baron sat silent for many minutes after his daughter's departure, and then he turned to his sad wife and said:

"Dame, our matters seem speeding fairly. It is full three months since I sent the shrewd and handsome Count Detzin on his devilish mission to my brother's daughter Constance. If he fail, we are not wholly safe; but if he do succeed, no power can bar our girl from being Duchess e'en though ill fortune should decree she never should be Duke!"

"My heart is full of bodings, yet all may still be well."

"Tush, woman! Leave the owls to croak. To bed with ye, and dream of Brandenburgh and grandeur!"

CHAPTER II

FESTIVITY AND TEARS

SIX DAYS AFTER the occurrences related in the above chapter, the brilliant capital of the Duchy of Brandenburgh was resplendent with military pageantry, and noisy with the rejoicings of loyal multitudes; for Conrad, the young heir to the crown, was come. The old Duke's heart was full of happiness, for Conrad's handsome person and graceful bearing had won his love at once. The great halls of the palace were thronged with nobles, who welcomed Conrad bravely; and so bright and happy did all things seem, that he felt his fears and sorrows passing away and giving place to a comforting contentment.

But in a remote apartment of the palace a scene of a different nature was transpiring. By a window stood the Duke's only child, the Lady Constance. Her eyes were red and swollen, and full of tears. She was alone. Presently she fell to weeping anew, and said aloud:

"The villain Detzin is gone—has fled the dukedom! I could not believe it at first, but alas! it is too true. And I loved him so. I dared to love him though I knew the Duke my father would never let me wed him. I loved him—but now I hate him! With all my soul I hate him! Oh, what is to become of me! I am lost, lost, lost! I shall go mad!

CHAPTER III

THE PLOT THICKENS

A FEW MONTHS DRIFTED BY. All men published the praises of the young Conrad's government and extolled the wisdom of his judgments, the mercifulness of his sentences, and the modesty with which he bore himself in his great office. The old Duke soon gave everything into his hands, and sat apart and listened with proud satisfaction while his heir delivered the decrees of the crown from the seat of the premier. It seemed plain that one so loved and praised and honoured of all men as Conrad was, could not be otherwise than happy. But strangely enough, he was not. For he saw with dismay that the Princess Constance had begun to love him! The love of the rest of the world was happy fortune for him, but this was freighted with danger! And he saw, moreover, that the delighted Duke had discovered his daughter's passion likewise, and was already dreaming

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of a marriage. Every day somewhat of the deep sadness that had been in the princess' face faded away; every day hope and animation beamed brighter from her eye; and by and by even vagrant smiles visited the face that had been so troubled.

Conrad was appalled. He bitterly cursed himself for having yielded to the instinct that had made him seek the companionship of one of his own sex when he was new and a stranger in the palace—when he was sorrowful and yearned for a sympathy such as only women can give or feel. He now began to avoid his cousin. But this only made matters worse, for, naturally enough, the more he avoided her, the more she cast herself in his way. He marveled at this at first; and next it startled him. The girl haunted him; she hunted him; she happened upon him at all times and in all places, in the night as well as in the day. She seemed singularly anxious. There was surely a mystery somewhere.

This could not go on forever. All the world was talking about it. The Duke was beginning to look perplexed. Poor Conrad was becoming a very ghost through dread and dire distress. One day as he was emerging from a private ante-room attached to the picture gallery, Constance confronted him, and seizing both his hands in hers, exclaimed:

"Oh, why do you avoid me? What have I done—what have I said, to lose your kind opinion of me—for surely I had it once? Conrad, do not despise me, but pity a tortured heart? I cannot, cannot hold the words unspoken longer, lest they kill me—*I love you, Conrad!* There, despise me if you must, but they *would* be uttered!"

Conrad was speechless. Constance hesitated a moment, and then, misinterpreting his silence, a wild gladness flamed in her eyes, and she flung her arms about his neck and said:

"You relent! you relent! You *can* love me—you *will* love me! Oh, say you will, my own, my worshipped Conrad!"

Conrad groaned aloud. A sickly pallor overspread his countenance, and he trembled like an aspen. Presently, in desperation, he thrust her from him, and cried:

"You know not what you ask! It is forever and ever impossible!" And then he fled like a criminal and left the princess stupefied with amazement. A minute afterward she was crying and sobbing there, and Conrad was crying and sobbing in his chamber. Both were in despair. Both saw ruin staring them in the face.

By and by Constance rose slowly to her feet and moved away, saying:

"To think that he was despising my love at the very moment that I thought it was melting his cruel heart! I hate him! He spurned me—did this man—he spurned me from him like a dog!"

CHAPTER IV

THE AWFUL REVELATION

TIME PASSED ON. A settled sadness rested once more upon the countenance of the good Duke's daughter. She and Conrad were seen together no more now. The Duke grieved at this. But as the weeks wore away, Conrad's colour came back to his cheeks and his old-time vivacity to his eye, and he administered the government with a clear and steadily ripening wisdom.

Presently a strange whisper began to be heard about the place. It grew louder; it spread farther. The gossips of the city got hold of it. It swept the dukedom. And this is what the whisper said:

"The Lady Constance hath given birth to a child!"

When the lord of Klugenstein heard it, he swung his plumed helmet thrice around his head and shouted:

"Long live Duke Conrad!—for lo, his crown is sure, from this day forward! Detzin has done his errand well, and the good scoundrel shall be rewarded!"

And he spread the tidings far and wide, and for eight-and-forty hours no soul in all the barony but did dance and sing, carouse and illuminate, to celebrate the great event, and all at proud and happy old Klugenstein's expense.

CHAPTER V

THE FRIGHTFUL CATASTROPHE

THE TRIAL was at hand. All the great lords and barons of Brandenburgh were assembled in the Hall of Justice in the ducal palace. No space was left unoccupied where there was room for a spectator to stand or sit. Conrad, clad in purple and ermine, sat in the premier's chair, and on either side sat the great judges of the realm. The old Duke had sternly commanded that the trial of his daughter should proceed, without favour, and then had taken to his bed broken-hearted. His days were numbered. Poor Conrad had begged, as for his very life, that he might be spared the misery of sitting in judgment upon his cousin's crime, but it did not avail.

The saddest heart in all that great assemblage was in Conrad's breast.

The gladdest was in his father's. For, unknown to his daughter, "Conrad," the old Baron Klugenstein was come, and was among the crowd of nobles, triumphant in the swelling fortunes of his house.

After the heralds had made due proclamation and the other preliminaries had followed, the venerable Lord Chief Justice said:

"Prisoner, stand forth!"

The unhappy princess rose and stood unveiled before the multitude. The Lord Chief Justice continued:

"Most noble lady, before the great judges of this realm it hath been charged and proven that out of holy wedlock your Grace has given birth unto a child, and by our ancient law the penalty is death, excepting in one sole contingency, whereof his Grace, the acting Duke, our good Lord Conrad, will advertise you in his solemn sentence now; therefore, give heed."

Conrad stretched for the reluctant scepter, and in the self-same moment the womanly heart beneath his robe yearned pityingly toward the doomed prisoner, and the tears came into his eyes. He opened his lips to speak, but the Lord Chief Justice said quickly:

"Not there, your Grace, not there! It is not lawful to pronounce judgment upon any of the ducal line *save from the ducal throne!*"

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A shudder went to the heart of poor Conrad, and a tremor shook the iron frame of his old father likewise. *Conrad had not been crowned*—dared he profane the throne? He hesitated and turned pale with fear. But it must be done. Wondering eyes were already upon him. They would be suspicious eyes if he hesitated longer. He ascended the throne. Presently he stretched forth the scepter again and said:

"Prisoner, in the name of our sovereign lord, Ulrich, Duke of Brandenburgh, I proceed to the solemn duty that hath devolved upon me. Give heed to my words. By the ancient law of the land, except you produce the partner of your guilt and deliver him up to the executioner, you must surely die. Embrace this opportunity—save yourself while yet you may. Name the father of your child!"

A solemn hush fell upon the great court—a silence so profound that men could hear their own hearts beat. Then the princess slowly turned, with eyes gleaming with hate, and pointing her finger straight at the unfortunate Conrad, said: "Thou art the man!"

An appalling conviction of his helpless, hopeless peril struck a chill to Conrad's heart like the chill of death itself. What power on earth could save him! To disprove the charge, he must reveal that he was a woman; and for an uncrowned woman to sit in the ducal chair was death! At one and the same moment, he and his grim old father swooned and fell to the ground.

[*The remainder of this thrilling and eventful story will* not *be found in this or any other publication, either now or at any future time.*]

The truth is, I have got my hero (or heroine) into such a particularly close place, that I do not see how I am ever going to get him (or her) out of it again—and therefore I will wash my hands of the whole business, and leave that person to get out the best way that offers—or else stay there. I thought it was going to be easy enough to straighten out that little difficulty, but it looks different now.

Meg Merrilies

By JOHN KEATS

Old Meg she was a Gipsy,
And liv'd upon the Moors:
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
And her house was out of doors.

Her apples were swart blackberries,
Her currants pods o' broom:
Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,
Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her Brothers were the craggy hills,
Her Sisters larchen trees—
Alone with her great family
She liv'd as she did please.

No breakfast had she many a morn,
No dinner many a noon,
And 'stead of supper she would stare
Full hard against the Moon.

But every morn of woodbine fresh
She made her garlanding,
And every night the dark glen Yew
She wove, and she would sing.

And with her fingers old and brown
She plaited Mats o' Rushes,
And gave them to the Cottagers
She met among the Bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen
And tall as Amazon:
An old red blanket cloak she wore;
A chip hat had she on.
God rest her aged bones somewhere—
She died full long agone!

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Man Flies

The Song of Icarus

Gods! I have flown!
All my young body is broken on the rocks
And all the red cliffs swim before my eyes—
The summer haze, perhaps—or my sight fails—
Dim World, these eyes of mine shall open soon
On great Olympus. Hah! I shall tell Jove
That I have flown—I, Icarus, a mortal!
Oh, the sun burns down, pitiless, upon me
And on my crushed white wings—
My wings—my wings—
Why did I fly so high? I might by now
Be safe, if only—only— Ah, but *flying*
High and yet higher into the burning blue
Above the ochre crags and jade-green sea!
How could I help it—how do otherwise?
And when the softening wax upon my shoulders
Let the great plumes slip sideways and I fell,
Hardly was terror there. I saw the rocks
Rush up to meet me, and I knew that never,
Never would Icarus arise again.

* * *

But I have flown—have flown! These are my wings,
All crushed and torn and dabbled—they are wings,
And this day on Olympus Jove shall know . . .
How the cliffs shudder . . . and the sun is scorching . . .
Pain stabs my broken body so—I die—
Gods! I have flown!

Christian Hamilton.

On eagle's wings would I soar through the air,
Would wing my flight high over the gray billows, where
Never comes the tax-collector.

The Birds. Aristophanes.

The First Overseas Flight

Dædalus, hating Crete and his long exile, and longing to see his native land, was shut in by the sea. "Though he may block escape by land and water," he said, "yet the sky is open, and by that will I go. Though Minos rules over all, he does not rule the air." So saying, he sets his mind at work upon unknown arts, and changes the laws of nature. He lays feathers in order, beginning at the smallest, short next to long. . . . Then he fastened the feathers together with twine and wax, at the middle and bottom; and thus arranged, he bent them with a gentle curve, so that they looked like real birds' wings. His son, Icarus, was standing by and, little knowing that he was handling his own peril, with gleeful face would now catch at the feathers which some passing breeze had blown about, now mould the yellow wax with his thumb, and by his sport would hinder his father's wondrous task. When now the finishing touches had been put upon the work, the master-workman himself balanced his body on two wings and hung poised on the beaten air. He taught his son also, and said: "I warn you, Icarus, to fly in a middle course, lest, if you go too low, the water may weight your wings; if you go too high, the fire may burn them . . . fly where I shall lead." At the same time he tells him the rules of flight and fits the strange wings on his boy's shoulders . . . and rising on his wings, he flew on ahead, fearing for his companion, just like a bird which has led forth her fledglings from the high nest into the unsubstantial air. He encourages the boy to follow, instructs him in the fatal art of flight, himself flapping his wings and looking back on his son. Now some fisherman spies them, or a shepherd leaning upon his crook, or a plowman on his plow-handles spies them and stands stupefied, and believes them to be gods that they could fly through the air. . . . The boy began to rejoice in his bold flight and, deserting his leader, led by a desire for the open sky, directed his course to a greater height. The scorching rays of the nearer sun softened the fragrant wax which held his wings. The wax melted; his arms were bare as he beat them up and down, but, lacking wings, they took no hold in the air. His lips, calling to the last on his father's name, were drowned in the dark blue sea, which took its name from him. But the unhappy father, now no longer father, called: "Icarus, Icarus, where are you?" Then he spied the wings floating on the deep and cursed his skill.

Dædalus and Icarus

Metamorphoses. Ovid. (Miller).

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A Voyage to the Moon

Starting on a certain date from the Pillars of Heracles, I sailed with a fair wind into the Atlantic. . . . On the eightieth day the sun came out . . . about midday a water-spout suddenly came upon us, which swept the ship round and up to a height of some three hundred and fifty miles. She did not fall back into the sea, but was suspended aloft, and at the same time carried along by a wind which struck and filled the sails. . . . About noon on the fourth day the wind slackened and fell, and we found ourselves deposited upon the sea.

The True History.
Lucian.

Lana's Aeronautical Machine, 17th Century

Archytas of Tarentum, 400 B. C.

Many men of eminence among the Greeks, and Favorinus the philosopher, a most vigilant searcher into antiquity, have, in a most positive manner, assured us that the model of a Dove or Pigeon, formed in wood by Archytas, was so contrived as, by a certain mechanical art and power, to fly: so nicely was it balanced by weights, and put in motion by hidden and enclosed air.

Attic Nights. Aulus Gellius.

Leonardo da Vinci's Airplane

A man with wings should be free from the waist upwards in order to balance himself, as he does in a boat. . . . If you fall, see that you strike the ground with the double wine-skin that you hold under you. . . . Your bird (flying-machine) ought not to imitate anything but the bat (which) is aided by the membrane which binds the whole and is not pervious. . . . You will experiment with this instrument on a lake. . . .

A bird is an instrument working according to mathematical law, an instrument which it is within the capacity of man to reproduce with all its movements, though not with a corresponding degree of strength, for it is deficient in the power of maintaining equilibrium. . . . To attain to the true science of the movement of birds in the air it is necessary to give first the science of the winds. . . . A man with wings large enough and duly connected might learn to overcome the resistance to the air, and by conquering it, succeed in subjugating it and rising above it. . . . The properties of the air are such that it may be condensed or rarefied. Unless the movement of the wing is swifter than the movement of the air so pressed, the air will not become condensed and the bird will not support itself.

Leonardo da Vinci.

An instrument may be made to fly withal if one sit in the midst of the instrument, and do turn an engine, by which the wings, being artificially composed, may beat the air after the manner of the flying bird.
Roger Bacon.

The First Hot-Air Balloon

[*Joseph Michel and Jacques Etienne, the brothers Montgolfier, may be properly credited with the invention of the balloon. It occurred to them that the air could be rendered navigable by imprisoning a light gas within a covering of inconsiderable weight. The bags of their first trial balloons were made of paper, but this substance was shortly discarded in favour of packcloth covered with paper, and of silk; just as the elevating gas they used at first (produced by the combustion of moist straw and wool) was superseded almost immediately by hydrogen, the properties of which were well known even in the eighteenth century.*]

On Thursday, June 5th, 1783, the States of Vivarais being assembled at Annonay (36 miles from Lyons), Messrs. Montgolfier invited them to see their new aerostatic experiment.

Imagine the surprise of the Deputies and spectators on seeing, in the public square, a ball 110 feet in circumference, attached at its base to a wooden frame of 16 feet surface. This enormous bag with frame weighed 300 lbs., and could contain 22,000 feet of vapour

Imagine the general astonishment when the inventors announced that, as soon as it should be filled with gas (which they had a simple means of making), it would rise of itself to the clouds. One must here remark that, notwithstanding the general confidence in the knowledge and wisdom of Messrs. Montgolfier, such an experiment appeared so incredible to those who were present, that all doubted of its success.

But Messrs. Montgolfier, taking it in hand, proceed to make the vapours, which gradually swell it out till it assumes a beautiful form. Strong arms are now required to retain it: at a given signal it is loosed, rises with rapidity, and in ten minutes attains a height of 6,000 feet; it proceeds 7,668 feet in a horizontal direction, and gently falls to the ground.

From a contemporary account.

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Man Flies— for the First Time

The accident which happened to the aerostatic machine at Versailles, and its imperfect construction, induced M. Montgolfier to construct another machine of a larger size and more solid.... By the 10th of October (1783) the aerostat was completed. It had an oval shape, its diameter being about 48 feet, and its height about 74. The outside was elegantly painted and decorated with the signs of the zodiac, with cyphers of the King's name, *fleurs-de-lys*, etc. The aperature, or lower part of the machine, had a wicker gallery about 3 feet broad, with a balustrade both within and without, about 3 feet high. The inner diameter of this gallery and of the aperature of the machine (the neck of which passed through it) was near 16 feet. In the middle of this aperature an iron grate or brazier was supported by chains which came down from the sides of the machine. In this construction, when the machine was up in the air, with a fire lighted in the grate, it was easy for a person who stood in the gallery and had fuel with him to keep up the fire in the mouth of the machine by throwing the fuel on the grate through port-holes made in the neck of the machine....

On the Wednesday, the 15th of October (1783), the memorable experiment was performed. The fire being lighted and the machine inflated, M. Pilâtre de Rozier placed himself in the gallery, and, after a few trials close to the ground, he desired to ascend to a great height; the machine was accordingly permitted to rise, and it ascended as high as the ropes, which were purposely placed to detain it, would allow, which was about 84 feet from the ground. There M. de Rozier kept the machine afloat four minutes and twenty-five seconds by throwing straw and wool into the grate to keep up the fire: then the machine descended exceedingly gently.... The intrepid adventurer received the compliments due to his courage and activity; having shown to the world the accomplishment of what had been for ages desired and attempted in vain.

History of Aerostation. Cavallo.

Darius Green and His Flying Machine

As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear,
Heels over head, to his proper sphere,—
Heels over head and head over heels,
Dizzily down the abyss he wheels,—
So fell Darius. Upon his crown,
In the midst of the barnyard, he came down,
In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,
Broken braces and broken springs,
Broken tail and broken wings,
Shooting stars, and various things,
Barnyard litter of straw and chaff,
And much that wasn't so sweet by half.
Away with a bellow fled the calf;
And what was that? Did the gosling laugh?
'Tis a merry roar from the old barn door,
And he hears the voice of Jotham crying,
"Say, D'rius! how do you like flyin'?"
Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,
Darius just turned and looked that way,
As he stanched his sorrowful nose with his cuff,
"Wal, I like flyin' well enough,"
He said; "but the' ain't sich a thunderin' sight
O' fun in't when ye come to light."

I just have room for the moral here:
And this is the moral: Stick to your sphere.
Or, if you insist, as you have the right,
On spreading your wings for a loftier flight,
The moral is, Take care how you light.

J. T. Trowbridge. 1870.

The Effect of Flying on Fashions

After the first experiments of the Montgolfiers (June, 1783), of the Robert brothers (December, 1783), and Pilâtre de Rozier (November, 1783), the *globe volant* became the most fashionable of all emblems. Everything was *au globe;* gloves, handkerchiefs, clothing. Artists and artisans taxed their ingenuity and their imaginations. Seamstresses embroidered nothing but balloons, manufacturers of woven stuffs and print goods demanded aerostatic patterns and nothing else. Dealers in bibelots exposed to the public gaze only creations *au globe volant*, and the cabinet-makers were not slow in joining the procession. This movement of industrial art lasted for several years. Interrupted by the Revolution, it appears again with the Directory, in the ascensions of Madame Blanchard (her last time resulted in her death, June, 1819), of Mlle. Gamenin, and of her brothers. It, of course, gives pleasure to a young dandy who is interested in aviation to wear a balloon as an ornament, to cover his head with a round hat—*chapeau au ballon;* of course, a lady of fashion appreciates a handkerchief and a pair of gloves embroidered with balloons; of course she enjoys reading on her fan quatrains composed in honour of the heroes of the air, or seeing on it a representation of Pilâtre de Rozier in the act of falling on the French coast.

But it is still greater pleasure to lie down in a bed sculptured in the form of a balloon basket and adorned with attributes of aerial navigation; to read the hour from a watch in the shape of a globe whose balance-wheel carries little aeronauts in their baskets.

And even this does not satisfy our snobs. They insist on sitting in an armchair of which the wood as well as the upholstery speaks of aviation, and of eating from plates which repeat the triumphs of the first conquerors of the air.

Les Annales Politiques et Littéraires.
M. J. Saint-Alban (House). 1909.

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A Gloomy View of the Future of Aviation—1901

No builder of air castles for the amusement and benefit of humanity could have failed to include a flying machine among the products of his imagination. The desire to fly like a bird is inborn in our race, and we can no more be expected to abandon the idea than the ancient mathematician could have been expected to give up the problem of squaring the circle. . . . Even granting the abstract possibility of the flying machine or the airship, we are still met with the question of its usefulness as a means of international communication. It would, of course, be very pleasant for a Bostonian who wished to visit New York to take out his wings from the corner of his vestibule, mount them, and fly to the Metropolis. But it is hardly conceivable that he would get there any more quickly or cheaply than he now does by rail. . . .

Let us turn to the flying machine. . . . If we had a metal so rigid, and at the same time so light, that a sheet of it twenty meters square and a millimeter thick would be as stiff as a board and would not weigh more than a ton, and, at the same time, so strong that a powerful engine could be built of it with little weight, we might hope for a flying machine that would carry a man. But as the case stands, the first successful flyer will be the handiwork of a watchmaker, and will carry nothing heavier than an insect. . . .

The demonstration that no possible combination of known substances, known forms of machinery, and known forms of force can be united in a practicable machine by which men shall fly long distances through the air, seems to the writer as complete as it is possible for the demonstration of any physical fact to be. . . . We have every reason to believe that mere ingenious contrivances with our present means and forms of force will be as vain in the future as they have been in the past.

Simon Newcomb, *Professor of Astronomy at Johns Hopkins University.*

Montgolfier's Balloon, 1783

See him from Nature rising slow to art!
To copy instinct then was reason's part:
Thus then to man the voice of Nature spake—
Go, from the creatures thy instruction take:
Learn of the birds.

Alexander Pope.

Langley—the Modern Icarus

The scene was at Widewater, Virginia, at a point where the Potomac River broadens out into a kind of bay some four miles wide. In this spacious background, about a mile from the Maryland side of the river, were set up paraphernalia as novel as the expected event. For a parent-ship, Doctor Langley had built a huge, long, ark-like houseboat; on its top, from stern to bow, was a runway of two rails seventy feet long; on the runway, at the stern, backed tightly against coiled springs, was what Langley called a "catapult car" designed to hurl the airplane into space. Atop the "catapult car" rested the airplane itself.

About what happened that day (October 7, 1903), so far as it had to do with the scientific and expert mechanical aspects of the experiment, there was disagreement at the time. . . . But as to how it looked to a wholly disinterested and very much uninitiated outsider, there is vivid evidence in the narrative of a reporter, George Rothwell Brown:

> At noon, it was realized the crucial moment was at hand. . . . Mr. Manly, wearing a pair of light trousers, canvas shoes, a life-preserver, and a pair of automobile glasses, climbed into the car. Two tugs, each with a portion of the Smithsonian (Institution) force on board, were stationed at a distance from the ark. Manly started the naphtha engine. When all was ready, he nodded his head to a helper, who fired a sky-rocket warning to the photographers on the Virginia beach to be on the *qui vive*. The serious work of the experiment was about to begin.
>
> A few yards from the house-boat were the boats of the reporters, who for three months had been stationed at Widewater. The newspaper men waved their hands. Manly looked down and smiled. Then his face hardened as he braced himself for the flight, which might have in store for him fame or death. The propeller wheels, a foot from his head, whirred around him 1000 times to the minute. A man forward fired two sky-rockets. There came an answering "toot, toot" from the tugs. A mechanic stooped, cut the cable holding the catapult; there was a roaring, grinding noise—and the Langley airship tumbled over the edge of the house-boat and disappeared in the river, sixty feet below. It simply slid into the water like a handful of mortar. . . .*

The whole country yelled. It was a day of triumph for every faithful defender of the immutability of what is. Practically every headline and news story seemed to reflect smug satisfaction in the proof that man's age-long conviction about the impossibility of human flight was still sound and right; seemed almost savagely gratified that an impious professor questioning the law of gravity had been so sensationally rebuked and humiliated.

Our Times, Mark Sullivan.

* The Washington (D. C.) *Post*, October 8, 1903.

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The Wrights Succeed: Kittyhawk, N. C., 1903

During the night of December 16, 1903, a strong cold wind blew from the north. When we arose on the morning of the 17th, the puddles of water, which had been standing about camp since the recent rains, were covered with ice. The wind had a velocity of 22 to 27 miles an hour. We thought it would die down before long, but when ten o'clock arrived, and the wind was as brisk as ever, we decided that we had better get the machine out. . . .

Wilbur, having used his turn in the unsuccessful attempt on the 14th, the right to the first trial now belonged to me. Wilbur ran at the side, holding the wing to balance it on the track. The machine, facing a 27-mile wind, started very slowly. Wilbur was able to stay with it till it lifted from the track after a 40-foot run. The course of the flight up and down was exceedingly erratic. The control of the front rudder was difficult. As a result the machine would rise suddenly to about ten feet, and then as suddenly dart for the ground. A sudden dart, when a little over 120 feet from the ground at which it rose into the air, ended the flight. This flight lasted only 12 seconds, but it was nevertheless the first in the history of the world in which a machine carrying a man had raised itself by its own power into the air in full flight, had sailed forward without reduction of speed, and had finally landed at a point as high as that from which it started.

Wilbur started the fourth and last flight at just 12 o'clock. The first few hundred feet were up and down as before, but by the time three hundred feet had been covered the machine was under much better control. The course for the next four or five hundred feet had but little undulation. However, when out about eight hundred feet the machine began pitching again, and, in one of its darts downward, struck the ground. The distance over the ground measured was 852 feet; the time of the flight 59 seconds.

How We Made the First Flight. Orville Wright.

Lindbergh

By Harvey A. Van Valkenburgh

Cloudless sky and windless stream,
Silent, liquid and serene;
As the birds within the wind,
As the fish within the wave,
As the thoughts of man's own mind
Float through all above the grave,
We make these our liquid lair,
Voyaging cloudlike and unpent
Through the boundless element.

Shelley.

Blériot Flies the English Channel—July 25, 1909

I begin my flight steady and sure toward the coast of England. I have no apprehensions, no sensations—*pas de tout*—not at all. The *Escopette* (a French torpedo-boat destroyer assigned by the government to follow M. Blériot as a precaution in case of accident) has seen me. She is driving ahead at full speed. She makes perhaps twenty-six miles an hour. What matters it? I am making at least forty-two miles an hour. . . . Ten minutes are gone. I have passed the destroyer, and I turn my head to see whether I am proceeding in the right direction. I am amazed. There is nothing to be seen—neither the torpedo-boat destroyer, nor France, nor England. I am alone. I can see nothing at all. . . . I fly westward and reach Shakespeare Cliff. I see an opening in the cliff. . . . Once more I turn my aeroplane, and, describing a half-circle, I enter the opening and find myself again over dry land. . . . At once I stop my motor. . . . In two or three seconds I am safe upon your shore. Soldiers in khaki run up, and policemen. Two of my compatriots are on the spot. They kiss my cheeks. The conclusion of my flight overwhelms me. Thus ended my flight across the Channel.

Louis Blériot.

The Dawn of "Air-Mindedness"—1909

How will they look upon us wingless ones,
Our great aërial children soon to come,
Who even now begin to quicken life
With movement toward their finer element,
And fierce essays against the weight of Time?
When, in the weary lapse of some long flight,
Dawn, undisturbed of any lifting leaf,
Uninterrupted of a waking bird,
Shakes its vast silence in among the stars,
Will they not turn from radiant tides of light,
And, steering earthward, softly speak of us
Their fathers, long contented under trees?
Yet who shall blame them if they soon forget?
The sunlight will be woven in their blood,
And breadth of spaces, native to their breath,
Will urge them till they soar again for joy. . . .

The Aeronauts. Rhoda Hero Dunn.

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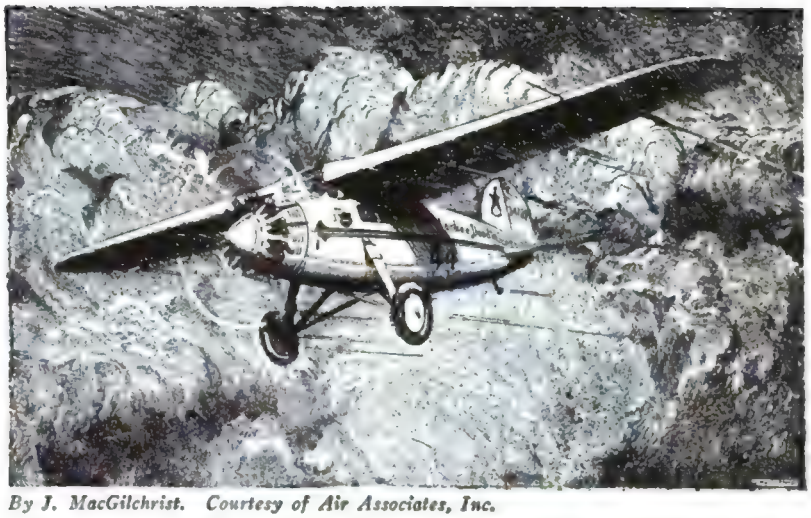
Cyrano's Flight

You wish to know by what mysterious means
I reached the moon?—well—confidentially—
It was a new invention of my own.
I imitated no one. . . .
As for instance . . .
I might construct a rocket, in the form
Of a huge locust, driven by impulses
Of villainous saltpetre from the rear,
Upward, by leaps and bounds. . . .
Or again,
Smoke having a natural tendency to rise,
Blow in a globe enough to raise me. . . .
Finally—seated on an iron plate,
To hurl a magnet in the air—the iron
Follows—I catch the magnet—throw again—
And so proceed indefinitely.

Cyrano de Bergerac.
Edmond Rostand. (Hooker).



By J. MacGilchrist. Courtesy of Air Associates, Inc.

The "Yankee Doodle," a white Lockheed-Vega monoplane, in which Arthur Gobel flew from Los Angeles to Curtiss Field, Long Island (N. Y.), on August 19-20, 1928, establishing a new record for a non-stop cross-continent flight of 18 hours and 58 minutes. This record was shortly thereafter broken by another Lockheed-Vega airplane flying over the same route piloted by Frank Hawkes.

"Lindbergh Was the 67th Man to Make a Non-Stop Flight Over the Atlantic"

When I printed this statement in one of my "Believe It or Not" pictures in the newspapers not long ago, I was surprised at the reaction: almost immediately I was besieged with telegrams, 'phone calls, and letters—about three thousand of them. Practically all of the doubting ones thought that "Lindy" was the first to make a non-stop flight over the Atlantic Ocean; and the few who did remember (strange, how few they were) that Alcock and Brown flew over, could not imagine who the other sixty-four could be.

They forgot two dirigibles!

Sir John Alcock and Sir A. Whitton Brown made the first non-stop flight over the Atlantic in 1919. (Newfoundland to Ireland.)

Later, the same year, the English dirigible "R 34," with thirty-one men aboard, crossed from Scotland to America, and returned.

In 1924, the German "ZR 3" (now the "Los Angeles") flew from Friedrichshafen to Lakewood, New Jersey, with a crew of thirty-three men.

Lindbergh was the sixty-seventh.

Believe It or Not! Robert L. Ripley.

"The Hours I Spent With Thee, Earhart"

Amelia Earhart hopped off from Boston Harbour on June 3rd (1928) for Newfoundland, with Wilmer Stultz, pilot and radio operator, and Louis E. ("Slim") Gordon, mechanic, in the tri-motored Fokker monoplane *Friendship*, on the first leg of their trans-Atlantic flight. Commander Richard E. Byrd, for his intended flight to the antarctic regions, had had this monoplane constructed, and he offered it to Miss Earhart.

After the flight to Trepassey came a fourteen-day wait for propitious weather conditions. During this time the *Friendship* made a dozen attempts to start, but its weight was too great. Finally it was decided to take along only sufficient fuel for the trip, with a small margin for safety—700 gallons in all—and on June 17th the *Friendship* took off from Trepassey, with Valentia, Ireland, as its destination. One hour out, off the coast of Newfoundland, the plane ran into cloud banks which did not lift until it approached its destination. Wind, rain, and snow assailed the plane, but, "flying blind," the crew was guided by its magnetic compass and the turn-and-bank indicator with its earth inductor compass. Flying sometimes at a height of 500 feet, and sometimes at 11,000 feet, at an average speed of 112 miles per hour, the *Friendship*, after 30 hours and 40 minutes, reached the coast of Wales. In the fog Stultz had flown far beyond the original destination and now brought the plane down, after 2,000 miles of flying, just off Burry Port, Carmarthenshire, Wales.

Earhart

By Harvey A. Van Valkenburgh

The World Almanac. 1929.

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And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds out of the skies. *Psalm XVIII: 10, 11.*

New York to Paris By Air—May 20-21, 1927

One of the most dramatic achievements in human history, the first direct flight from New York to Paris, began on a damp, depressing morning on Roosevelt Field on Long Island, twenty miles east of New York. Charles Lindbergh, an airman of 1,800 hours' flying experience, started his monoplane down a runway specially prepared for airplanes taking off on distance flights. With difficulty his roaring motor pulled the plane, loaded to more than two-and-one-half times its own weight, down the muddy turf. Finally, on Lindbergh's third effort to "stall" the plane into the air, it hung there sluggishly, a few feet above the ground. It was flying!

Lindbergh "took off" at eight minutes before eight on the morning of May 20. He flew up the New England coast to Newfoundland, and headed out over the sea, alone. Through a night of cold, fog, and sleet he flew, and on into a second day which at last brought sunshine. In the afternoon, he saw before him the Irish coast. Then it was easy sailing—across the Irish Sea, the Channel, up the Seine in time to see Paris ahead of him just before dark, and at last, the landing at his goal, Le Bourget.

He had flown 33 hours and 29 minutes, for a distance of 3,610 miles. The single motor, which never once faltered, was an air-cooled Wright of more than 200 horsepower. The airplane was an adaptation of a stock Ryan monoplane. Its wing spread was 46 feet, and over-all length 27 feet. Lindbergh navigated by dead reckoning, relying on a recently developed earth-inductor compass not liable to the errors of magnetic compasses.—*The Review of Reviews.*

Lindbergh Tells Of It

We struck fog and rain over the coast not far from the start. Actually, it was comparatively easy to get to Newfoundland, but real bad weather began just after dark, after leaving Newfoundland, and continued until about four hours after daybreak. We hadn't expected that at all, and it sort of took us by surprise, morally and physically. That was when I began to think about turning back. . . .

We had taken off at 7.55 in the morning. . . . Soon after starting, I was out of sight of land for 300 miles from Cape Cod over the sea to Nova Scotia. The motor was acting perfectly and was carrying well the huge load of 451 gallons of gasoline and 20 gallons of oil, which gave my ship the greatest cruising radius of any plane of its type.

Within an hour after leaving the coast, it became dark. Then I struck clouds, and decided to get over them. For a while I succeeded, at a height of 10,000 feet. I flew at this height until early morning. Then it began to get light, and the clouds got higher. I was going along 100 miles an hour, and I knew that if the motor kept turning I would get there. Fairly early in the afternoon I saw a fleet of fishing boats. On some of them I could see no one, but on one of them I saw some men, and flew down, almost touching the craft, and yelled at them, asking if I was on the right road to Ireland. They just stared.

An hour later I saw land. It must have been shortly before four o'clock. It was rocky land, and all my study told me it was Ireland.

I flew quite low over Ireland to be seen, but apparently no great attention was paid to me. I also flew low over England, mounted a little over the Channel, then came down close to land when I passed a little west of Cherbourg. From Cherbourg I headed over the Seine and . . . when I was about half an hour from Paris I began to see rockets and Very lights sent up from the air field, and I knew I was right.

I circled Paris once, and immediately saw Le Bourget, although I didn't know at first what it was. Fearing for the moment that it was some other air field than Le Bourget, I flew back over Paris to the northwest. But when I didn't find another air field, I flew back toward the first lights I had seen. I decided that was the right place—and I landed.

Charles A. Lindbergh (*in the N. Y. "Times."*)

Our Boy

Wings and the Boy I sing, who, braving Fate
And the tempestuous Sea God's ancient hate,
Three thousand miles on wings unswerving sped
Thro' ice-barbed winds, o'er moving mountains dread,
And to the stricken watchers on the shore
Of sorrowing France, Columbia's message bore.

Wings and the Boy! Companions linked as one.
Prince of the Air, Columbia's bravest son,
Modest as brave—the glory of his deed
Joyously sharing with his wingèd steed,
Named for a gallant Knight—by happy chance,
The Spirit of Saint Louis, King of France.

Oliver Herford.

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Woodcuts by Richard Bennett

By HARVEY O'HIGGINS

Owen Carey

Sincerely yours, Harvey O'Higgins

OWEN CAREY! What do you know of him? What does anyone really know of him? His name, yes. His books, no doubt. And the plays that have been made from his books, and the moving-picture films that have been made from the plays that have been made from his books. And the syndicate portrait of him that has been going through the mill of literary supplements and publishers' announcements for the last ten years. And the two or three lines of information, as meagre as an epitaph, in *Who's Who* and the biographical dictionaries: "Carey, Owen: author; *b.* July 16, 1867 [No parents named, and no birthplace given.]; *ed.* public schools [Naturally]; newspaper work, New York City, 1899," and then the familiar roll-call of his novels as they have issued, two a year, as regular as the solstices, since the appearance of his *Fair Ann Hathaway* in 1900. But of the man himself? Nothing.

Or suppose that you happened to know him in the flesh. Suppose you had studied him, for example, when he used to attend the meetings of the executive committee of the Authors' League at its weekly luncheon in the City Club. What then? You saw a ponderous bulk of male middle age that looked somewhat like Thomas Edison and somewhat like a Buddha and a great deal like a human mushroom. You observed him listening in massive silence to arguments and motions, and you heard him grunt "Aye." You noted the deftness with which he made a cigarette in his blunted, fat fingers; and you saw him light it gloomily, consume it in three or four puffs and an enormous final inhalation, wash the taste of it down with a gulp of whisky and water, and roll another cigarette with the melancholy air of an elephant that is being fed shelled peanuts one by one. Or you watched him—and you cannot have seen this without some awe—you watched him signing his famous name to the circular letters of the League with a silver-mounted fountain-pen as big as a bath-tap and as fluent, bestowing his signature on the paper with a few large passes of his indifferent hand, like an archbishop bestowing a benediction, pontifically. And you could not help thinking of the stupendous trade value of that name, of the fabulous stream of income that had flowed from that fountain-pen, of the magic of his puffy hand that could transmute a word into a dollar (at his current prices), and add the dollar to the disorderly roll of bills in his bulging waistcoat pocket. But of the man himself? Nothing.

What business of thought was being carried on under that thatch of gray hair? What was the mind that sat concealed behind those eyes—slow-lidded eyes as impenetrable in their gaze as if they were clear glass frosted on the inner side. Why did he always wear shabby gray clothes? What did he do with his money? Why did he belong to no clubs and go nowhere, not even to the annual banquet of the Authors' League? Why, with all this unceasing advertisement of his work, was there no advertisement whatever of his personality? Why was there not even any curiosity about him? Why did his books arouse none? Why were they, for all their circulation, so without significance to their day and age, so without concern about its problems, so without influence upon

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its struggle? Why was he, in short, what he *was*, as personally inaccessible as O. Henry, as withdrawn from the modern world in all his works as Maurice Hewlett in his early novels, as shy as Barrie, as fat as Chesterton, as impersonal as if his busy manufactory of fiction were some sort of flour-mill over which he presided in his dusty miller's gray, mechanically grinding out a grist that meant nothing to him as an honest artistic output or as the intellectual food of millions or even as the equivalent of comforts and social joys to himself?

Well, it has been said often enough that there are moments in life when the shock of some trifling incident seems suddenly to precipitate and crystallize a man's character—to combine the elements of his past and set the form of his future—out of a clear solution of hidden qualities of temperament and absorbed incidents of experience and wholly invisible fermentations of thought. Certainly there was such an incident in Carey's life—on a rainy October night in 1899—and I believe that Carey may be best explained by a laboratory study of him in the chemical processes of that crystallizing event.

In October, 1899, then.

And even so short a time ago as that is Owen Carey was unknown. He was poor and he was thin. (Now unbelievable facts, all of them.) He was trying to break into the monthly magazines with short stories, and the short story was a form for which he never had any aptitude. Meantime he was writing specials for the Saturday and Sunday papers, chiefly for *The Commercial Digest* and *The Star*, and his literary life was made up of such considerations as this: if *The Commercial Digest* paid only four dollars a column, and *The Star* paid eight, but *The Star* printed 2,200 words in a column, and *The Commercial Digest* had a column of 1,100, which was the more profitable to write for? He was earning on an average about six dollars a week.

ON THIS PARTICULAR NIGHT he had been up Fifth Avenue as far as the park, and down Broadway to Madison Square, looking for a descriptive article of any sort, in the windows of the hotels, in the hansom-cabs, in the theatre crowds, in whatever he could see of the night life of the Tenderloin without paying for admittance. And he was on his way home, brooding over an article that he hoped to hatch out in his room, and mail to an editor if it came to life.

He never went to the editorial offices with his contributions any more. He had never been able to pass the office boy. He was too obviously a threadbare and eccentric literary aspirant; and literary aspirants are the bane of the newspaper editor, who does not understand why a man interested only in news should be persecuted by people who are interested only in literature.

It was raining on Carey, a cold October rain that rattled on the roof of his straw hat and squashed about in his broken summer shoes. But he was not merely indifferent to the rain; he felt affectionate toward it. A curious feeling. The men and women whom he passed were protected against the wet with umbrellas and waterproofs as if against an enemy. They were apparently as afraid of the rain as they were of poverty. And to Carey poverty was an old familiar, and the rain, as the poets say, caressed his face with a pleasant coolness. He was footsore, and the water in his shoes was even refreshing. He had fought against poverty once, with a desperate fear of it, like a man drowning. And now he had sunk to the depths; he was one of "the submerged tenth"; and it was as if he had touched bottom, and found that he could live and breathe there peacefully. Poverty! What fools people were about it! And the rain! The world had refused him a shelter from either, and neither had proved to be a hardship.

HE HAD A ROOM on the top floor of an old house on the south side of Washington Square. It was a house that had been sold to make way for a new building, and some hitch in finances had halted the project after all the tenants had been moved out and the gas-pipes had been disconnected. Carey had hung on, alone, with a kerosene lamp and an oil-stove on which he did his cooking. He expected any day to come home and find the house-wreckers at work and his staircase gone. As he rounded the Washington Arch he looked up mechanically to see whether his roof was still whole. It was. He heard a dog give a sort of shivering whine somewhere, and he stopped at once and stood looking about for it.

If I tell you this, you'll believe that Carey was not quite normal; morbid, a bit mad; but it is true that the sound of suffering from an animal went through him more piercingly than a human appeal. When he walked in the country his gait was erratic because he was always stepping aside to avoid treading on ants. In one of his early stories—so unanimously rejected by the magazines—his heroine, out strolling with her lover, saw him pick up a stone and throw it at a bird, which by some miracle he hit; she promptly turned home, in silence, and refused ever to speak to him again; and it was impossible for Carey to understand that this was not a "sufficient motive" for his plot. Most striking of all, perhaps, his mother, a religious zealot, had intended her son to be "a minister of the gospel"; she had planned to send him to a theological college, and being too poor to carry out the plan, she went to her pastor for aid and advice. He replied that the boy should first familiarize himself with the Testaments, and Carey set to work to study them ambitiously. With an unexpected result: the cruelties of the Old Testament horrified him. Without any intention of blasphemy, in the most obvious sincerity, he appealed to his mother to explain the murders and massacres ordered by Jehovah and carried out by the chosen people. She took him to the pastor. The pastor examined him and decided that he lacked the necessary firmness of faith. They prayed for him—all three on their knees in the pastor's study, Carey praying as fervently as the others—and when he rose, he was surprised to find that he was "no better." Those terrible barbarisms of the early Hebrews still revolted him. He made a list of them, filled a notebook with them, and went back to the pastor. He and

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the reverend gentleman quarreled. Poor Carey shook the pages of his indictment in the face of the horrified minister and cried: "It wasn't a god! It was a devil!" He was put out on the pious doorstep, sobbing defiantly, "A devil! a devil!" The minister preached a sermon about him in which no names were mentioned; but all his friends understood who was referred to, and they spread the secret. He was marked as an atheist. His home life became unbearable. He ran away, was brought back, ran away again, changed his name, and was not traced. He never returned. His mother developed religious hallucinations and went to an asylum for the insane. And that is why *Who's Who* gives no birthplace for him and names no parents. The story that he was a foundling is not true.

As a matter of fact, his real name was John Aloysius McGillicuddy, the son of Patrick McGillicuddy, the driver of a brewery wagon, Irish and a Catholic. His unfortunate mother was Annie Kirke, a servant, Scotch and a Presbyterian. After her marriage she kept a boarding-house. The father had his son christened in the Catholic faith; the mother was determined that he should be a Presbyterian, and she had her way—after her husband tired of quarrels and deserted her—until the son followed in the father's footsteps. And young Jack McGillicuddy (under an assumed name that became "Owen Carey" finally) worked as an errand boy, as a shoe clerk, in a printer's office, in a pressroom, in Toledo, in Chicago, in Boston, tramping, beating his way on freight-trains, working at anything temporary, even begging when he had to, an absurd, sensitive, eccentric young victim of his own intenseness, whose one consistent impression of mankind was its good-natured inhumanity. That was why the whine of an animal affected him more than a human appeal. He had a fellow-feeling for the animal. So——

He looked around for the dog, but he did not see any. He saw a woman sitting on one of the wet benches of the square, and the whine seemed to come from her. He supposed that she had the dog on her lap. As he neared her he saw that it was her hat that she was nursing. She had taken it off, and covered it with a handkerchief to protect it from the rain, and her hair was soaked and glistening in the light of the electric lamp above her. He supposed that she was a woman of the streets. At his approach she looked up, and he had just time to appreciate that she was young and rather pretty when she shivered and whined up at him; and opening her mouth, with her tongue protruding over her lower teeth, she panted at him, ingratiatingly, like a dog.

For a moment Carey thought he had gone crazy. (As you will probably think I have until you hear the simple explanation of the incident.) Then, "It's hydrophobia!" he thought. "She's been bitten by a mad dog!" He looked around for a policeman, frightened. His future was determined by the fact that there was no policeman in sight, and he had time to recollect that it was one of his many grievances against mankind that dogs with minor ailments were always being shot as mad, when, as he was convinced, rabies was a disease as rare as leprosy.

He approached her much as he would have approached the dog in the same circumstances. He asked, "What's the matter?" She did not answer. He bent down to her, putting his hand on her shoulder. "What is it?" She shivered under his touch. "Aren't you well?" And her face suddenly changed and cleared. She stared at him blankly. An expression of frightened bewilderment came into her eyes, as if she had been wakened from a nightmare.

He sat down beside her.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "You're soaked through. Why don't you go home?"

She did not reply. He put his hand on her arm.

"Tell me," he said, "aren't you well? What's wrong? Can I help you?"

And she answered in a breathy, hoarse gasp of exhaustion:

"I'm hungry."

"Come along with me," he said. "Can you walk?" And taking her by the elbow, he helped her to her feet. Her hat dropped to the sidewalk as she rose. He picked it up, put the handkerchief in his pocket, tucked the hat under his arm, and started across the square with her. She staggered as if her feet were numb.

It was apparent that he could not take her to a restaurant in that condition, even if there had been a cheap restaurant near. But he had no thought of going to a restaurant; he had not money enough to pay restaurant prices. He had food in his room, and he was taking her there to give it to her.

He had already concluded that her dog-like whining and panting had been an illusion; that he had seen something like it, but not *that*. And he was going over the contents of his larder in his mind as he helped her across the square. He did not speak, and she was obviously too weak to speak.

THERE WAS A CHARACTERISTIC REASON why he did not consider taking her to a restaurant, and I wish to give it, since it *was* characteristic. He had made a study of foods and their prices—a study as careful as any that he made subsequently into the details of life and local colour for his romances of Elizabethan and medieval times, and he understood how grossly the restaurants overcharged. He knew, for example, that rolled oats, in bulk, cost him two and one-half cents a pound; that there were six teacupfuls in a pound, and that half a teacupful made a portion for one meal. Cornmeal at two cents a pound, gave only four cups to the pound; oatmeal, at two and a half cents a pound, ran five cups to the pound, and hominy, at five cents a pound, four cups to the pound. (These, of course, were the prices of 1899.) He paid thirty cents a pound for coffee; there were ninety-six teaspoonfuls in a pound, and he used a teaspoonful to a cup of coffee, stingily. He paid fifty cents for a pound of tea, of 128 teaspoonfuls. He had figured out that granulated sugar cost him one-eighth of a cent for a spoonful. There were usually 240 potatoes in a bushel, and a cent's worth made a portion. He had learned where to get meat enough for one meal for ten cents, remnants, rather, but edible. He made a two-cent

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package of salt last him three months, and he sprinkled eight cents' worth of pepper over as long a period. On an average his meals cost him $2.03 a week, and naturally a restaurant looked like a robber's cave to him.

He had covered pages of his note-books with these calculations, and it was not only impossible to overcharge him, but equally impossible to give him underweight, because he knew the number of spoonfuls that ought to be in any pound of staple groceries, and he measured every pound when he got alone with it. Having a mind of that quality, it *is* strange—isn't it?—that he ever became a romanticist.

He took the girl as far as his street door without much difficulty, but he had to support her up the steps, and it was plain that her legs were too weak to climb three flights of stairs. Her knees gave under her. He brought her to the first landing with an arm about her, virtually carrying her, swaying and stumbling in the dark. There he dropped her hat in a corner, and picked her up bodily. She made no sound. Although she was tall, she weighed little more than a toggle-jointed skeleton of her height wrapped in soaked clothing. He judged that she had fainted.

He laid her on the floor of his landing until he got his door open and his lamp lit, then he carried her in and put her on his bed, a camp cot, without a mattress, for which he had paid fifty cents in a second-hand shop of the tenement quarter. It was covered with nothing but a pair of gray blankets, and he was not afraid of soiling them. Her head lay dripping on a pillow that had no pillow-case, and she looked as if she had been drowned. Her lips were white, but her face was a yellowish green. For a moment he was afraid that she had died in his arms. A faint breath reassured him. He hastened to light his oil-stove and warm up the remains of his day's coffee, which he had drawn off the grounds to save it.

While the coffee was heating, he unbuttoned her worn shoes and drew them off. Her stockings were just as wet as her shoes, so he removed them too, tugging at them gingerly at the heels and ankles, and bringing off with them a pair of exhausted-looking round garters. Her feet were as chilled as if they had been on ice, and he had a queer idea that they had shrunk with the cold, they were so small. He rubbed them dry with his only towel, and bandaged the towel around them to get them warm.

When the coffee was ready, he poured it into his tin cup, and took it to her, clear.

"Here," he said, raising her to a sitting posture, "this will brace you."

She whined, with her eyes closed.

He put the cup to her lips.

"Try a mouthful."

She stuck out her tongue as if to lap it. "No, no," he said; "drink it. Open your mouth and drink it."

She laid her hand on his, pressed the cup away from her, and stared down at it a long time. Then she sighed and drank a mouthful. It was a rank draft.

"It m-makes me sick," she faltered, nauseated, turning away from it.

"All right," he said; "I'll warm some milk."

She fell back on the pillow and closed her eyes again; but the coffee had evidently done something to revive her, for when he brought her the milk, with his last spoonful of whisky in it, she drank it greedily. He followed it with a hard-boiled egg, chopped fine, and a slice of scorched bread, flavoured with kerosene, from the top of his oil-stove. He fed the egg to her in a spoon, encouraging her, and she ate the toast without his help.

"Now," he said, "you'll have to take off some of these wet clothes. You can put on my overcoat."

It was his winter's coat, from a nail behind the door. She let him unbutton her dress down the back, get her arms and shoulders out of it, wrap her in the overcoat, and draw the dripping gown off over her feet. The thinness of her girlish arms and the hollows in her neck and shoulders were no more pathetic than the poverty of the canton-flannel petticoat that she wore. He buttoned the coat on her, and she lay on her back, gazing at the sloping ceiling in a weak stupor.

He hung up her dress, a faded blue serge gown that had been darned on the elbows, and he placed the oil-stove under it to dry it. He proceeded to make her a cup of tea and to fry in slices some cornmeal mush that remained from breakfast. This he served with syrup. She ate it in hungry silence, with her bloodshot eyes fixed on nothing. He got the impression that speech and tears had both been exhausted for her.

When her plate was clean and her cup empty, he took them from her, and she lay down again, on her side, and seemed to go to sleep. She was surely not more than twenty years old; he was thirty-two, and there was nothing in his thought but fraternal pity for her. She was apparently a young street-walker, but he had lived on the streets himself for the greater part of fifteen years, and if she was an outcast, well, so was he. She looked desperately frail; the bones protruded in her cheeks and her temples; her eyes were sunken and dark in their sockets; her teeth showed between pinched lips. It was merely a girlish face, but suffering had marked it with ascetic lines of character and intelligence.

He decided that what she needed most was food. He counted the silver in his pocket, did a problem in mental arithmetic, with his eyes on the calendar, and went out noiselessly to buy her something to eat. She was still sleeping when he returned with her hat, and a bottle of milk, some slices of boiled ham, a loaf of bread, and a greasy paper bag of potato chips from a delicatessen shop. He moved an empty box to the side of the bed and arranged the food on it, but he did not waken her. It would be better to let her rest. He took off his wet coat, removed the cooking dishes from his pine table to the floor, and sat down in his kitchen chair to write.

You see, he was already a professional. No amateur would have been able to write in the circumstances. The girl in the room, her misery, her uncanny trick of whining, not to mention his own discomforts of damp shoulders and soaked feet—these

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things would have distracted anyone for whom work had not become a professional habit, anyone to whom writing was not the essential activity of his life and the justification of his existence, as necessary to him as food, as consoling as tobacco, his refuge from every worry—from the struggle with reality, the obstinacy of circumstance, the intractable enmity of events that always contradicted imagination and falsified hope—the refuge to which he went to escape all the impotences of mortality as the religious go to prayer.

He began to shape up his newspaper article, with his hand in his hair, tugging at it thoughtfully as he wrote. And it was this continual scalp-massage, probably, that preserved for him the characteristic disorderly gray shock of his later years. There was nothing particularly characteristic about his room. He had piled a number of empty soap-boxes on their sides to make book-shelves and a dresser. An old steamer-trunk held all his clothes. He had hung a blanket over his window as a blind, and he left it over the window even in daytime, and lit his lamp, because he had become so accustomed to writing at night that the daylight seemed to blanch his inspiration. The lamp was shaded by a sheet of copy paper, with a circular hole in the centre of it, that slowly settled down on the chimney as the heat scorched it. A little bust of Shakespeare from which the pedestal had been broken hung above the table by a shoe-lace that had been noosed around the neck of the sainted dramatist. Carey had always been mad about Shakespeare. Whatever other books came and went on his travels, his volume of Shakespeare persisted. He had read everything about him that he could find—about his works, about his life, about his times. He was already unconsciously an Elizabethan expert, but the only fruits of his study as yet were several blank-verse tragedies that were useless imitations of the sound of Shakespeare with the sense omitted.

So, with his hand in his hair, frowning, and biting his lips, he continued to scribble at his newspaper article, glancing over his shoulder at the girl now and then, absent-mindedly. It was after midnight when he turned to give her such a glance, and found her staring at him, wide awake. He put down his pencil at once.

"Would you like me to warm your milk?" he asked.

She rose on her elbow, evidently frightened, and looked down at the towel on her feet.

He said, to reassure her:

"I'll see that you get back safely as soon as you feel better."

She asked hoarsely:

"How did I get in *here?*"

"Don't you remember? You told me you were hungry. You couldn't walk to a restaurant, so I brought you here. I guess you fainted."

She blinked at him in a bewildered daze. She demanded:

"Why did you tie my feet?"

"Your feet?" he said. "Oh, they aren't tied. I took off your shoes and stockings because they were wet, and wrapped your feet in a towel to warm them. Try some of this ham. It's generally pretty good."

He poured her a cup of milk and made her a sandwich of the ham and two slices of bread while he talked.

"Don't you remember drinking a cup of milk and eating something?" She shook her head, watching his hands in silence, sitting up against the wall, with her feet drawn up under the overcoat. "Don't you remember me helping you out of your wet things?"

She did not answer. He gave her the sandwich, and she took it in trembling, numb-red fingers, eagerly. He began to make her another.

She swallowed the food in gulps, half masticated, too weak or too hungry to chew it.

"Where am I?" she asked in a whisper.

He told her.

"You're all right," he said. "Now, don't worry. I'll see that you get back safely as soon as you feel able to walk. Is it far to your—to where you live?"

She did not reply. He gave her the cup of milk, and she looked up at him briefly, but her eyes told him nothing. She drank the milk as if her mouth demanded it, but her mind was not interested in the matter.

"I don't live anywhere," she said at last.

He accepted that as an evasion.

"Where do you—work?"

She took the second sandwich, raised it to her lips, and stopped, with her head drooped.

"I don't work. I can't get work." Her voice broke. "That's what's the matter." The sandwich fell to her lap. She fumbled at it blindly, trying to pick it up again. He saw that it was tears that had blinded her. She was crying.

"Oh," he said.

And to tell the truth, he was suddenly impatient with her, as impatient as an old convict when the quiet of his cell is disturbed by the inevitable tragedy and useless despair of a newcomer. He had received her as a girl of the streets, a fellow lifetimer in that underworld to which he had resigned himself, working and writing with no ambition to escape, but merely to obtain food and a bed. He had helped her in the expectation that as soon as she had

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been fed and warmed she would go off to serve her own sentence without troubling him further. But this weeping helplessness!

He began to question her, sitting in his chair, his hands thrust into his trousers pockets, his legs stretched out before him, his eyes on his wet feet. Where had she come from? Why didn't she go back? What had she been working at? Hadn't she any relatives to help her? And the girl, aware of his change of voice, began to defend herself, to explain her willingness to do anything—*anything*—and finally to uncover abjectly the whole lacerating story of her misfortunes, her struggles, the injustices that had been done her, the ignominy, the misery, the suffering, the shame. It was a common enough story. There was nothing new in it to Carey. He listened as wearily as a physician hearing of pain. And the girl kept sobbing at the end of each successive chapter of her degradation:

"It was worse than the life of a dog." And, "If I'd *been* a dog, he'd have treated me better." And, "If I'd been a dog on the streets some one, *some one* would have helped me, fed me."

LIFE HAD TAKEN HER, young, pretty, proud, sensitive, ignorant, and it had betrayed her ignorance, sold her prettiness, cheated her youth, beaten down her pride, and stripped and tortured the raw nerves of her sensitiveness. She told him of it as if it were being wrung out of her on a rack, in paroxysms of sobbing, in hoarse and shamed whispers, in dull, exhausted tones of desperation. He hunched forward in his chair, his elbows on his knees, his head in his hands. What was the use? He knew it. He knew it all. The world was full of it. It only sickened the heart to hear it. He couldn't live and think of these things.

She was silent at last. He heard her moving as if she were preparing to go.

"Well," he said, frowning at the floor, "I don't know what *I* can do." And then he heard her near him. She whined. And, dropping his hands, he saw that she was on all fours at his side, panting up at him ingratiatingly, with her tongue out.

He sprang up.

"Don't!" he cried. "Don't do that!" He tried to raise her to her feet. She licked his hand. "Listen!" he pleaded. "You'll be all right. I'll help you. I can make enough for two—until you get something. You'll be——" Her eyes were the dumb, devoted, appealing eyes of an eager and willing animal that could not understand a word he said.

He carried her back to the bed, but he could not make her lie on the pillow. She curled up on her side, her knees drawn up, her hands closed like paws, her head down, blinking at him, shivering, and whining gratefully when he touched her.

He began to walk up and down the room. He was not ignorant enough to suppose that she had merely gone insane. He was sufficiently acquainted with the theories of morbid psychology to understand that in her hysterical state she had, so to speak, hypnotized herself with the recurring thought "If I had been a dog," until she imagined that she had become one. Or, to use the fashionable idiom of our Freudian day, in her desire to escape from the killing worries of her shame and destitution, she had taken refuge in a loss of identity and became a dog subconsciously.

ALL OF WHICH did not help Carey. What was he to do? He could call a policeman and send her on her way to the psychopathic ward in Bellevue and thence to the lunatic asylum. Yes, and if she had really been a dog, would he turn her out? He had let his mother die in an asylum—or so he put it to himself; he had not known of it till after she was dead—and the thought had been for years a horror and a remorse to him. He could not do it again.

He sat down on the side of the bed and began to talk to her. He assured her that he would help her, that he would take care of her, that he would fix the room in some way so that they might both live in it; or he would rent two rooms somewhere, and she could work for him or pass as his sister or whatever else she pleased. And so forth.

She listened, watching his lips, smiling with that open-mouthed panting, and evidently hearing nothing. He gave it up at last, and made her comfortable between the blankets, and went back to his seat at his table to think it over. He rolled a misered cigarette and lit it, but it did not help him. He allowed himself in these days ten cents a week for tobacco. He fell asleep, with his head on his arms, and when he woke hours later he found her curled up on the floor at his feet.

He took her back to the bed, and made a sort of sleeping-bag of the blankets by pinning them together with safety-pins; and he pinned her into this, and tied her down with the line on which he dried his washing. There was a bathroom opening from the hall, and he shut himself in there, with his pillow, intending to sleep on the floor; but she whined so, like a dog locked in alone, that he came back, and lay on the floor near her bed, with his feet to the oil-heater.

His problem, as he saw it, was this: the girl's mind had divided against itself under the stress of revolting ill usage; if he sheltered her and protected her for a while, she would probably return to a normal condition. What he needed was two or three rooms in which she could have privacy and quiet and housework to occupy her. It would not cost much. He could earn more if he worked harder. He had done it before.

He had done it when he first learned that his mother was dead. In a fit of repentance he had begun to work and save so that he might be able to take her from whatever pauper's grave she had been buried in, and put up some sort of tombstone for her in a decent cemetery. He had saved a hundred dollars, and then he had been balked by the difficulty of writing, as a stranger or anonymously, to the asylum—or where else?—to have the thing done for him. And being the sort of person whom practical difficulties apall, he had continued living with the intention of doing what he never made any attempt to do. The money was still in a Chicago bank, untouched.

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waiting. Well, he could make a vicarious reparation to his mother by using the hundred dollars to rescue this girl from his mother's fate. A hundred dollars, with what he could earn, would carry them for a year at least. He fell asleep easy in his mind.

And he awoke next morning to the responsibilities and the way of life that have made him and his novels what they are.

SHE SEEMED AT FIRST almost rational when she opened her eyes to find him cooking their breakfast of oatmeal and coffee; and she went, at his direction, to wash and dress herself in the bathroom, sanely enough. But her silence when he talked to her was not normal, and whenever he caught her eye, it was frightened and wavering, as if she were always on the edge of her obsession; and once, when he touched her hand in passing her a second cup of coffee, her lips trembled, her teeth chattered, and she began to pant. He pretended not to notice, and the attack passed; but that was the first indication of what afterward became sufficiently plain to him; namely, that her delusion was partly due to what the psychologists would call her "subconscious desire" to have her relations with him the relations of a dog to its master. It was not only the world that she feared, but him, too. And he was peculiar enough to be relieved, at last, to find it so. He did not want a woman on his hands. He would have much preferred a dog.

He told her what he was going to do about renting a small flat, and he set about doing it. He got his money from Chicago without any difficulty, and he found two rooms in a house on One Hundred and Tenth Street, going as far up-town as possible in order to take her away from the scene of her sufferings, and he was able to rent the two rooms for fifteen dollars a month because they were almost uninhabitable. They were in the basement of a private house that had been converted into "studio apartments" by the owner, an eccentric woman of artistic tastes who proved, on nearer acquaintance, to be a "Peruna fiend." And the rooms were almost uninhabitable not only because they were damp, but because the landlady was a pest. The important thing about them was this: they had been made into a sort of Dutch cellar, with a red-tiled floor, half-timbered walls, beamed ceilings, burnt-umber woodwork, an open fireplace, and semi-opaque windows of leaded panes, sunk below the street level. They had evidently been a basement dining-room and kitchen when the house was private. Carey took them for a reason of which he was, I think, unaware: they did not look like modern rooms in New York City, and they would be a complete change of background for the girl.

He moved his belongings himself, making half a dozen trips on the elevated railroad with his suitcase full, and abandoning his cot and his table because it would be cheaper to buy new ones than to pay cartage on the old. The rear room—the kitchen, with a gas-stove and a sink—he furnished for the girl, since it was heated by the house furnace, which intruded its warm back through the side wall. He bought second-hand- furniture and helped install it himself, and he avoided the curiosity of the landlady by refusing to answer when she knocked on his door.

He brought the girl up after midnight. They settled down in comfortable secrecy, as remote as if they had been cloistered in a crypt. And thus began what was surely the oddest romance in the history of American letters.

She seemed quietly contented, cooking and washing and sweeping and sewing for him. She never ventured out; she bolted the door on the inside when he left, and she opened it to no voice but his. The landlady, baffled, waylaid him in the hall with questions. He replied:

"We're peculiar. We write, you understand. As long as we pay our rent, you'll kindly leave us alone. We're busy, and we don't want to be disturbed. For the future, so far as you're concerned, we're deaf and dumb." And when she found that they *did* pay their rent, and did not complain of the rain that came in under the windows and gathered in pools on the tiled floor, she left them to their privacy undisturbed. She would not have cared if they had been a pair of outlaws in hiding; she was against the police and the city government; her life was an endless quarrel with the authorities about the fire laws, the building laws, the tenement-house laws, and the regulations of the Board of Health, all of which her house violated.

FOR THE FIRST MONTH Carey and the girl lived in an atmosphere of accepted silence. He talked to her no more than he might have talked to a servant in similar circumstances. He brought in food for her to cook; he bought her a dress, which she made over; he got her sewing materials when she asked for them, and she made herself underclothes and mended his. He did not ask her any questions about herself. He accepted her dumb and dog-like fidelity without comment. She ate her food in the kitchen, which he never entered, although the door was never closed between them. She served him his meals on his work-table, and he took them absent-mindedly, reading, or even writing, between bites. He noticed a gradual improvement in her appearance, but he did not remark it.

One evening as he worked he heard her humming an air to herself over her ironing in the kitchen, and he listened, smiling, but he did not speak. He discovered that she was reading his books in his absence, and he began to buy novels for her, Scott and Dumas and historical fiction chiefly, because he was afraid that modern literature might affect her adversely. He worked very late one night on a story that he had picked up from a derelict in the Mills House, and when he returned next day from an afternoon in the Astor Library, he found that she had copied out his manuscript for him in a clear, girlish handwriting. He thanked her for it, as matter-of-fact as possible, but he was worried. The story was not cheerful; it was taken from the low life on which it was not good for her mind to dwell. He had not the heart to tell her not to touch his manuscripts, since she had copied it to help him. So he undertook to write something that it would not depress her to read.

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Hence *Fair Ann Hathaway*. He began it as a short story, in the intervals of his newspaper work, but it grew into a novelette, and then into a "three-decker," designed to carry her, as its sole passenger, to "the Islands of the Blest." When she had copied out the first three chapters, bit by bit as he wrote them, she asked him timorously, "What happened then?" And thereafter he talked it over with her in advance, inventing it for her, and making it meet her expectations when she voiced any.

IT WAS FOR HER A COMPLETE ESCAPE from reality; and that, no doubt, was the secret of its success with the public—the great public who read in order to get away from themselves and their lives. When Francis Hackett, in "The New Republic," lately ridiculed *Fair Ann Hathaway* and its successors in an article on "The Literature of Escape," he hit the secret nail on the head, blindfold, and in the dark. And in pointing out the connection between the success of such books and Jung's theory of mankind's "escape into the dream," he was not only analyzing a tendency of the American public; he was psycho-analyzing the disorder of Carey's first reader.

Carey wrote for her with a simplicity of expression that was sweetly reasonable and altogether charming, a style that conveyed romance to the public taste without effort through a soda-fountain straw. He found that she had identified herself with his heroine; so he fed her up, curatively, in the person of that heroine, with the loyalty and devotion of adoring heroes; and never had the feminine reader found a happier appeal to her pride of sex. And yet the heroine was a Shakespearian woman, a true masuline ideal, brave, wise, witty, self-sacrificing, chaste, and proudly faithful to her lord, and love's young dreamers fairly drooled over her. The girl was interested in every detail of the Elizabethan life in Stratford-on-Avon, and Carey made it vivid (with the help of the Astor Library), if he did not try to make it real. It glowed with the light that never was. The whole story had the "uplift" that is the substance of things hoped for and the evidence of things unseen. It was a schoolgirl's dream. It came to the publishers in her handwriting, and started the first report that "Owen Carey" was a woman. And when Carey called at the publisher's office in response to a letter of acceptance, they were as astonished as if Marie Corelli had turned out to be G. K. Chesterton.

He had grown plump on the girl's cooking. She kept his clothes pressed and brushed and mended. She had made him buy a new gray suit for the occasion. (He asked, "Why gray?" She replied furtively, "*He*—he always wore black." And Carey never wore anything but gray afterward.) He had the gruff manner with which many men of diffidence protect themselves in strange approaches. He was much keener for money in advance and steep royalties than was seemly in the author of *Fair Ann Hathaway*. He drove a good bargain, because the publishers were certain that they had found a best-seller. And they were right.

The book was an immediate success. Carey took thirty thousand dollars out of it in the first year, and he put the money by for her in case anything should happen to him. They rented the apartment above their cellar, and built an inner staircase to connect the two floors. (It was not until after the popularity of *The Queen's Quest* that they bought the whole house, to get rid of the landlady.) He furnished the rooms in antiques and surrounded the girl with the interior setting of a Shakespearian comedy mounted by a stage realist. He named her "Rosalind," partly in play, but also in order to disconnect her from her past. Her real name he did not know. He had never asked it. He began to collect the library of Elizabethan and medieval literature upon which he drew copiously for his later novels. She learned to use the typewriter, and she was at once his secretary, his housekeeper, his valet, and his cook.

Their relations remained what they had been in the beginning. Carey made the mistake of being demonstrative toward her only once—when he bought her an old amber necklace with his first check from *Fair Ann Hathaway*—and she recoiled from his attempted caress into a morbid seizure of half-idiotic animal abjectness. He could not reach the source of this morbidity. He did not know how. He had to wait. And he waited three years before he found his solution.

Then one summer night when they were returning from a walk in Central Park—for by this time he had persuaded her to come out with him occasionally for a little exercise after dark—a furtive-looking man passed and stared at her as they crossed Columbus Avenue on the way home, and she clutched at Carey's arm, making a noise in her throat as if she were strangling. Carey caught her.

"What's the matter? What is it?" And she gasped:

"It's him!" and tried to run.

Carey held her back.

"Wait a minute. Go slow. *Who* is it?"

But she could only whisper:

"It's him! It's him!"

The man had stopped and stood watching them.

"Good!" Carey said. "I've been hoping he'd turn up. Go slow. If it's *he*, he'll follow us."

He took her arm, and she stumbled along with him, trembling against him, breathing heavily. And the man, as Carey had hoped, came sneaking after them at a distance.

Carey took her up their steps to the front door, and descended with her, inside, to the basement, switching on all the lights. He left her in the kitchen and went out noiselessly to the basement door. The man was standing on the steps, looking up at the street number. Carey came quietly behind him.

"She wants to see you," he said.

The man wheeled, startled. Carey was blocking his escape.

"Who?" he asked, temporizing. "Mary?"

"Yes," Carey answered. "Mary. Go right in." So her name was Mary.

"Well," the fellow said in a wheezy voice, "this is a su'prise. I wasn't sure it was her."

"It's her." Carey waved him on. "She wants to see you—inside."

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The man looked him over, hesitated, said:

"Well, that's all right, too," and entered, slouching.

Carey pointed him the way down to the basement, directed him to the Dutch dining-room, and followed.

"Mary!" he called. "Come here."

She came from the kitchen, and, standing in the doorway, she looked across the room at the man with an insane and helpless horror.

"Is it?" Carey demanded. "Is it *he?*"

She made a fumbling gesture as if either pleadingly or defensively.

The man put back his rakish derby from his forehead. He had a prison hair-cut and a prison pallor. He bared his yellow teeth in an evil grin, and said:

"Sure, it's me. Eh, Mary? You're lookin' swell."

Carey slammed the door and shot the bolt.

The man turned instantly, crouching, his hand at his hip-pocket, with a "What the—" Before he could draw, Carey had sprung at him, open-handed, from the door-step, and they fell, grappling. Carey was no feather-weight; he was still tough from the hardships of his youth; he was blind with hatred; and the touch of the struggling, malevolent flesh under his hands put him into the sort of frenzy of murderous and loathsome revulsion that he might have felt in crushing a rat bare-handed. He struck and tore and strangled frantically; and the man, caught with one arm beneath him and still fighting to get out his revolver, was unable to protect himself from such an assault. When he got the weapon free he was blinded with his own bleeding, and Carey wrenched the revolver from him and beat him on the head with it. He grew limp. Carey was kneeling on his chest, throttling the life out of him, when the lack of resistance and the choking under his hands brought him to his senses. For one horrified moment he thought he had killed. Then the battered wreck under him drew a long gurgle of breath that sounded like water in a waste-pipe. Carey staggered to his feet. He took up the revolver and cocked it.

"Now, you dog," he said, "get up!"

The man rolled over, writhing painfully.

"Come here, Mary," he ordered.

She was standing erect in the doorway, her nostrils dilated, her hands clenched. She came forward slowly in that attitude.

"This is *your* dog," he said. "Do you understand?"

She nodded, without taking her eyes from the creature on the floor.

"Good! Shall I shoot him?"

The man undoubtedly thought he had to do with a maniac. Nothing else would explain the villainous ferocity of the attack. He began to whimper and snuffle in plaintive oaths and pleadings, smearing his bleeding face with his torn hands.

"Shall I kill him?" Mary shook her head, wide-eyed.

"Come closer," Carey ordered. She came. "Now," he said to the man, "roll over and lick her boots. Do it, you hound, or I'll tear the heart out of you." With a cruelty that he would never have used to a dog, he kicked the fellow over with the side of his foot. "On all fours," he ordered. "Do it!"

He did it after a fashion. It was not a pretty scene.

"There!" Carey said. "Good! Now! This is *your* dog, Mary. Understand? See him? Your dog. Wipe your feet on him. Do it!"

She did it, with the expression of a child who is being encouraged to touch a cowed animal that she has been afraid of.

"Good! Now kick him!"

She shook her head. She said slowly:

"Let him go." There was no fear of anyone in her face.

"Fine!" he said. "Here, you cur, crawl back to that door. Go on! Do it! Slowly. Grovel. Whine, like the cur you are. Whine, or I'll shoot the ears off you. Now! If I ever meet you again, I'll kill you on sight." He threw the door open. The man crawled out on hands and knees. Carey kicked the hat out after him, and slammed the door shut. They heard him stumbling frantically up the outer stairs.

Carey stood waiting, an unromantic figure, his collar torn open, his face scratched, one eye beginning to swell, and his complexion turning a delicate green with a seasick feeling that never afflicted his heroes after battle. She came toward him with her hands out, slowly, stiffly, tremulously confident, smiling, dry-lipped, pale. He laid the revolver on the table and took her in his arms.

"There!" he said. "Now! Good!" Then suddenly, in another voice, leaning on her heavily, he added: "Get me a drink—quick! I'm all in."

And in that inelegant manner Mary Carey was reconciled to reality.

I say "Mary Carey," for he dropped the "Rosalind," and though he married her under the name of McGillicuddy in order to escape publicity, she is known as Mary Carey to the few friends that she has made, chiefly at summer resorts, since she has gradually emerged from her seclusion.

She has never emerged very far. She is too busy, still acting as her husband's secretary, though a trio of silent Chinese have supplanted her as housemaid, valet, and cook. Carey has not emerged at all. He is, for one thing, too happy in his home. For another, he is Owen Carey. He has taken refuge from all reality in his romantic art, and he devotes himself to it in the silence of a Trappist monk. . . .

She is as silent as he, but she gives much more the impression of being a personage in her own right. She has a low-voiced air of grave young placidity, slenderly graceful and well dressed, with one of those Madonna-like faces that seem to show nothing of experience but its increment of wisdom. You could never imagine her starving in degradation on the streets. She seems born to be the successful wife of a successful author. And if his later novels have not been so successful as his earlier ones, it is, I think, because Mary Carey has become interested in actualities that have rather spoiled her as an inspirer of the "literature of escape."

Not that it matters to either of them. He has saved a fortune, and she has an independent annuity of her own, which he bought for her with the surplus royalties from *The Queen's Quest* and his other celebrated books.

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The Tenth Muse: *Advertisa*

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED, BUT—

LOST, a gold watch and chain with the name of Phillips engraved on back; chain is short to hook on pocket. Finder please return to Will Sharpe and receive reward of $5.00 and hound dog, or if don't want dog cash reward of $3.00

Fowlerville (Mich.) Review.

HORSES—HORSES—HORSES

Thirty of the best horses I have had this year, now is the time to buy. You can get a better horse for your money. William Pauli, Stop 8A, Fayetteville Rd.

Syracuse (N. Y.) Post-Standard.

LOST—Widow with six children, two dollars in electric light office Tuesday; the man who found it please return to Journal office; would appreciate it very much. *Peoria (Ill.) Journal.*

BULL DOG—For sale. Very kind. Will eat anything; very fond of children. Dial 6077.

Michigan paper.

USED FURNITURE BARGAINS

5 Simmons New Statler Box Spring, slight damaged $19.85

4 Simmons New Day Beds, slightly married .....$5.75 to $18.50

LAZARUS

114-116 South Front St.,
Between State and Town Sts.

Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.

$35 TOGGENBURG GOAT that gives milk for $12.50, with chain. W3008 Walton.

Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman Review.

BOSTON terrier puppies; five very nice, short at both ends. $25 up. 219 Oak.

Toledo (Ohio) Blade.

NEAT YOUNG MAN—Knowledge of showcard writing and widow trimming. Apply at once. Charles, 4 W. Wash. *Indianapolis (Ind.) Times.*

WHY EDITORS LEAVE HOME

At noon today they took their stand on the vast portico of the capital where for the first time in American history an outgoing President witnessed an ex-President, Chief Justice Taft, administer the oats to a new President. *Ft. William (Ontario) Times Journal.*

"Mr. McCarthy is one of the most melodious of pests and songs like 'Ah, Sweet Is Tiperary' and 'My Native River' sing themselves to the heart forever after they are once read."—*Christian Endeavor World.*

Lawrence (Mass.) Tribune.

William E. Hickman kidnapper ornia, was hanged this morning at ten o'clock. This ends the chapter in a brutal murder of a little girl by President Coolidge. *The Alaskan (Petersburg, Alaska).*

Mrs. George Silles died suddenly at her home last night. She had been afflicted with the Congregational church for the last 40 years.

Peoria (Ill.) Sunday Journal.

The director is W. S. Van Dyke, who directed "White Shadows of the South Seats," one of the most beautiful films of the year.

Houston (Texas) Press.

The Nwe Yrok Soceiyt of Proof Readers will hodl a metenig Snday and litsen to na adderss by Dr. Jhno H Finlye of the New Yrok— *New York Times.*

The audience in the City Theatre was panic-stricken and rushed to the exits, but through the calmness of an actress who continued to play her part the man rush was checked before any one was killed.

New York Times.

The house is owned by the Society for the Prevention of New England antiquities.

Salem (Mass.) Evening News.

In March, 1895, the storm broke. He was accused of immortality and strange vices. He was arrested.

McGill Univ. (Montreal) Daily.

Moore is now superintendent of schools, and the members of the class are scattered. There were 10 in the group. One has died, another is in California, and the others in Texas. All will be here, according to Miss Monnie Brown, who has been in communication with them. *Ft. Worth (Texas) Star-Telegram.*

Mrs. Eloise McIntyre, teacher of music in the schools, sank two selections and won the applause of the audience. *Klamath Falls (Ore.) News*

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The Greenhorn's Wedding

By CASPAR DAY

THE night was cold for June, and all seven of the Proutas boarders sat about the kitchen stove chatting. Two bracket lamps lighted the room. On a line behind the range hung certain working shirts newly washed and drying in the heat. Antonina, climbing the stairs with a dull weight at her heart, held the picture in mind: seven hearty, jolly fellows, stalwart in white shirtsleeves, prosperous bachelors all, homeless but care-free. Truly, America made changes in one; white soap—beer—rich food and high wages—store clothes, iron stoves, the mines, two-story houses—all these were a matter of course. Nobody but herself gave a thought to the silvered barley fields, the sting of peat smoke in the nostrils, the stork's nest on the thatch, at home! The language, to be sure, was still Lithuish; but the children's very voices took on strange intonations in this foreign land.

But now she, Antonina, had come to America to her brother's house. Worse than all—for her brother was a man of promptness and enterprise—there was the wedding to be faced. She might choose between those two boarders; but one of them she must marry within the week. It was with this view, so she learned, that Joszef had sent her the passage money.

The stairs turned sharply, leading into a narrow hall at the top. Antonina came up heavily, stumbling peasant-fashion, Homesickness, the horrors of the ship, the weariness of this new life, had drawn all colour from her cheeks, all suppleness from her body.

"It is too early to sleep," cried Gracie, Joszef's wife. "Come downstairs. And tell me; have you decided which you will take for your man."

"They can settle it with Joszef," spoke the girl bitterly. "They are strangers. I have cried myself blind. If I have to, I have to. But I will not have them say I did it."

"Nonsense," Joszef's wife said briskly. "They are both good fellows, but there is a choice. Come downstairs and pick out your bridegroom."

"I hate them both."

"Quite proper. But you have to marry one, so you may as well decide. Today is Monday and Joszef wants to have the wedding Saturday, so that the men will be only one day away from work. The dressmaker comes on Wednesday morning. Your man buys you the dress, so the one you take will have to come out early from the mine tomorrow to go buy the goods. Then on Friday we begin the wedding. As for the dinner, leave it to me—oysters, oranges, wine—oh, a thousand things! We have very fine food in America."

Argument followed argument, and by reluctant stages Antonina was brought into the living-room.

The seven boarders with one accord stopped talking. They hitched their chairs closer, left and right, to make an opening in the half circle. Antonina flushed scarlet. Even as she sank into the chair which Gracie dragged forward she felt the seven pairs of eyes upon her. A dreadful silence fell upon the company: Gracie's determined chatter could not make them talk. After a long silence, one man brought out the blunt question:

"Which of you has been chosen, Kalixta?"

"Go out, go out, all of you!" Gracie protested, laughing with the rest. "Can we settle family affairs before everybody? Joszef, you take them off. Only leave Jarge and Kalixta with me."

THE ROOM WAS CLEARED in a hubbub of mirth and chaffing. Kalixta closed the door, taking his stand on the threshold. He was slightly the taller of the two suitors; his glance as he faced the women was very steady; his mouth smiling. Jarge, the other candidate, kept to his chair. He was a thick-set, muscular young man in whom embarrassment evinced itself as a sort of sullenness.

Gracie wasted few words upon the situation.

"Of course she cannot marry both of you," she premised. "Come, Antonina, take a good look at them and speak out."

The bride-apparent gazed, then shook her head. "Neither."

"Nonsense. Joszef has made all the plans."

"Let them marry somebody else, then. If I had guessed, I would not have come to

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America!' Hereat the bride fell into an agony of tears.

"Do not cry so," urged Kalixta kindly. "Nothing is as bad as it seems."

"You must draw for it, if she will not decide," declared Gracie, with much show of firmness. She broke three straws from the broom in the corner, then measured and arranged them in her hand.

"The short one wins," said she. "Come, Jarge; you draw first. Now you, Kalixta."

"My game!"

The short man's bit was scarcely half Kalixta's. The rejected suitor shrugged, then yielded. Jarge stepped across the room and laid his hand on the girl's shoulder.

"Come, lass. I choose for you, you see. A kiss, quick, now and——"

"*You* chose, did you?"

"He drew the shortest straw, Antonina. It was all fair; I held them hidden."

"But Joszef said I was to pick my man myself. You know he did."

"In Heaven's mercy, decide on Jarge yourself, then, and settle down to it!"

A flash of coquetry lighted the girl's tired face.

"Of course I hate you both, you know. Well, then —the longest straw!"

"The long straw!" echoed Jarge resentfully. But Gracie laughed, instead of interfering to uphold his rights.

Kalixta laughed too, an honest, boyish peal in which surprise and pleasure were commingled. Antonina gave reluctant fingers to his outstretched hand.

"That's a good girl," said he. "Jarge isn't the man for you; I will see to it that you like me better. Don't mind what he says. He can get him another girl, and we'll rent a house of our own and be as comfortable as anybody by Christmas."

Gracie, ever prompt in business, threw open the kitchen door. "Jarge is out of it," she proclaimed; "she takes Kalixta."

IN VIEW OF THE WEDDING SHOPPING, Kalixta did not go to the mine on Tuesday morning. Instead he slept late, as is the custom for Sundays, and came from his room at eight o'clock in his best clothes. He helped himself to meat and bread from the cupboard, and smiled upon Antonina as she brought his coffee. She was a timid creature; but young, healthy, presumably industrious, certainly not bad-looking for an immigrant who wore old-country clothes. She seemed to him a child, needing only companionship and kindness to forget the worries of the past few days. The bridal shopping, he resolved, should be made as much of a treat to her as possible.

With Antonina, too, the world had grown more bearable; a sort of resignation had followed upon despair, and she had slept the night through. The day was fine, her mood less wretched, and the new master seemed disposed to show himself a good fellow.

Moreover, as husbands went, he was undoubtedly presentable. The holiday splendour of garnet tie, starched collar, and black frock coat set off his height and leanness. His fair hair was well trimmed, his jaw newly shaven, his hands unscarred and clean. Antonina, recognizing these points of superiority, was gratified.

The girl was lonely, and Kalixta had the knack of cheerful talk. Insensibly she grew to feel at ease with him; they laughed and spoke of many matters like old comrades. An hour or two had passed, when Gracie appeared from above stairs to urge the shopping party to their duty.

GRACIE HAD A SHARP TONGUE, and did not hesitate to use it when worldly affairs moved too slowly. Her sarcasms concerning laziness, flirtation, wedding raiment, giggling brides, and chattering husbands quite broke the peace for a moment. Only when the pair had walked the length of the street and reached the car-line was cheerfulness renewed. Kalixta saw that Antonina's face was flushed, her brows bent, lashes wet.

"Everybody knows Gracie. After a little while you will be used to the country. You won't mind her then."

"I would rather work than marry," sighed the girl.

"But you are old enough to be married, and Joszef says you shall. Also you are too pretty not to."

Antonina turned her face away, drawing the shawl tighter across her chin. "I?"

"You, naturally. And you are just the wife for me, girl. I never know what you will say next."

The averted head turned toward him. Antonina was smiling once more. Involuntarily she slackened her pace, and all the little arts of eye and gesture marshaled themselves for use upon this candidate. The concession was as real as it was unconscious, for Antonina's heaven-given talents certainly lay manwards.

Central Square in the county town of Lynton is the busiest part of the shopping district. Kalixta walked slowly, answering all her questions; Antonina gazed and gazed serenely. Her mood had changed; resignation was fast merging into cheerfulness. For, after all, new interests and a change of scene lift the burdens from Youth's shoulders.

Kalixta shrewdly took the simpler purchases first. The shoes were bought, then stockings, then a hat of delirious beauty and colour. The pair were in their ninth shop, and on the point of ordering the wedding veil from an assortment of net piled upon the counter, when a trifle disturbed their gayety.

Antonina had lost no time in realizing the advantages of a secret language, and talked about the shop people with most perfect unconcern. She had been chattering freely, her escort laughing, and well entertained. Suddenly she turned upon him, though still in jest.

"Kalixta, you are good company, a jolly fellow. Go off and never see me again, and I shall think the world of you. And if you had wanted to marry some other girl, I should love you dearly. How stupid of you to marry me!"

The man stared at her, drawing a hard breath. His eyes fell; under his moustache his lips drew thin.

"So that is it!" flamed the bride. "You do! There is one! So, so. Where is she, Kalixta? Tell me, tell

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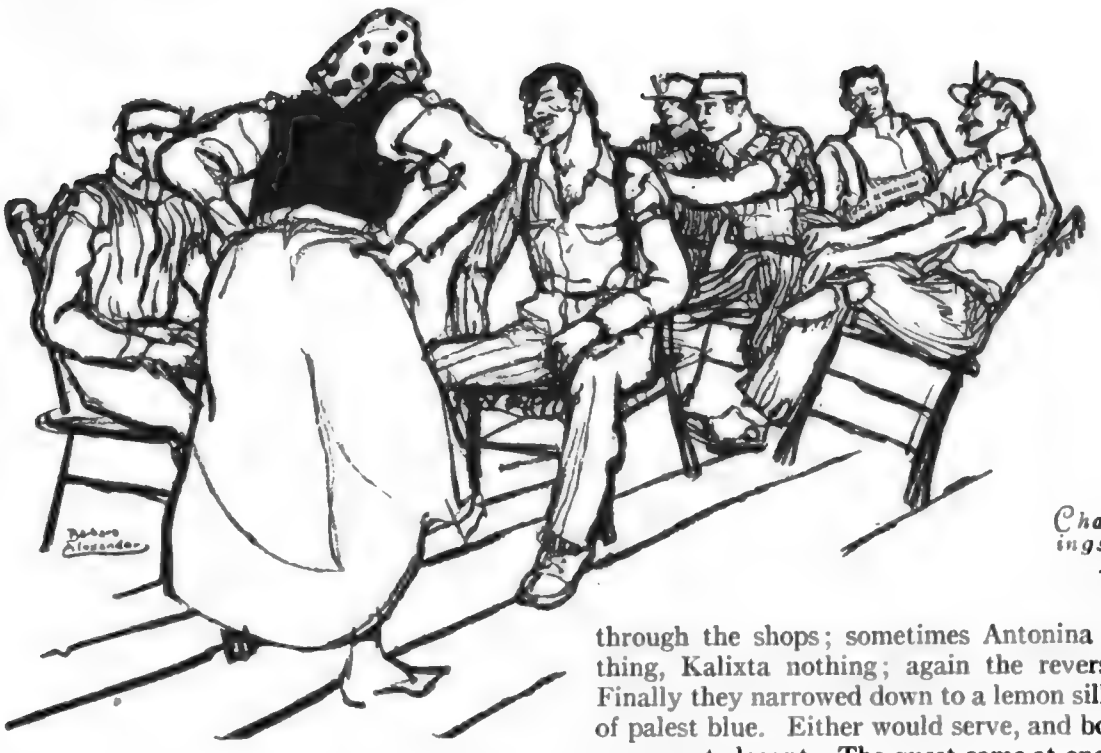

Charcoal drawings by Barbara Alexander.

me. I'll kill her! I'll tear her tongue out, the little snail!"

At this amazing show of temper Kalixta recovered his wits. He pulled himself together and forced a smile.

"Nonsense. It is nothing, nothing at all. That is, it was very long ago. It comes to nothing. I had forgotten it."

"Forgotten? Let me get at her, though, and she would not forget, I can tell you. Oh, I hate you, hate you! Go hunt up your girl. Buy your veils for her; I won't wear them."

Kalixta turned to the woman behind the counter. "I'll take four yards," he said, and laid down a greenback.

Antonina understood the action, if not the words. She sprang forward, snatching at the money, but struck Kalixta's outstretched arm instead.

"Not for me! You need not buy it for me!" she almost wailed.

"It is cut already. And it is for you to wear; for no one else. I have told the truth about that other one. She preferred a richer man; he has two stores and a saloon, and his brother is of the police. She did not like me. So that was all. You are prettier than she was, Antonina. I have not seen her since Easter, and I shall not think about her unless you keep talking about it."

Antonina threw the fringed ends of her shawl over her eyes and moaned:

"I wish I had died on the ship. I wish there was no America. And I wish things would go nicely, since I have to be alive. Oh, I had better become a nun!"

"A nun with a marriage license; a very fine idea, though it comes late. Well, we must choose the cloth for your nun's dress; the dressmaker is hired for tomorrow, and she can make that as well as anything."

There followed a wearisome and prolonged journey through the shops; sometimes Antonina liked everything, Kalixta nothing; again the reverse was true. Finally they narrowed down to a lemon silk and a voile of palest blue. Either would serve, and both materials were most elegant. The quest came at once to a choice between these fabrics.

"The yellow is a silk one, to be sure. Still——"

"The blue is wider, Kalixta."

"Oh, if you want the yellow, say so."

"But what do you think?"

"Myself, I like blue for a colour."

"So you said this morning. Tell me now—would you have bought *her* a blue dress?"

"Bought whom a dress?"

"Her. Your girl, I mean. Quick, tell me!"

"How do I know?" cried the poor fellow, pushed to the wall. "How do I know? Who ever heard of such questions? The girl chooses and the man pays; that is the custom, and that is all I know about it. Blue or pink, how do I know? Green, red, yellow, and black, and the old devil take them all!"

"Then why did you want me to take the yellow?" she persisted.

"I didn't. I thought—but it's no matter, either. Only, the blue is the colour of your eyes."

The girl stood silent, considering the bolts of cloth before her. Her hands trembled slightly as she touched a fold or two. Secretly, her soul coveted a silk dress of whatever colour or pretensions; but a man, especially in this new, unreverent America, could not be expected to understand that. She sighed, but her choice was made.

"Kalixta."

"Well?"

"I take the blue. It *is* the prettiest colour."

"Oh, very good; I am glad you are suited, girl. Shall I tell the woman to cut it?"

"Yes, tell her. And, Kalixta?"

"Speak it."

"I—I will not be a nun just yet—not if you are nice to me, I think."

Again that thrill of mastery, and with it a leap of the blood that checked speech when he would have

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The bride locked her fingers together and pressed the knuckles upon her lips, crowding back the cries that rose. Something in his eyes forbade her to scream. He was very pale and scowling a little.

"I sent a boy to hurry two carriages. One man and one girl are here already and they will stand up with us. We cannot wait for the rest; we must be married very quickly, so I can get back to the shaft."

"Kalixta, Kalixta! I cannot have you go. Not today—just this one time not. I think you will be killed if you go today."

"That will be as it will be. I am necessary there. The rock fell. Five men are shut in, so they say. Two of them have three children each. I boss the men who set timbers, because the bosses cannot talk Lithuish; and some of my fellows forget English when they are excited. I must hurry. Are you almost ready? I have the ring, and there are roses downstairs that you carry in your hand."

"All but the veil. You can fasten that for me. Put it in place and pin it."

THE MAN LIFTED the filmy stuff, but with trembling fingers. Blue eyes and gray met in a long look; and sorrow sat strangely upon both young faces. Kalixta threw the veil aside and took her by the shoulders.

"I think——" he pondered, speaking very low, "you care as much—about my going—as if you cried and screamed."

It was as natural and simple to rest in his arms, to cling to him, to wait his kisses, as though the habit had been of months' usage instead of days'. And to Kalixta, standing within the shadow of trouble, this gentleness was hurt and healing both. She was a bride to creep into a man's heart, his girl, a bride to live for. But what bitter comfort, when one measured life by minutes!

Two carriages drew up by the gate. The man raised the golden head from his breast.

"Come. It is time to go."

A more hurried wedding the neighbourhood had not witnessed in years. The cabmen knew the urgency and drove at speed. At the church the little party of four entered to hear the priest conclude the marriage of another pair, so that no time was lost in waiting for him to robe himself.

The ring was upon Antonina's finger and the marriage records signed. The waiting coaches stood at the curb. Kalixta turned to his best man and spoke in English:

"We've got no time to get a wedding picture taken. Maybe this afternoon, if I get out before dark. You and Mame go and get some candy an' peanuts if you want to. You needn't mind for me; you know I can't stop." And then in the Lithuanian tongue, "Get in, Antonina. They can do as they please." He slammed the door.

"You can be married much more quickly by means of carriages," ventured Antonina, with trembling lips.

Kalixta nodded; he was above the need of small talk. He slipped an arm about the little figure in the gay blue dress.

"Be a good girl and listen. There are some things I want to say to you. In case I do not come back——"

"*Deja!* Do not speak it!"

"——Yes, yes! Well, Joszef will take care of you, for a while at least. Here is my book that keeps my money in the bank. You can get the money as you need it; Gracie will tell you how. Then here is my watch. It is gold. Put it in my trunk and lock it—here is the key—but remember to wind it once a day. I shall change my clothes as soon as I get back to the house, so you take it now. I think that is all."

Antonina raised his hand and kissed it.

"And you will not forget me, little immigrant?"

"Never, never!"

"There is the house now; it is only a short ride. The yard is full of bridesmaids that turned up too late to be used."

"Don't look at them. Look at me."

"I have looked till my heart is full. Kiss me once more, girl. This is the parting, then; not before all those people."

"Twice, if you had asked it," the bride replied. The ghost of her old smile challenged him even in this extremity.

"I left my working clothes in the shed. I will change there and not go through the house."

"Yes. And I go upstairs. I will shut the door and cry and say my prayers. I could not stand Gracie's talk."

"Stay by the window, then, till I go. I will look up and see you. But I do not want you to come running over to the shaft with the rest of the women."

The carriage had stopped and the driver opened the door. She answered only by a nod. Kalixta paid the man, and they two stood face to face upon the sidewalk.

"It was lucky," said the bridegroom inconsequently, "that I was not drunk when the boss sent word. A man needs a clear head. I used to say that I would make the biggest drunk of my life at my own wedding; but when the time came the thing seemed different, somehow. A man changes with a wife on his mind. I don't know why. Well—with God!"

ANTONINA LOOKED UP AT HIM, and the passion of her whole heart was in her eyes. "I shall stay here until you come, Kalixta. Because you must come back to me, to me! Go now, but do not be long. With God!"

From her window Antonina watched the groups of wedding guests stirring in excited converse. Then came the tall black-clad figure that lifted a tired face towards her and swung off to the shaft at a trot.

Remonstrance and wailing filled the house. Then the dinner being left untouched, the company with one accord followed the bridegroom. From houses all along the street women and children poured to join the crowd. It was a story, tell it as you might in any of the half-dozen languages, that appealed to all the pity and the romance of the neighbourhood.

The twelve-o'clock whistle blew; then half-past twelve; then one. The bride, crouching upon the strip of carpet by the bed saw the hour hand of Kalixta's

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watch creep on to two; but still the street was empty and there came no news.

Past three o'clock, and still no running crowds, no tidings. But far down the street came a black figure, lamp yet alight in the full glare of day, hurrying home with a swing of the shoulders that set her heart to pounding.

Prayers, grief, and waiting vanished. In an instant the world went rose-colour and flame; for joy, to Antonina's sort, obliterates all other thought, and causes sorrow to be forgotten.

Down the stairs and down the path she sped, holding up her train by instinct, that it might not hinder her. Down the road she went, a mad, gay, flying figure. Kalixta, with a miner's prudence, tore the blazing lamp from his cap as she came.

There followed a greeting such as must have gratified the most romantic dweller in the settlement, had anyone remained behind the empty windowpanes to see and tell it. Regardless of her fineries, Antonina clung to the tall youth in sooty clothes. Kalixta, on his part, held her close; his broken whisper crimsoned her temples.

"And you are not hurt?"

"Not hurt. We got the men out living, and all but one able to walk. As soon as I saw the place I knew how we could do it. I do not know why I was so full of despair this morning."

"Despair," repeated the little bride. "Yes; I had three hours of it. Well, it is past, and you are back again. There remains——"

"What? The dinner? Dancing?"

Kalixta's laugh held the ring of mastership; and, with the new docility which answered, Antonina changed her sentence.

"To make you forget it."

King Solomon and the Blacksmith

An Old Hebrew Legend

And when Solomon and his guests had arrived at the place of the feast, they beheld a man, clad in the garb and covered with the soil of labour, seated in the chair of honour not yet awarded.

And the king waxed wroth, and said, "What manner of man art thou? Why comest thou thus unseemingly and unbidden to our feast, where none are invited save the chief workers on the temple?"

And the man answered and said, "Please you, I came not unbidden. Was it not proclaimed that this day the chief workmen of the temple dine with the king? Therefore am I come."

And when the man had thus spoken, the guests talked with each other, and he who carved the cherubim spake aloud and said, "This fellow is no sculptor. I know him not."

And he who inlaid the roof with pure gold said, "Neither is he of those who work in refined metals. I know him not."

And he who wrought in raising the walls said, "He belongs not with those who are cutters of stone. He is not of us."

And one who laboured in shaping the timbers for the roof said, "We who are cunning in cedar wood, and know the mystery of joining strange timbers together, know him not. He is not of us."

Then said King Solomon, "How sayest thou now? Wherefore should I not have thee plucked by the beard, scourged with a scourge, and stoned with stones, even unto death?"

But the man was nowise daunted, and he rose from his seat, and came to where the wine was set, and took a cup of the wine and raised it high and spake aloud, saying, "O king! live forever!" He then drank long until the cup was emptied.

He now returned to the seat and spake to the guests who had rebuked him, and unto the chief of the carvers of stone, "Who made the instruments with which you carve?"

And he answered, "The Blacksmith."

And to the chief of the workers in wood he said, "Who made the tools with which you felled the cedars of Lebanon, and shaped them into pillars and roof for the temple?"

And he also answered, "The Blacksmith."

Then he spoke to the artificer in gold and ivory and precious stones, saying:

"Who fashioned the instruments with which you wrought beautiful ornaments for my lord the king?"

And he too made answer the same, "The Blacksmith."

Then said the man to King Solomon, "Behold, O king! *I* am he who, when men deride, they call me Blacksmith, but when they would honour me, call me Son of the Forge. These craftsmen say truly that I am not of them: I am their superior. Without *my* labour first, *their* labour could not be."

"Son of the Forge," said Solomon, "I, too, honour thee, thou worthy successor of the great master, Tubal Cain. Take thou this seat at my right hand prepared for the most worthy. It is thy due."

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Carroll Holliday

Palmettos

Folk-songs of Georgia Negroes

Collected by R. W. GORDON

These negro spirituals, a fragment from a great collection made during the past few years along the Georgia coast, are not in the precise form in which they were sung to me. I have used the pruning knife freely, removing ineffective stanzas, and trimming back most of the ever-present repetition. Whatever beauty, whatever strange effectiveness may appear in these songs, was already there; I have added nothing to it. My task has been to preserve it and to make it stand out a little more sharply on the printed page.

—R. W. GORDON.

MY BENDING KNEE is a-aching,
My body rock with pain;
If you call yourself a son of God
Sweet Heaven is your home!

My brudder, you better believe
It's a long time a-walkin' on de crosses!
My brudder, you better believe
I'm goin' to get to Heaven by-an'-bye!

W'en de Lord call Fadder Adam
Fadder Adam he 'fuse ter answer,
But de secon' time He call him
Fadder Adam say, "Lord, I hear yo' now!"

My head has de feber,
An' my body rocked wid pain,
But I call myself a chile o' God
Sweet Heaven is ma home!

I RUN ALL de way,
I run all de way,
Oh, I run all de way
To hear archangels shouting!

Moses, Moses, don't get lost,
Hear de archangels shouting!
Stretch yore rod an' come across,
Hear de archangels shouting!

Heaven is a bright an' glorious place,
You get to Heaven, you'll never turn back.

Hell is a dark an' dismal place,
If you get there you'll never get out.

I hear a mighty singin' in de sky,
Moses an' de Isrealites passin' by.

I hear a mighty rumblin' undergroun',
It is de ole Debil turnin' aroun'.

Take care, brudder, how you walk on de cross,
Ef yer foot get slip, your soul will be lost!

Oh, I run all de way,
I run all de way,
I run all de way
To hear archangels shouting!

YES, BUT, go 'long, father,
I know you're gone befo' me.
You can't reach-a no higher in glory!
Ef yo' get there
Befo' Ah do,
A-tell-a ma Lord
Ah'm comin' too.
Goin' ter bear my 'fliction
Like ole Job.
Yes, when Ah get to Heaven 'spect to wear ma robe!
Been-a sometimes up,
An'-a sometimes down,
Sometimes almos' a-level wid de groun'.

But wasn't dat a witness for ma Lord!
Wasn't dat a witness
For ma Lord!

You hypocrite,
You concubine,
You live
Among-a da swine!
Try to go to God
Wid yer thievin' tongue
An' leav'-a yor heart behin'!
An' dat ain't all,
I got more besides.

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Dat ain't all,
Ah got
More besides!
Up in de Heaven
Gwine to take-a ma stan',
Gwine chat along Satan like a nachul man,
Gwine ter arger wid de Father,
Chatter wid de Son,
Talk about de worl' dat I jes' come frum!

Wasn't dat a witness for ma Lord!
Wasn't dat a witness
For ma Lord!

Ah-h-hhh,
De windin' sheet
Gwine wind ma limbs,
De coffin lid gwine hol' me down,
See dat hearse
A-backin' to ma do'.
Take ma body to de buryin' groun'.
When you hear
Ma coffin soun'
Den you know I'm under groun',
When you hear
Ma coffin soun'
Den you know I'm *body bound!*

Well, wasn't dat a witness for ma Lord!
Wasn't dat a witness
For ma Lord!

When I'm on my sick-bed
Nobody visit me,
But now I'm goin' to de graveyard
Everybody follow me!

Won't you lower my pillow lower,
Lower, lower, lower.
Won't you lower my pillow lower—
I ain't goin' to die no more!

Oh brother, won't you lower my pillow lower,
Lower—lower—lower——
Won't you lower my pillow lower—
Lord, I ain't goin' to die no more!

O the city light the lamp, an' de Lamp light de road,
An' I wisht I was there to yere Jerdan roll!
Roll Jerdan roll, O roll Jerdan roll
Lord, I wisht I was there—to yere Jerdan roll!

O the city dressed with gold, an' the white marble stone,
I wish I was there, Lord, to yere Jerdan roll!

Lord I pray, I pray, an' I can't hol' out,
Lord I pray, an' I pray, an' I can't hol' out;
Lord I pray, I pray, an' I can't hol' out,
An' I don' want to be here no longer!

Yes, Lord, you dig my grave wid a silver spade,
Oh yes, Lord!
Lord, I ill, I ill, an' I can't hol' out,
An' I don' want to be here no longer!

Lord, you let me down wid a golden chain,
Yes, ma Lord!
Lord, I ill, I ill, an' I can't hol' out,
An' I don' want to be here no longer!

Lord I moan, I moan, an' I can't hol' out,
Yes, Lord God!
Lord I pray, an' I pray, an' I can't hol' out,
An' I don' want to be here no longer!

Graveyard, you ought to know me,
Graveyard, O graveyard!
I one o' de graveyard minders,
O ring, Jerusalem!

I'm goin' to change like de good old palm tree,
I'm goin' down to de river o' Jerdan,
I will meet at Zion's courthouse
One o' these days!

I'm goin' to climb the hills an' mountains,
I'm goin' to see my Heavenly Master,
I will sit up in de Heavens
One o' these days!

I'm goin' to wing an' wing with the angels,
I'm goin' to sit right 'side Elijah,
I'm goin' up to meet my mother
One o' these days!

I'm goin' to shake glad hands with the angels,
I'm goin' to eat at the welcome table,
I'm goin' to tell my mother "Howdy!"
One o' these days.

I'm goin' to meet with my Blessed Saviour,
I'm goin' to tell God 'bout my troubles,
Then we'll talk the story over
One o' these days!

I got made up in-a ma min'
Lord, I'm goin' to *live* right!—*die* right!
I got made up in-a ma min'
Goin' ter cross Jerdan in a *calm* time!

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Walt Whitman and "Leaves of Grass"

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

Cranberry Street in Brooklyn (neighboured by Orange and Pineapple) has its unprepossessing terminus at Fulton in the shadow of the elevated railroad. The region is an admirable instance of the commercial atrophy that overtakes any quarter of a large city that is just off several beaten paths. The bustle of business is all about, but lower Fulton Street contributes little of that bustle, and Cranberry less. Almost at the corner itself the girders of the elevated spread into a broad fan of steel that is the beginning of the superstructure of Brooklyn Bridge, but the way to the bridge does not lie here. A few yards to the east stands Plymouth Congregational, most famous church in this City of Churches, and, not far beyond, Brooklyn Heights offers the finest obtainable prospect of the lower Manhattan skyline, particularly a few minutes before five on a clear day in late December. Fulton Street, having sowed its solitary Cranberry, struggles out of this dingy backwash to attain respectability at Borough Hall, a quarter of a mile away, and thence plethoric prosperity as the great shopping thoroughfare of the largest borough of the metropolis—larger by a shade than Manhattan, which the true Brooklynite still calls New York.

Six years before the flag was run down at Sumter the vicinity of Cranberry and Fulton must have been far more inviting. There was no elevated railroad to shut light out and noise in. There was no Brooklyn Bridge—one went to New York by ferry, as one who finds adventure in novelty may still do. A young minister named Henry Ward Beecher had occupied the pulpit of Plymouth Church for seven years and was to continue his pastorate there for the thirty-three of life that remained to him.

In the building on the north corner of Cranberry and Fulton was the printing office of Andrew and James Rome. The quarters were small, but they were large enough to enable the Romes, who evidently were an accommodating crowd, to permit a slow-moving, bearded six-footer of thirty-six—a friend of theirs called Walter Whitman, who lived up on Ryerson Street—to stand before a case with a stick in his hand and fuss with the types. This Whitman, however, was no curious idler who merely wanted to see the wheels of a print shop go round. A jack of many trades, he was as much a printer as he was anything else. In these early summer days of 1855 he was getting ready to publish a book of poems—poems not wholly composed in the distilled quiet of solitude, but often in such a shoulder-rubbing workshop as a Broadway omnibus or his beloved Fulton ferry. And, since he had little money and nothing much to do, and knew type (the Romes lent a hand now and then between jobs), why shouldn't he handle his own copy?

At home, Whitman was called Walt to distinguish him from his father, who had been Walter before him. He had been born at West Hills, thirty miles back on Long Island, some three months after the Floridas had been ceded to the United States, and while the struggle that produced the Missouri Compromise was being waged in Congress, to terminate in the fond belief that the slavery puzzle was out of politics forever. The family soon moved into Brooklyn, where Walt had a little rudimentary schooling before he became a lawyer's errand boy, and then a handy man in a doctor's office. Soon he turned printer, and subsequently (after an interval of country school teaching) newspaper editor. He reached his apex in this activity early in 1846 with his appointment to the editorship of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, in which situation he was blessed, by his own admission, with "a good owner, good pay, and easy work and hours." This Elysium was too good to last; the good owner (his name was Isaac Van Anden) found matter for dispute in January, 1848; there were "rows with the boss and 'the party' and I lost my place." There was a casual meeting with the editor of the New Orleans *Crescent* in the lobby of the Broadway Theatre; "after fifteen minutes' talk (and a drink) we made a formal bargain." The Southern invasion lasted only a few months. Home again, Whitman tried editing, then lecturing, then helping his father build and sell houses in what was then nethermost Brooklyn. This construction venture was evidently no very hectic enterprise, and must have subsided into a coma half way through 1855, when Whitman took the copy for his book of poems to the Rome plant.

This was not, in all strictness, his first excursion into literature. Thirteen years earlier he had produced *Franklin Evans; or The Inebriate. A Tale of the Times*—produced it, clearly, to order. Of this attempt "to aid the great work of Reform, and rescue Young Men from the demon of Intemperance," issued as a paper-bound supplement to the *New World*, some twenty-five thousand copies are reputed to have been sold. Whitman, as a consistent patron of Pfaff's Restaurant on Broadway, where he enjoyed the pleasant reputation of being "never tipsy and never broke," must have written the thing with his tongue in his cheek and all his eyes on the two hundred dollars or so which its composition earned for him. In after days he was invariably delighted to have the conversation shift from a discussion of his first and only

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novel. The Dickens influence in *Franklin Evans* has been remarked; it is interesting to note that the special *New World* supplement which immediately preceded the Whitman production (both were published in November, 1842) was Dickens's *American Notes*, of which the periodical's proprietors claimed to have disposed of fifty thousand copies within a month of its appearance.

The new book on which Whitman was working in the Rome shop in the middle of 1855 was called *Leaves of Grass*, and it was issued in July. Physically as well as spiritually it was a remarkable and sturdy product. It contained only ninety-five pages, ten of them devoted to a preface set two columns to the page which, by pure word-count, was longer than all of the text. The other eighty-five pages were given over to twelve untitled poems (strictly speaking, each separate poem was entitled *Leaves of Grass*) set in full measure, the width of the page necessitating an unusually small proportion of broken lines. The typographic effect was striking and majestic; its dignified austerity was in perfect harmony with the opening lines:

> I celebrate myself,
> And what I assume you shall assume,
> For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

For all the book's thinness—covers included, it was barely a half-inch thick—it was bound with a substantiality that would have supported a ponderous compilation of court records. The covers were of dark green cloth over stout boards, measuring eleven and three-eighths by eight inches. On front and back covers alike was an ornate conventional design embodying leaves of anything but grass, surrounded by a triple-rule gold border. Just above the centre were the words *Leaves of Grass* in gold, the letters in a novel rustic pattern, and each supplied with a fringe of trailing roots. On the backstrip appeared *Leaves of Grass* in gold, and five ornamental leaf groups in gold outline. All three edges were trimmed and gilt. The end leaves were a heavy marbled paper. It was not a cheaply made book.

The inventory of this lavishness merits making for the reason that it was not in evidence in all copies of the first edition. In some the title was stamped in gold on the front cover only, the gold rules were omitted both front and back, and the gold outlines from the leaves on the backstrip; all three edges were plain, the end papers were a common yellow. The inference is obvious: not all the copies were bound at once; when it became apparent that the enterprise was not to be a commercial success, the author-printer, his aspirations now tempered by conservatism, had the remaining copies bound with greater economy. It was not the era of "angels"; there was no one to play Mæcenas to Walt Whitman's Horace save Walt Whitman himself.

For Whitman had little enough to throw into the venture save unquenchable faith and the ability to set type and pull a proof. By setting the type he saved the entire cost of composition; somehow he managed

Courtesy of Mitchell Kennerley and Alfred F. Goldsmith

to secure paper and a design for his cover and get his binding done—the names of the actual benefactors are unknown, and will doubtless forever remain so. Quite possibly as good a mixer as himself could get all this service for next to nothing or at cost. But the whole business was a shoestring enterprise, and the strands of the shoestring were good will.

Whether or not *Leaves of Grass* was published anonymously is an excellent topic for discussion among those who shudder at a split infinitive and rejoice at a split hair. True, no author's name adorned the title page or the binding—the former read simply *Leaves of Grass. Brooklyn, New York: 1855.* But facing the title-page was a frontispiece engraved from one of the most famous daguerreotypes in the history of American letters—the three-quarter figure of a bearded man in his thirties, in shirt sleeves, collar open and unfettered by cravat, black soft hat inclining toward the left ear, knuckles of right hand on hip, left hand in trousers pocket, the whole pose one

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of dignified swagger. This portrait was not titled, but any dunderhead would know it represented the author. The copyright, one learned on the reverse of the title-page, had been entered "by Walter Whitman." On page twenty-nine the reader was told of "Walt Whitman, an American, one of the roughs, a kosmos"; two pages further on the author declared that "speech . . . provokes me forever. It says sarcastically, 'Walt, you understand yourself . . . why don't you let it out then?'" On page ninety-two were biographical and personal details; it appeared that the writer "was born on the 1st day of May, 1819 . . . and that I grew six feet high . . . and that I have become a man thirty-six years old in 1855."

EXACTLY HOW MANY copies of the first edition were printed is not known—almost certainly fewer than nine hundred, possibly as few as five hundred. The price was set at two dollars—a somewhat forbidding figure in a day when one would soon be able to buy Mr. Longfellow's *Song of Hiawatha* for one dollar and could already buy Mr. Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* for seventy-five cents. Later, still without clogging the bookshops with customers, the price was cut half.

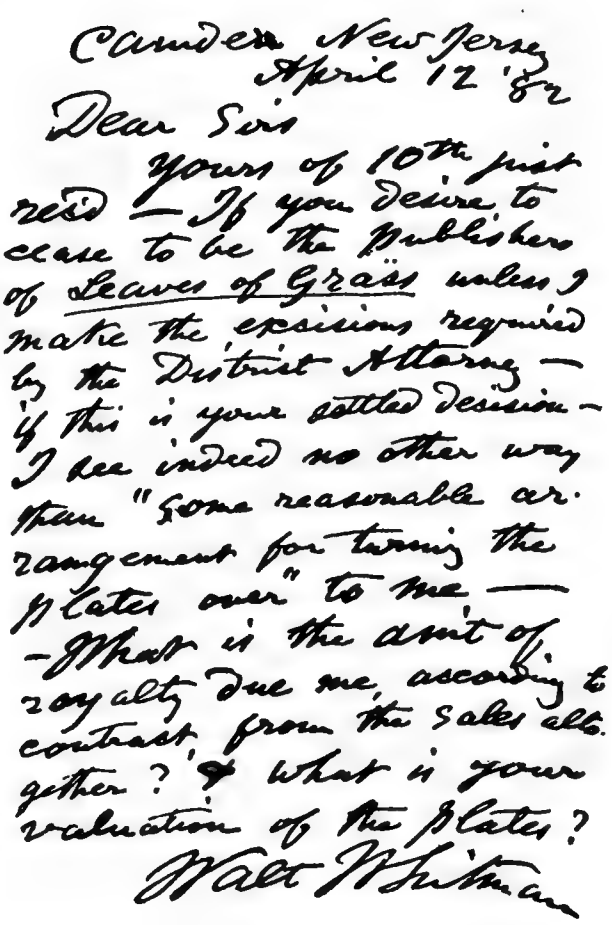
Of the distribution and sale of the book little is known beyond the essential and inescapable fact that, however thorough the distribution may have been, there was virtually no sale. Copies were placed with the two bookstores of William W. Swayne, on Fulton Street, Brooklyn, and also with the publishing and bookselling establishment of Fowler and Wells of 308 Broadway, New York. This firm presumably supplied its branches in Philadelphia and Boston and its agencies throughout the country, stretching all the way to the boom town of San Francisco.

The closest approach to a land-office business (and a rather distant approach) must have been done by the Old Corner Bookstore of Boston, thanks to the energetic enthusiasm of Ralph Waldo Emerson. In preparing his study of *Walt Whitman: His Life and Work*, Professor Bliss Perry used a copy of the 1855 edition which William F. Channing (son of the great William Ellery) had bought there on Emerson's recommendation, and Professor Perry adds that Theodore Parker's copy, now in the Boston Public Library, probably was bought at the same shop. Emerson's own copy, of course, was sent him by Whitman, but Emerson certainly bought (at the Old Corner Bookstore) the copy he gave to F. B. Sanborn of Concord and the one he sent to Carlyle. It is reasonably certain that he bought and distributed several additional copies—one to Arthur Hugh Clough, among others.

It was not, however, through the agency of Emerson's distinguished friends that *Leaves of Grass* had its popular introduction into England. When, with a not unusual first-book-of-poetry obstinacy, the product declined to sell, the inevitable occurred. The unsold copies were remaindered, apparently as early as the end of 1855. Now the English representatives of Fowler and Wells were Horsell & Co. of Oxford Street, London, and copies of the first edition are known which bear a slip reading, "London: Wm. Horsell, 492, Oxford-street" pasted across the middle of the title page. At the top of the title page of one copy bearing the Horsell label is the inscription, "W. M. Rossetti from W. B. S. Xmas 1856," and this particular copy is perhaps the most important Christmas present in the history of American literature. For by this gift Whitman was introduced to the other half of the English-speaking world.

W. B. S. was William Bell Scott, pre-Raphaelite poet and painter, and he describes in his *Autobiographical Notes*, published in 1892, two years after his death, how the historic volume came into his possession. In America, he explains, the book had been "ignored by all booksellers, who declined at first even to lay it on their counters"; subsequently he goes further and declares that the book "was never seen on the counter . . . of any American bookseller"—neither statement is exact, after the manner of many inclusive generalizations.

Apparently Horsell remaindered most of the copies that reached England, because some of them turned up as far away as Sunderland, two hundred and fifty miles from London and close to the Scottish border. There an eccentric merchant of odds and ends was trying to dispose of them by Dutch auction: that is, reducing the price by a certain figure from day to day until a buyer


Camden New Jersey
April 12 '82
Dear Sirs
Yours of 10th inst
recd — If you desire to
cease to be the Publishers
of Leaves of Grass unless I
make the excisions required
by the District Attorney —
if this is your settled decision —
I see indeed no other way
than "some reasonable ar-
rangement for turning the
Plates over" to me —
What is the amt of
royalty due me, according to
contract, from the Sales alto-
gether? & what is your
valuation of the Plates?
Walt Whitman

A letter from Whitman to his publisher following the suppression of Leaves of Grass *in Boston.*

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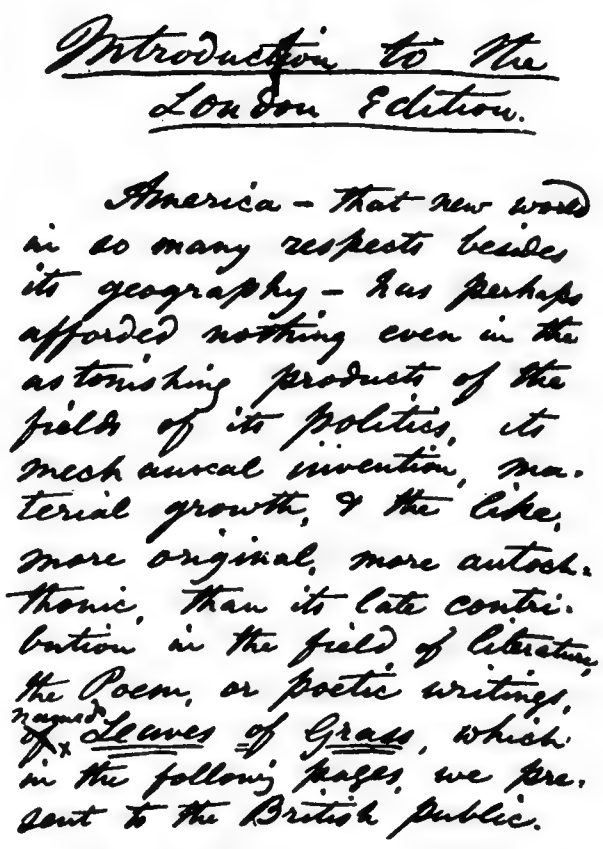
appeared. "Thomas Dixon," continues Scott, "my constant friend, a perceptive man and a public-spirited, though then only a working cork-cutter, sent the book to me as a curiosity." Scott subsequently "invested in several copies," and "the one I sent to W. M. R. was the cause of his editing the English edition, which raised Whitman into a celebrity."

Scott exaggerates slightly, if unintentionally, when he declares that it was the 1868 London edition of *Poems by Walt Whitman* which raised the author "into a celebrity." Emerson had performed that substantial service for him thirteen years before. Completely won by his perusal of the copy of the first edition which Whitman had sent him, he addressed to Whitman, on July 21, 1855, the most enthusiastic letter that poetic novitiate ever received from contemporary Olympian. "I am not blind to the wonderful worth of the gift of 'Leaves of Grass,'" it began, and among the striking phrases that would have brought joy to an advertising copy writer (and did bring joy to the keen publicity sense of Whitman) were these: "The most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed," "incomparable things, said incomparably well," "the solid sense of the book is a sober certainty." But most pleasing of all to Whitman's vanity were the words: "I greet you at the beginning of a great career."


Introduction to the London Edition.

America – that new world in so many respects beside its geography – has perhaps afforded nothing even in the astonishing products of the field of its politics, its mechanical invention, material growth, & the like, more original, more autoch-thonic, than its late contribution in the field of Literature, the Poem, or poetic writings, named Leaves of Grass, which in the following pages, we here, sent to the British public.

Manuscript of Whitman's Introduction to the London Edition of Leaves of Grass*—1868.*

When, more than a year later, the second edition of *Leaves of Grass* was issued, this fulsome ten-word testimonial was emblazoned on that part of the book where it would do the most good—the bottom of the backstrip—with due credit to Emerson. The propriety of the thing has been abundantly debated; it is enough to say that some slight defense at least can be advanced for an apparently gross violation of good taste. Emerson's own final appraisal of the incident is matter for conjecture; certainly the subsequent relations of the two men could not have been more cordial if the famous letter had never been exploited.

Whitman did more than reproduce the Emerson endorsement on the backstrip of the new edition. He had the whole letter put in type and several copies run off—how many is uncertain. Surmounting the text on these single sheets was a bracketed heading in small italics which read: "Copy for the convenience of private reading only"—one may imagine just how private Whitman wanted the reading to be.

More important, from both the biographical and bibliographical points of view, are the reasons for the publication of a second edition. In an appendix to this edition called "Leaves-Droppings" Whitman reproduced the Emerson letter and a reply (dated thirteen months later) which declared, among other things, that he had printed "a thousand copies" of the 1855 edition "and they readily sold." The thousand copies were certainly a severe exaggeration, the ready sale was the most blatant ballyhoo. The book had attracted some notice in the press, favourable, unfavourable and bewildered, but it had not sold. Whitman had collected these notices (including three written by himself) and bound them up in later copies of the 1855 edition, but book-buying America remained unimpressed.

Why, then, a second edition? Because Whitman had a big bulk of fresh manuscript, and because he was now prepared to devote his means, his life (as, with few intermissions, he did devote it) to adding to the store of his *Leaves* and getting the product before the public. Never was such an author-salesman in the history of literature. A campaign had begun that lasted to the day of his death, its phases marked, as Alfred F. Goldsmith, compiler, with Carolyn Wells, of *A Concise Bibliography of the Works of Walt Whitman* has noted, by the publication of a new edition of *Leaves of Grass* at approximately five-year intervals—1856, 1860-'61, 1867, 1871, 1876, 1881-'82, 1888. Thereafter the dates of publication fall closely enough together to signalize acceptance, though the old warrior did not yield the struggle even when it was won.

"I firmly believe," A. Edward Newton once asserted, "that the first edition of the *Leaves of Grass* will reach a higher figure than any other important book published in the nineteenth century." When this declaration was written, in 1924, *Leaves of Grass* was selling in the auction market at two hundred dollars or less (generally less). Recently several copies have sold at auction at close to $3,500, amply bearing out the trend of Mr. Newton's prophecy. Whitman, could he return to earth, would be gratified by all this recognition, but not, perhaps, startled out of complacency. For his was the faith that moves mountains of unsalable books.

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Remembered from the Play

"Dynamo"

Reuben Light—What the preachers call God is in Electricity somewhere—and I'm going to give up my life to finding it. But I won't find it in books. I know that now. They help, but they don't go back far enough. They're outside. You've got to get inside it, somehow—go back in it, and *be* it! Did you ever watch dynamos? What I mean is *in* them! They stand for it the same way the old stone statues stood for gods—but the dynamos are living, and the statues were only dead stone. *Dead* stone? Stones are atoms, and atoms are alive! These old gods were electricity in the end, too!

Rev. Hutchins Light—My dear man, if you prefer the perverted nonsense that you are the descendant of a filthy monkey, rather than believe that a wonder-working God created you in His image——

Ramsay Fife—I'd rather, a damn sight. For, as the remote descendant of the ape I've come a long distance up and made a man of myself, while as the image of God I've come down in the world, and I'm the greatest failure that ever was!

Rev. Hutchins Light—They are the new false Gods, my dear sir. Dynamos and Electricity in general. There is some Satanic evil influence at work in them. I have become convinced lately, after much study and meditation, that the Machine is undoubtedly either the Beast or the Dragon prophesied in the Book of Revelations—both manifestations of Satan. Materially it helps us, while spiritually it degrades us to the level of swine!

Reuben Light—Did you ever think that all life comes down to electricity in the end, Ada? And that the man who first really knows it will know the secret of life and have power over everything?

By Eugene O'Neill, New York, 1929.

"Meet the Prince"

Angela Battersby—It is ridiculous of you to pretend you're fat. Why do you?

Jennifer—I don't. No woman pretends she's fat. But every woman over thirty is—afraid.

Angela—It's never difficult to feel patriotic.

Jennifer—True. At least it's never difficult to feel how very unpatriotic other people are.

Prince Michael—A European war is an impossibility just now. The big countries dislike each other so much that there are no Allies, and without Allies how can you have a really good war? So we little countries keep the pot boiling. Our season opens in March. If we declare war first, we export soldiers. If the enemy declares war first, we import them. At the close of the season, in October, we export journalists and import Boundary Commissioners.

Robert Holt—I am an Englishman—take it or leave it.

Prince Michael—That is how England goes about the world. No wonder she is loved! And America, she says: "I am an American—gee! isn't that great?" And France, the most insular country in the world—France says, "I am a Frenchman—*pardon!*"

Prince Michael—If you say anything dogmatically enough, the other man is always a little doubtful of himself.

Prince Michael—If you are high enough and supposed not to want it, you can always get plenty of help in making money.

Simon Battersby—I suppose the post has come?

Angela Battersby—Yes.

Battersby—Nothing for me, I suppose?

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ANGELA—No.

BATTERSBY—I thought so. The number of people who sit down every morning and say, "I don't think I'll write to Battersby today" is positively startling. There must be well over forty million of 'em in England alone.

By A. A. Milne, London, 1924; New York, 1929.

"KATERINA"

GEORGE STIEBELEV—You don't understand anything! You think that in life only the strong are terrible and dangerous. No, my dear, the strong are terrible only to the weak and the insignificant. But to us—to the strong, to people like you and me—the insignificant are more terrible. How can Paul Koromislov take away from me a woman—my wife, if I am stronger than Koromislov, if I also have talents of my own, if I am just as sensible as he, and if our methods of struggle are the same? But a nonentity whom you don't fear, whom you don't even notice, because he crawls below your own level—a nonentity who has his own petty desires, who cannot be offended by anything, who gets in and accepts all sorts of insults, blinking his little eyes pathetically—such a nonentity is especially attractive to a woman, because she does not regard it a sin. Is he a man? He simply crawls over in the dark, and—— Afterwards they can drive him out, they can forget him absolutely, as only women can forget, forget so that they grow indignant if anybody dares remind them. "How? I? With him? Ridiculous!"

PAUL KOROMISLOV—Deceiving others, one deceives oneself, and in the end I never know whether I am deceived, or whether I have deceived some one else. Besides, what is the difference?

PAUL KOROMISLOV—We artists who paint women, and physicians who treat women, constitute two dangerous groups—that is, dangerous to the women. For men either know the women too well or they don't know them at all. . . .

By Leonid Andreyev, Moscow, 1913; New York, 1929.

"YOUNG ALEXANDER"

CLITUS—I'd give my life for Macedonia.

ALEXANDER (*later*, THE GREAT)—Why not begin by first giving your brains for her?

DARIUS III.—I have a world to lose—Alexander only his dreams.

By Hardwick Nevin, New York, 1929.

"FLIGHT"

MRS. LIVERMORE—The longer I live the more convinced I become that curiosity is *the* passion.

By Susan Meriwether and Victor Victor, New York, 1929.

"THE OCTOROON"

GEORGE PEYTON—How can you ask that vulgar ruffian to your table?

MRS. PEYTON—Hospitality in Europe is a courtesy; here it is an obligation. We tender food to a stranger, not because he is a gentleman, but because he is hungry.

SALEM SCUDDER (*showing his photographic apparatus*)—The apparatus cannot mistake. When I traveled round with this machine, the homely folks used to sing out, "Hillo, mister, this ain't like me!" "Ma'am," says I, "the apparatus cannot mistake." "But, mister, that ain't my nose!" "Ma'am, your nose drawed it. The machine cannot err—you may mistake your phiz, but the machine don't." "But, sir, it ain't agreeable." "No, ma'am, the truth seldom is."

ZOE (*The Octoroon*)—My mother was—no, no!—not her! Why should I refer the blame to her? George, do you see that hand you hold? Look at those fingers; do you see the nails are of a bluish tinge?

GEORGE PEYTON—Yes, near the quick there is a faint blue mark.

ZOE—Look in my eyes; is not the same colour in the whites?

GEORGE—It is their beauty.

ZOE—Could you see the roots of my hair, you would see the same dark, fatal mark. Do you know what it is?

GEORGE—No.

ZOE—That is the ineffaceable curse of Cain. Of the blood that feeds my heart, one drop in eight is black. Bright red as the rest may be, that one drop poisons all the flood; those seven bright drops give me love like yours—hope like yours—ambition like yours—life hung with passion like dewdrops on the morning flowers; but the one black drop gives me despair, for I am an unclean thing—forbidden by the laws. I'm an octoroon.

By Dion Boucicault, New York, 1859 (with Joseph Jefferson as "Salem Scudder"); revived, New York, 1929.

"MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH"

ADELAIDE—But surely you are not going without a word of good-bye, Mr. Swallow?

PETER SWALLOW—One word, lady, and that's all. Time and tide wait for no man, and in the end Death cuts down all! The moral is: get busy! . . . As a monumentalist, I'm right on the spot—with the goods! There's my card! One of these days you might be requiring a nice, up-to-date, artistic memorial. You can't tell! You English are pretty slow getting anwhere, but you do die! Look over our prices and you'll see why America heads the civilized world in the tombstone business.

By Harry James Fiske, New York, 1911; revived (with Mrs. Fiske again in the title rôle), New York, 1929.

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The Four Sons of Eve

By VICENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ

IT WAS THE END of the wheat harvest in the *Nácional*, a great Argentinian plantation. The men who had come from abroad to help gather the crops could not find shelter in the farm buildings used as permanent quarters by the peons who looked after the *estáncia* during the rest of the year. The sheds where the live stock was stabled in winter, the tool-houses and the barns which served to store the dry alfalfa, all had been converted into dormitories for the reapers. Despite these improvised accommodations, the barracks were so crowded that many preferred to sleep in the open air, using as a pillow the clothes-bag which contained all their worldly goods and accompanied them in their endless peregrinations.

There were men from every European country. Some of them, incurable vagabonds, driven over the earth by an unquenchable thirst for adventure, had stopped temporarily in the Argentinian *pámpa*—a matter of a few weeks—before wandering on to continue their restless existence in the Cape or in Australia. Others were simple Spanish or Italian peasants who had crossed the Atlantic, attracted by the stupendous novelty of earning six or eight dollars a day for work which in their native country was paid on a cent basis. The majority of the harvesters, however, belonged to the class which the native land-owners designate by the name of "swallow immigration"—poor human birds who, every year, when the first snows begin to cover the soil of their native land, leave the shores of Europe and start their flight across the sea toward the warmer climate of the southern hemisphere. They work hard throughout the summer and autumn, and when the glacial *pampero* wind begins to lash the vast plains, frightened by the approaching winter, they go back to their homes where the earth is reawakening with the first touch of spring. Every year they return, herded like cattle in the forepart of dirty tramp steamers. They work and save, thinking every moment of the distant country. They seem to slide over the soil of the Argentine Republic without securing a foothold or making any effort to take root there. When the harvest is over, they flee back to the point of departure, carrying in their sashes the product of their labour and fully resolved to come back the following year.

Drawings by Frank Boyd

The best hour of the day for the reapers of the *Nácional* was the evening meal. They would gather in groups drawn together by the ties of common origin or the more personal bonds of congeniality or comradeship. They ate in the open air, sitting around the smoking pot from which they filled their plates. Although the nights were warm, they would light huge fires and sit close to them, seeking the protection of the flames, and more especially of the smoke, against the ferocious mosquitoes, lords of the plain.

Some reapers who possessed an instinctive power of domination gradually became the chief leaders of their companions. Among these men, drawn from all the countries of the earth and gathered together in a remote corner of South America by the necessity of earning their daily bread and the ambition of larger profits, all the processes of social selection and all the variations of social values peculiar to a human group in its formative stages, took place in the course of a few days. . . . The born leaders, those who distinguished themselves above their fellows by some special gift, rose rapidly; some asserted themselves by their bravery, others by their eloquence, a few by their astuteness, and still others by their experience.

"Uncle Strap," a lean, bony old man, still strong despite his years, was the oracle of the Spanish labourers. His knowledge of life, his prudent counsel, his long familiarity with the Argentine Republic, where he went to work every year, had given him a certain reputation. He was a sort of patriarch among his countrymen, especially among the novices, and he took advantage of this privileged position to select the best place around the kettle at meal time, to appropriate the most comfortable spot to sleep, and to shirk part of his work, shifting it to one of his most fervent admirers.

He sat on the ground one day at twilight, watching his empty plate and drawing on a tight cigar which would not burn. Through his half-opened shirt could be seen his breast, covered by a wilderness of gray hairs. Around him, forming a semicircle, there were more than twenty-

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Vicente Blasco Ibáñez

Translated by José Padin

five Spanish reapers, their tanned faces reflecting the dying glow of the camp-fire. A few stars were beginning to glimmer in the purpling sky. The fields spread out, pale and vague in the uncertain light of dusk. Some had been harvested already and exhaled through the open wounds of their crust the heat stored in their bosom during the day; others had still their undulating mantles of spiked ears which were commencing to wave with the first puffs of the evening breeze. The agricultural machinery, viewed by the men from their position on the ground, against the dark red of the horizon—the last flicker of the setting sun—took on the shape of monstrous animals which seemed to issue from the mysterious depths of night. The tractors and the thrashers seemed to change their outlines in the gathering darkness, assuming the shape of the gigantic beasts that had inhabited these same plains in prehistoric times.

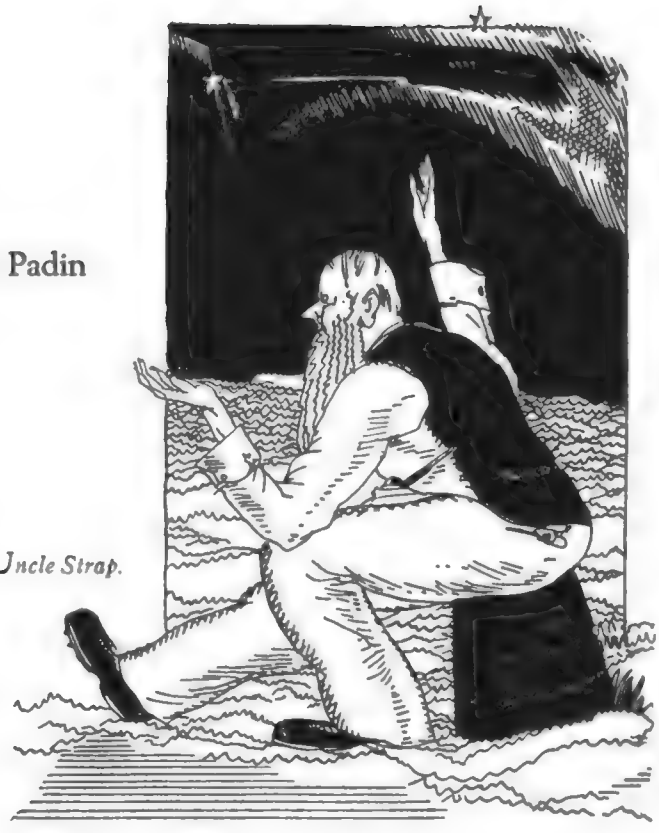
"How hard a man must work to earn his daily bread, my sons!" said Uncle Strap, complaining of a pain in his joints.

After the lament, addressed to his fellow countrymen, he continued talking amidst profound silence. All eyes were fixed on him. His compatriots expected an interesting tale, a humorous anecdote or some other story which would make them laugh or crane their necks with wonder and curiosity until bedtime. But tonight the old man seemed sad and more inclined to moan than to amuse his comrades.

"And it will be like this always," he continued. "The thing can't be helped. We shall always have rich folk and poor folk, and those who were born to serve others have to be satisfied with their lot. That's what my grandmother used to say, and she a woman, too! Eve is to blame for all this. Those of us who suffer in life working for others have to thank the first woman for our slavery. But . . . is there anything for which women are not to blame?"

AFTERWARD, THE DESIRE to complain which he felt that night led him to speak of a certain Spaniard who had been taken that morning to the nearest village (about forty miles distant) for repairs. One of his arms had been caught in the gear of the threshing-machine and mangled. The torn limb had to be amputated. The poor fellow was crippled for life, condemned to endless hardships and privations.

The remembrance of this accident increased even more the restlessness and gloomy aspect of Uncle Strap's hearers. But the patriarch, as if he regretted the tragic character which the session was taking, hastened to say:



Uncle Strap.

"He is another victim of our grandmother's injustice. Eve is responsible for the way our affairs are muddled."

And when he saw that his fellow workers, especially those whose acquaintance with him was recent, showed a keen curiosity to find out in what way Eve was to blame for their misfortunes, Uncle Strap began to tell in picturesque language about the trick played by the first woman on men.

It is well to state here that Uncle Strap had his "letters." Back in his native country he had practiced several professions, read many papers, attended a few political conventions, and taken a hand in certain elections during which he had made speeches in all the taverns of his village.

The event was extremely old. It had happened not later than a few years after Adam and Eve were expelled from Paradise and condemned to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.

How hard Adam had to work! . . .

Uncle Strap named all the great things which the first man had to improvise before he could properly discharge his obligations as the bread-winner of the family. He had had to become a mason, a carpenter, and a locksmith in a matter of a few days, to build a home for Eve and their first children. Afterward he had had to tame a few animals in order to lighten his work and provide more abundant and nourishing food. He harnessed the horse and yoked the ox; he convinced the cow that she ought to stay in the stable and submit to milking, and the hen and the pig that they ought to live with man so that the latter might kill them whenever he should need their carcasses.

"And besides that, boys," continued the old reaper, "he had to break the virgin lands before cultivating

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them, cut down great trees, and all this he had to do with wooden or stone implements invented by himself. You must remember that Tubal Cain, the first blacksmith known in history, was then sucking on his mother's breast."

And since man does not live by bread alone, and delicacies make life more agreeable, Adam paid even more attention to his orchard, where the first fruit-trees were growing, than to the more serious articles of nutrition. There was the murmuring fig-tree whose trunk seems wrapped in an elephant-skin, and which on sun-kissed mornings drops its fruit from leaf to leaf until it flattens itself on the ground, exposing its red, granular entrails. There was the orange-tree, with the fragrance of love, and its round capsules of honey enclosed in a golden sphere; and the peach and the banana, and the melon, which crawls over the earth to absorb the sweetness of the soil and concentrate it in its bosom.

THERE WERE TIMES when Adam thought of the apple-tree of Paradise, the one that had caused his fall, and of the serpent coiled on its trunk to inspire stupid desires. He would then look at his orchard and shrug his shoulders. The work of man, with slow process of improvement, seemed to him better and less dangerous than the extemporaneous creation of Nature.

"He was proud of his work," continued the old reaper, "but it certainly cost him a lot of trouble. You would have pitied him if you had seen how thin he was, all skin and bones, after the hardships he had endured getting things started. He seemed one or two centuries older than he really was. Eve, on the other hand, might have been taken for his daughter or grandchild."

Uncle Strap was not at all surprised at this. He had traveled in all the modern countries and had had an opportunity to observe how the husband works extraordinarily hard and spends the day out, struggling to make money while the wife stays at home reading, playing on the piano or receiving visits. What is the result? The wives look as if they were the daughters of their husbands, and the latter generally die much earlier.

"I really don't know which one of the two died first," Uncle Strap went on to say, "but I'd like to bet that it was poor Adam, and that Eve survived as a rich widow, was given the management of the estate and lived for many years, loved and respected by her children."

Poor Adam! Sometimes he could not go on with his work and had to sit on the door-step to rest. He had been a whole day bent over the hoe, or had spent hours and hours breaking the wild horse or overcoming the ferocious bull. He felt also the need of contemplating his Eve for a few minutes, that need which many feel of worshiping the beings who have ill-treated them, that irresistible admiration which is inspired in us by the things which cost us dearly. . . . That woman had cost him Paradise!

She was still beautiful, although she bore a child every year; sometimes twins. They had to people the entire earth. When Adam, sitting on his door-step, was beginning to wipe the sweat from his brow and to enjoy the sweet voluptuousness of rest, watching his helpmeet with growing love, Eve's imperious voice would blast his short-lived happiness.

"Adam, now that you haven't anything to do, set the table!"

Sometimes Eve would be peevish.

"Adam, wash the dishes! It's a shame for you to be sitting there twiddling your thumbs while I am killing myself with work."

On other occasions, however, the appeal would be sweet and caressing.

"Listen, Adam, dearie; won't you take baby out for an airing in the perambulator—the last-born, number seventy-two? Honey, I can't take care of them alone."

And the tireless worker, the creator of an entire world, also had to set the table, wash the dishes, and take out his last-born baby in a baby-carriage which he had invented.

Eve worked also. Just think of what it meant to wipe the noses every morning of several dozens of children, to bathe them in a neighbouring ditch, to stand them in line to dry in the sun, and to keep them from fighting when breakfast was served!

Other worries embittered her existence with even greater intensity. When she was driven from Paradise she had felt for the first time the torment of shame. She no longer considered her silken tresses sufficient to veil her nakedness, as had been the case in the days before she had listened to the malignant serpent. When she found herself thrust upon the vulgar world, a mere woman, divested of her noble *rôle* of Paradise's star boarder, she had had to make herself hurriedly a sort of coat of dry leaves which gave her protection from the cold and permitted her to appear decently before the eyes of the celestial beings.

BUT THE IDEA of appearing always in the same old dress! Was she no better than the lower animals, which from birth to death display the same skin, the same feathers, the same shell? She was a rational being, capable of progressive variation, and, therefore, she had to advance in the adornment of her person.

Moved by a noble desire to uphold human dignity, the first woman set herself to make a new dress every day. No; this resolution was not dictated by vanity or by a frivolous wish to please men and make her feminine friends rage with envy, as some ill-tempered philosophers have said since then.

And, taxing every resource of nature for the embellishment of her body, Eve used in her dresses the skins of the animals, the fibres of the plants, the bark of the trees, the feathers of the birds and the glittering or coloured stones which the earth spews in her sullen moments. So important was this work of designing new dresses and so vehement and furious Eve's desire to achieve variety and novelty, that life changed completely on Adam's farm.

The sons of Eve would not see their mother for hours, sometimes for whole days. The younger ones rolled on the ground at their pleasure, while the older boys indulged in fistic bouts to impose their will or

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combined to thrash their little brothers. Occasionally the entire tribe would form an offensive alliance to loot the pantry and would eat in a few hours the food which their father had stored for a whole week.

"Mamma! Mamma!" a chorus of childish voices would be heard from the interior of the house, as if imploring help.

"Keep quiet, you infernal brats! Leave me in peace. It is impossible to have a quiet moment in this house!"

And after imposing silence with such a broadside of anger, Eve would continue to meditate:

"Let's see; what about a coat of panther-skin with a collar of parrot-feathers and a hat of cork-bark trimmed with roses and monkey-skin?"

Her imagination repeatedly conceived the most prodigious creations for the adornment of her person. The sense of modesty and the desire to exhibit her beauty struggled within her for mastery. Whenever she decided in favour of a short skirt, knee-high, she saw to it that the sleeves reached down to her wrists and that the collar was high enough to touch her ears. If, in a moment of audacious coquetry, she made an evening gown, without sleeves and with a very low neck, she immediately sought a compensation for her virtue in the dimensions of the skirt, which had to be long enough to cover the very tips of her toes and trail on the ground with a swish-swash like the autumnal rustling of dried leaves. Meanwhile, Adam was almost naked, as befits a man who works for his wife and supports a home. His wardrobe contained only a few old sheep-skins sadly in need of repair; his wife never had the time to mend them.

Notwithstanding this, however, he never failed to express his admiration for the continuous transformations which he observed in the make-up of Eve. One day she would appear with her hair dyed a deep flame-coloured red; the next she would be a blonde, glorious as the dawn, or a brunette with dark raven locks. On certain afternoons she would go out to meet him, arrayed in a very wide skirt, almost spherical from the waist down and so broad that she had difficulty in clearing the door. And as fashion consists of brusque changes and violent transformations, on the following day Eve would wear another skirt, so narrow and tight-fitting that she looked like a sword in its scabbard; she could scarcely move inside the skirt and had to hop like a sparrow.

Sometimes Eve would appear pale, as if she had just experienced a deadly emotion, and again she would bloom forth with her cheeks as red as a sunset.

Although Adam continued to receive the same ill-tempered orders from Eve and had to do a great deal of the housekeeping as a diversion from the work of the fields, he was happy; he thought he was getting a brand new wife every twenty-four hours. Eve, on the other hand, was bored. She was bored to death! What was the use of dolling up so much? It was true that she knew she was the object of general admiration. Vanity had made her understand the language of animals and things until then incomprehensible to human beings. Whenever she walked out of the house, the forest would become animated with a stir of feminine curiosity; the birds would cease flying; the quadrupeds would stop short in their wild course; the fish would stick their heads out of rivers and ponds.

"Let's see what she has invented today to emulate us!" the parrots and monkeys would insolently cry from the tree-tops.

"Well done, my daughter!" the elephant seemed to approve with slow movements of his trunk and the bull with violent motions of the head.

"Come and see Eve's last creation!" thousands and thousands of birds would twitter in the foliage.

But this ovation of Nature, which in the beginning had made our first mother proud, now left her cold. The applause of the rabble! She aspired to something better than that. She wanted the approval of the higher beings; the approval of her peers. She wanted to flirt with people of her own kind. Alas! The only one who could admire her creations and her refinements of good taste was her husband! A husband is a respectable being worthy of attention, but if women had to adorn themselves merely to be admired by their husbands, why, it would be as ridiculous as if a poet were obliged to read his verses to the members of his family only. No, woman is an artist, and, like all artists, she needs a great, an immense public to inspire admiration and desires, even though she may be far from thinking of satisfying them.

As there were no other men in the world as yet save her husband, so little interesting to her, Eve thought of the blessed who were in

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heaven and had visited her when she lived in Paradise.

"But God is a King," explained Uncle Strap at this point, "and those who surround him try to be perfect courtiers, adopting all his sentiments and passions with even more violence than the interested party himself. No sooner had the Lord become angry with Eve and her husband and driven them from Paradise than all the inhabitants of heaven 'cut' her and Adam, refusing to speak to them."

Sometimes when Eve was contemplating herself in the clear, crystal-like surface of a small lake which served as a mirror, she would hear overhead a rumour of wings. It was some archangel or celestial minister. Eve knew his name; remembered perfectly that he had been introduced to her and had attended her afternoon receptions in Paradise. But no matter how much she coughed, hummed or tried to attract his attention by assuming interesting postures, the aërial traveler would refuse to recognize her, flapping his wings to get away as rapidly as possible.

"What is the use of being beautiful and well dressed when one does not receive visits, cannot hold receptions, and must live like an outcast from good society!" she would complain.

In a rage, she would tear her most original gowns as soon as made; she would then cry desperately. As a relief from all her misfortunes she would pick a quarrel with poor Adam, accusing him of being responsible for the loss of Paradise.

"You, yes, it is your fault!" she would rage. "It was you who made me lose Paradise and all my excellent friendships. It was you who fixed up with the serpent the plot that angered the Lord."

"If you gave a little more attention to our children," Adam would dare to suggest, "and devoted less time to your gowns. . . ."

Her indignation at these vulgar hints from her husband would make Eve wax poetical.

"You poor, poor idiot!" she would reply, "how can I make you understand? Look at the wind. It is less interesting than Eve; it lacks a body, and yet it moves not without wrapping itself in a mantle of dust when it travels along the roads or in a cloak of dry leaves when it journeys through the woods!"

Occasionally a cherub would fly around the farm like a lost pigeon. A fugitive for a few hours from the celestial choruses, he had ventured to the lower regions of the earth, hoping to obtain forgiveness for this escapade by telling the kind Lord everything he had seen and how human affairs were getting on after the first sin. Eve, with the eyes of a curious woman, was not long in discovering the chubby head, hidden behind the thick foliage of a tree, spying on her.

"My child! . . ." she would call up to him, smiling one of her best smiles; "do you come from above? Do tell me, little one—how is the Lord?"

The celestial child, upon being found out, would draw near and drop upon the lap of the first woman.

The Lord was the same as ever; immutable and magnificent.

"When you see him," Eve would recommend, "tell him that I deeply regret my disobedience. . . . The fine time I had in Paradise! What splendid afternoon receptions we had there! How *chic* they were! And the celestial tarts!"

This was another of her regrets—the celestial tarts. She missed them as much as her distinguished connections. Adam tried in vain to sharpen his wits to find an adequate substitute; he made corn cakes and served them with the honey of bees recently subdued; he tried the grape, inventing the raisin before there was wine and making pudding with it. Neither of these could make his wife forget the sweet tarts that she used to order from heaven for the receptions she gave in Paradise from five to seven.

"Tell him also," Eve would continue to instruct the angel, "that we have to work a great deal and suffer even more. Tell him we want to see him again, just once again, that he may hear our apologies and know our troubles. My husband and I want to be sure that he does not bear us any ill will."

"I shall do as you say," the winged child would reply. Then the angel would flap his wings twice and —presto!—he was lost in the clouds.

Many and frequent were the messages of this kind sent without Eve receiving any response. Generally the cherub never returned to the human dominions, but once in a while Adam's wife would recognize the face of some other celestial flier.

"I know who you are, my little fellow," Eve would admonish. "You were around here last week. Did you deliver my message to the Lord? What did he reply to my petition?" The angels nearly always remained silent or mumbled a few meaningless words, like well-bred boys who know that one must never say disagreeable things to a lady.

"But he must have said something," poor Eve would insist. "Come, now, speak!"

And it so happened that she met once one of the most daring cherubs—a little fellow with a roguish face who answered her:

"Yes, ma'am; he *did* say something. When I gave him your message, the Lord answered: 'But is that pair of scoundrels still alive?'"

Eve chose to believe that it was a childish prank. The Lord could not have said that. If he continued to remain invisible it was due, no doubt, to his being very busy managing his infinite dominions which scarcely left him a moment for rest. One morning her faith in the divine kindness was rewarded. A heavenly messenger boy came hopping down from cloud to cloud, paging Eve at the top of his voice.

"Listen here, woman," he said breezily, "if it does

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not rain this afternoon, the Lord may come around for a short visit. It's so long since he saw the earth! Last night, talking to Michael, the archangel, he said: 'I wonder what has become of that pair of rascals. I'd like to see them again!'"

Eve was overwhelmed by the announcement of this visit, despite the fact that she had desired it so vehemently. She shouted after Adam, who was in a neighbouring field, his back bent over his work, as usual, and he came running.

Stealing Adam's fruit.

"There was some excitement on that farm, boys!" explained Uncle Strap. "It was just like the eve of a patron-saint celebration in one of our Spanish villages, when the women start fixing the house and begin to make preparations to cook the grand meal of the following day. Well, Adam's wife swept and washed the floor of the parlour, the kitchen, and the bedroom. Then she put a new spread on the bed and scrubbed the chairs with soap and sand. She next turned her attention to the family clothes, and when she saw that her husband's lamb-skin coat was not presentable, she made him in a few minutes a shirt of dry leaves. For a man it was good enough!"

Then Eve devoted the rest of the time to her own embellishment. She stood perplexed before the few hundred gowns which she had designed and stored away.

"My lands! What shall I put on to receive such a powerful personage?" she asked herself. "I haven't a thing to wear!"

She looked fondly for one brief moment at a long, black gown of severe cut which did not show a single line of her white body. She thought at once that all those coming to visit her were men and that it would not be right to receive them so austerely. She had just selected one of those mixed dresses which was extremely daring at one end and compensatingly prudish at the other, when a veritable tempest of cries and screams broke upon her. An uprising of her numerous progeny! There were scarcely a hundred of them, and yet it seemed that the entire world was screaming. For the first time in her life, Eve took a good look at her children. They were too ugly to be presented to the Almighty. Their hair was tangled, and their noses crusty with dirt. Eve, absorbed entirely by her fashions, had neglected them for months.

"How can I present these rogues to the Lord?" she exclaimed in despair. "The Lord is going to say that I am slovenly and a poor mother. The fact is that the Lord is a man, and men don't realize how hard it is to take care of so many brats."

And, thereupon, she began to abuse Adam as if he were solely responsible for the state of neglect in which the children found themselves.

But time flew and something had to be done. After many doubts and much hesitation, she selected her favourite sons (is there a mother who does not have them?) and washed and dressed them becomingly. The others she drove toward a stable and locked them up despite their protests.

They were coming! Eve barely had time enough to rearrange her dress, smoothing the wrinkles made during her struggle with the wretched children and to give her hair a final touch. On the line of the horizon, a cloudlike column, very white and luminous, descended from heaven until it touched the earth. The earth resounded with the beating of innumerable wings and the music of a great chorus whose hosannas seemed to echo and reecho through infinite space.

The first celestial tourists were beginning to alight from the interior of a cloud in which they had arrived; some were already walking along the path which led to the farmhouse, surrounded by such radiance that it seemed as if all the stars of heaven had come down to play among Adam's wheat-fields.

First came the guard of honour, a detachment of archangels arrayed from top to toe in shining, golden armour. After sheathing their flaming swords, all approached Eve to greet and compliment her, assuring her that she grew younger every day and that she was just as pretty and attractive as when in Paradise.

"All soldiers are like that," explained Uncle Strap. "Wherever there is a woman, there they go as if the order to charge had been sounded. Some of them, bolder than the others, stretched their arms trying to combine action with words, and Eve had to use her broom. They fled before her counter-offensive and ran all over the orchard."

Uncle Strap chuckled and continued:

"Poor Adam didn't know what to do. 'There go my figs and peaches—all my fruit,' and he threw up his hands. I think he would have preferred to have been hit by a cyclone. He swore a little, but kept his temper like the tactful man he was."

The Lord had arrived. His beard was of shining silver and on his head he carried a splendent triangle which flashed like the sun. Behind him came Michael in armour richly inlaid with precious stones arranged in fantastic designs, followed by the ministers and high dignitaries of the celestial court.

"The Creator greeted Adam with a pitying smile," said Uncle Strap. "'How are you getting along, poor fellow?' the Lord asked him. 'Has your wife got you into any new adventures?' And he gave Eve a little slap in the face, the sort of slap one gives to a person with a bad reputation but likable ways, and he said, 'Hallo, you scapegrace; have you turned over a new leaf?'"

Overwhelmed by so much simplicity and affability, the couple offered the Lord the only thing they had

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at home which resembled a throne—a big armchair!

"And it was some chair, boys!" exclaimed Uncle Strap enthusiastically. "Roomy, comfortable, made of strong carob wood, with a seat of the finest esparto-grass braid—that sort of armchair that only the parish priest of a rich village could afford."

The Lord, comfortably seated in the armchair, and quite pleased, was hearing all about Adam's affairs, his hardships, the troubles he had to get food for himself and his family.

"Serves thee right, Adam," he would answer, his resplendent beard bisected by the most engaging smile. "That will teach thee never again to disobey thine elders, and, especially, never to follow again the advice of a woman. Didst thou think thou hadst come to the world to get free meals, as in Paradise, and follow thine own caprices? Suffer, my son; work and endure, and thus wilt thou learn to respect thy superiors."

THEN THE CREATOR would look at Eve. At first his glances were full of curiosity and anger. She was the first woman he had ever seen dressed. Whence came that rare animal of fantastic plumage, that wingless parrot whose absurd shape and discordant colours he had been unable to conceive even in his wildest moments of creative frenzy when he made the world?

Eve, realizing that she was being observed, would assume postures of studied carelessness. She would artfully place herself in positions which showed her charms and finery to the best advantage. And she would smile the sweetest smile!

"And the Almighty," Uncle Strap commented, "began to admit that there was a certain charm in those feminine creations which at first had seemed to him so incoherent. 'Frivolous, she is the same frivolous young woman,' whispered the Lord, speaking of Eve, to the mighty champion Michael, who followed him everywhere and stood now behind his armchair. 'This girl is the same little goose we knew. But that frippery isn't bad at all. I admit it is not bad at all.'"

It is possible that these considerations, together with Eve's best smiles and Adam's humble silence, softened the Lord's heart. He seemed to regret his previous asperity and added kindly:

"Don't think that I'm going to forgive you and permit you to return to the pleasures of Paradise. What is done is done. My curse must be expiated. My word is sacred; if I broke it I would deny myself. . . . But since I have come into your home, I shall not go away without leaving some remembrance of my stay. To you there is nothing I can give; you are accursed. But your children are innocent and it is my wish to give them a gift. I thought you had a larger progeny. Four only! . . . My presents certainly will not ruin me. Come, Eve, bring forth your children."

The four imps lined up in front of the Almighty and he looked them over carefully for a long while.

"Step forward!" said the Lord at last, designating a fat, serious, keen-eyed little fellow who had been watching the proceedings with knitted brows and finger stuck in his nose. "Thou shalt be given the power of judging thine equals. Thou shalt be the dispenser of Justice; at thy pleasure shalt thou interpret the laws made by the others. Thine will be the privilege to say what is right and what is wrong, changing thine opinion every century. Thou shalt subject all delinquents to the same rules, which will be about as wise as trying to cure all the sick with the same medicine. Thy position will be the most secure, the most impregnable. Men will eventually question all things and doubt everything; some day they will discuss me and even deny my existence. But fear thou not for thyself. Thou shalt be august and infallible Justice, without which life is impossible. Even those who pride themselves in their utter unbelief will become indignant if anyone with the audacity of a madman should dare to question thy usefulness. If thou shouldst perchance blunder terribly, the majority will conceal thy horrible error in the name of 'the inviolability of judicial judgments.'"

Then he motioned to another boy to step forward. This one was a dark, jolly, frisky little man with a sharp-pointed head, strong jaw, and ears which projected somewhat from his skull. He always carried a club in his right hand to beat his brothers. At mealtime he snatched the best morsels from the others, threatening them with his cudgel. When he came within a few paces of the Almighty, he stood at rigid attention, arms straight down at his sides, eyes front, like a well-drilled German soldier.

The Lord said:

"Thou shalt be the warrior and chieftain. Thou shalt lead men unto death as a butcher drives the herds to the slaughter-house; and despite this, all shall admire and acclaim thee, even the sons of the slaughtered, for thou shalt use as fetishes of inexhaustible power the words 'Glory, Honour, Country, and Flag.' Men will have laws and commandments which will bid them 'Thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' But, like a demigod, thou shalt live beyond Good and Evil. If the others kill, they will be adjudged criminals and will end their days in a prison or on the scaffold. Thou, on the other hand, shalt be the greater in proportion as thou killest, and when the people shall see thee covered with human blood, they will exclaim, 'Behold the hero!'

"Shouldst thou desire to seize a territory, the first thing thou must do is to use force and occupy it, exterminating all those who try to stop thee. Thou wilt never fail to find jurists who will prove that thou hadst a clear right to the conquered lands. Strike hard and thou shalt conquer. Thou wilt be right as long as thou art victorious. No one will dare bring the conqueror to account; nay, even the priests of all the religions will chant pæans of praise in their temples to celebrate thy triumph. Drown the land in blood, put the people to the sword, burn their cities, kill, destroy—poets will sing thee, and historians will record thy deeds with greater enthusiasm than if thou wert a benefactor devoted to the conquests of peace. Those who attempt to imitate thee without wearing a dress of a certain pattern and colour will drag a chain and ball in prison. Enough. Thou mayst retire.

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"Let the next one come forward." The third one was slender, bilious, fidgety, with shrewd eyes.

The Lord thought a moment before deciding upon a present. Then he said:

"Thou shalt control the wealth of the world. Thou shalt be the merchant and the banker. To the kings thou shalt lend money, and this will enable thee to treat them as thine equals. If thou succeedest in ruining a whole nation for thine own profit, the world will admire thine ability. Thy great financial *coups* will spread panic over the entire universe, giving the cities hours of mortal anguish. Thy victories in the Stock Exchange will be echoed by the suicidal shots of thy victims and the mourning of their families. Thou wilt precipitate incomprehensible wars and speed ruinous peace treaties. Thou wilt cause the sending of battleships and armies to support unjust and usurious claims against weaker nations. Thy children will patronize the noblest arts, pensioning with modest unobtrusiveness chorus girls, opera singers, or mere wearers of fashionable gowns. Thou shalt have arrived too late upon the scene, on account of thy business affairs, to be the Mæcenas of this class, and wilt be satisfied to be the patron of painters. The most absolute disparity of opinions will accompany the memory of thy name for a generation or two. For thy name, like those of tenors and actors, will only live as long as those who knew thee. 'He was a servant of human progress,' some will say, remembering thy fleet of merchantmen and the railroads which thou audaciously sent across the deserts. 'He was a scoundrel,' others will affirm, bearing in mind that thou hadst left a graveyard full of labourers for every kilometer of tracks laid. 'He was a monster. To make his millions he sacrificed more lives than a conqueror. "And both groups will be right; both will be speaking the truth, because the most humorous thing in the life of men is that they will be eternally talking about truth, absolute and unquestionable truth, when, as a matter of fact, that absolute truth will be nothing but a dream. There will be always as many truths as there are interests. . . . Keep this ever fresh in thy memory and follow thy path."

The fourth stepped to the front.

"The Lord just roared when he saw the looks of the little rascal," said Uncle Strap. "Ah, but he was a pretentious little cuss! The Almighty knew at once that this was the mother's pet."

And so he was. The only time when Eve had doubts about the justice of her preference was when she compared this boy with his large-eared brother, the one who always carried a cudgel. Woman feels an irresistible attraction for the warrior. But as soon as her darling opened his mouth, Eve was completely subjugated and had to recognize his superiority over all the others.

The Lord continued to examine the diminutive personage with undisguised amusement. He took mental note of the boy's broad shoulders, large head, and deep brow. His eyes were haughty and there was a certain disdainful air of royalty about his lips. Comedian and king—he had something of each.

The boy stood in the presence of the Creator with complete self-possession, one hand on his breast and the other resting on a chair, and he raised his head as if he were inspired or posing for the sculptor of his future statue. He had all the arrogance of a Senator—a senator whose growth had been arrested in childhood, keeping the physique of a boy of ten.

His mother knew him well. If he was hungry and wanted a piece of bread, he would not howl for it like a normal boy.

"Dame Eve, I rise for a question of privilege," he would say with a premature sense of the niceties of parliamentary usage. "May I have a piece of bread?"

And so, whenever Eve needed some one to keep her numerous progeny quiet, while she devoted herself to one of her dressmaking tasks, she would always call on him for help.

"Come, dearie," she would say. "Be a good boy and amuse your brothers for a little while with one of your speeches."

And the little fellow, carried away by his own eloquence, would talk and talk, saying nothing in particular, but giving his mother time to finish a dress while he held forth.

"Thou shalt be the king of the world," said the Almighty. "Thou shalt be the orator—that means everything. Despite their power, thy brothers will live under thy shadow. The warrior will obey thee; the judge will stand by thee to maintain his position. The banker will ask thee to be his lawyer and will entrust to thee the defense of his foul deals. Thou wilt speak well, and this will be sufficient for the world to proclaim thee the most learned man on earth. Without need of reading anything, thou wilt speak fluently on all subjects; thy knowledge will be second-hand and yet people will believe thee a predestined man. In troublous times, thou wilt be the only hope of thy country. 'Let's place him at the head of the Government,' they will say. 'He speaks better than the rest of them.'

"Humanity will be guided by this sort of logic; to govern a nation, to administer its treasure, to command its forces, there is nothing like the ability to make a good speech; nothing like the power to speak fluently and tirelessly. When the time comes to make war, an orator will be placed at the head of the armies, and when peace has to be negotiated, it will be entrusted to a Congress of orators. The word even more than the sword will rule the world. Speak, my son; speak eloquently and everlastingly, and the earth will be thine."

Poor Adam wept in silence out of sheer gratitude to the Lord for his bountiful mercies. His sons had just received complete dominion over the earth.

Meanwhile it was evident that Eve was nervous and restless. Several times she had been on the point of interrupting the Lord, of speaking one word, just one word, but she had held back at the last moment. How could she dare cut off the stream of royal gifts which was pouring over the heads of her sons. . . . But remorse gnawed her mother's heart. She thought of the poor children locked in the stable who were going to be left out of the distribution through her fault.

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"I am going to show them to the Almighty——" she whispered to Adam.

"It's too late," objected her husband. "It would be asking too much. The Lord would be angry."

Precisely at that very moment the Archangel Michael, who had come to the home of the two reprobates half-heartedly, was urging his Divine Majesty to take leave. He could no longer bear this unexpected visit and was politely protesting against it with all the circumspection of a Minister of War who has a proper regard for the whims of his royal master.

"Your Divine Majesty, it is growing late. The sun is very low on the horizon; the nights are cool. At Your Majesty's age, it would be . . ." he said.

MICHAEL WAS worried. There was sadness in the eyes of the blond warrior; many a silver thread dimmed the glitter of his golden locks. He had Satan on his mind. Satan, also, had once been blond, arrogant, militant as his conqueror, and was now ugly, dejected and despised, like all defeated rebels.

During long centuries, Michael had permitted the celestial painters and sculptors to exhibit him with Satan, his adversary and former comrade, fallen at his feet, subdued by his mighty spear. There had been no danger that any subject of the heavenly realms should ever take a notion to go over to the enemy's camp. Ah, no! They were far too clever to make such an egregious mistake. But now it was different. Satan was beginning to stir as if he would make another attempt to renew the struggle. He was counting on an extraordinary reinforcement. He felt that fresh troops were drawing near to join the battle on his side. Undoubtedly, Satan was depending on the assistance of the men who were going to people the earth. And Michael foresaw a succession of battles from which he might not always emerge victorious. Ah! who could tell what the future held in store for him? The *rôles* might be changed. Satan might win and rise up after the battle flushed with the arrogance of the conqueror, trampling under foot the erstwhile victorious, and now crushed, Michael.

"Sire," he said again, "let us withdraw from the contact of these beggars."

And the Lord rose from his armchair. From outside the farmhouse came the shrill notes of the Archangels' silver trumpets sounding "assemble." The members of the divine escort descended from the trees, shaking them so much that not a single fruit, not even a leaf, was left on them. The passage of a cloud of locusts could not have done as much damage. The guard of honour lined up in two files on each side of the door and presented arms to their sovereign as he passed slowly out, leaning on Michael's arm. Suddenly Eve ran across their path.

"A moment, Your Majesty," she cried. Then she ran to the stable and pushed the door open.

"I have not told the whole truth," she cried pathetically, heart-broken with remorse. "There are more of them. Have mercy on these poor little ones. Give them something, my Lord. Remember them in your divine munificence."

The Almighty looked with stupor and disgust upon that rabble. The divine minister knitted his brow, his right hand instinctively feeling for the sword hilt. He recognized the enemy in that seething mass of human wretches. It was on these monsters that his infernal adversary counted for the future. They were the last reserves, the troops of despair. What a pity that he could not crush them right then and there. . . .

"Let us go, My Lord," said he, gently pushing his sovereign. "We must not give anything to this *canaille*. It is better that they should perish."

And he pushed Eve with even greater rudeness, ordering her to get out of the way and not to insist any more on her presumptuous petition.

"I can't do it, my poor woman," the Lord excused himself "I have nothing left to give away. Their four favoured brothers have carried off everything. Don't cry. Don't break your heart. I shall think it over more carefully. Perhaps I shall find something else. We shall see later on."

But the mother refused to be satisfied.

"Now, Your Majesty! Give them anything—now. Who knows when you will return to these parts? A small gift for each of them. An employment, some occupation. What are my poor children going to do in the world?"

The Archangel was about to order a squad of the divine detachment to carry off the tenacious woman, dragging her, if necessary, when the Lord, in his infinite wisdom, found a solution. He was anxious also to leave the farm and get away from the loathsome rabble.

"The Lord stroked his great silvery beard," explained Uncle Strap, and said, "'I've got a job for them, my good woman, and it's no easy job. These fellows will wait upon and work for their brothers for ever and ever.'"

AND, AFTER A PAUSE, Uncle Strap wound up as follows: "You and I and the rest of us, who spend our lives bent over the soil to eke out a miserable existence, are the descendants of those unlucky ones whom our first mother locked up in the stable."

There was a long silence. The reapers seemed to be pondering over the strange tale. Suddenly a voice asked out of the darkness:

"But what about the women?"

Uncle Strap looked around the circle, puzzled and perplexed.

"What women are you talking about?" he asked querulously. "What have they got to do with the story?"

"Well," the questioner explained, half apologetically. "I can't see how Eve could have the boys only. She must have had some girls also. If she had not had any girls, why there couldn't be any women now, could there? And we have a lot of them, Uncle Strap. I ask: what did she do with her daughters? Did our first mother present any of them to the Lord so that he might give them something, or did she lock them up in the stable?"

A murmur expressive of curiosity, restlessness, and expectancy went around the circle, as when the tense

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silence of an electoral college is broken by an unexpected challenge. All eyes were focused on the old man, who looked at the ground and scratched his head with an air of doubt. Suddenly he smiled.

"You can see," he said suavely, "that the man who asked that question is young and inexperienced. Eve was a woman and knew too well the needs of women to waste any time with useless petitions. The Lord with all his power cannot give women anything after they are born."

There was a long pause. Uncle Strap enjoyed keenly the puzzled silence which followed his remarks.

"Before they are born," he proceeded exegetically, "God can give them beauty, charm, and, sometimes, he even gives them talent, but after they are in the world man is their only hope. To him they owe everything. For them is the work of the poor, the power of the ruler, the exploit of the soldier, and the money of the millionaire. They also are the ones who bend with the greatest ease the rigid decrees of justice. No; they need nothing from God. They have enough with man. The only bond between the happy and the unfortunate is that all of us work for women or because of them."

Ethics in a Business Suit

A Costly Compromise

In a large midwestern city a department store placed a page advertisement in a morning newspaper. Among numerous articles advertised was a certain Oriental rug, which was described in some detail. The price of this rug should have been listed as $1,000.00, instead of which, due to a typographical error in the composing room of the newspaper, it was given as $1.00. When the doors of the store were opened that morning, a Mr. Blank was waiting to buy the rug at the obviously absurd price it had been advertised for. Naturally, the store protested, but Mr. Blank, who evidently knew his law, was adamant, and promptly secured a writ temporarily restraining the store from disposing of the rug. He then took the matter to court, and was eventually permitted to purchase the rug for $1.00, as advertised.

Next, the store thus imposed upon demanded that the newspaper make good the $999.00 difference between the actual selling price and the intended selling price as set forth in the original advertising copy proffered to the newspaper. The newspaper, however, immediately retorted that, although the composing room was responsible for the error in the first place, proofs of the advertisement containing this error had been sent to the advertising department of the store for its O. K. in the usual way. The newspaper produced the original proof bearing the O. K. of the store's advertising manager to bear out its contention that the store should bear the loss, it being an accepted routine in newspaper offices that when advertisers have been furnished proofs of their advertisements, and have returned them O. K.'d either "as is," or with specified corrections, the newspaper's responsibility is ended. But the store refused to be thus appeased, and since its advertising constituted a valuable account, which the newspaper did not wish to lose or have curtailed, the newspaper finally compromised, and settled the matter by giving the store $500.00.

Here, then, is a triangular problem in ethics, involving Mr. Blank, who forced his own benefit through a palpably gross error; the store, which demanded complete—and accepted partial—reimbursement from a newspaper for an error, contrary to all customary procedure in such cases, since the ultimate negligence was that of the store's advertising department; and the newspaper, which, for "policy's sake," made a partial settlement for an error for which it was either entirely —or not at all—responsible. J. G. P.

One Reaction to Close Buying

A salesman, in selling merchandise to a wholesale customer who had always in the past tried to buy at less than the list price to the wholesale trade, quoted 30 cents a foot for his product, or 2 cents above his firm's asking price. Finally, after much dickering, he made a sale at 28½ cents, one-half cent above what the rest of the wholesale trade was paying. In the course of his talk, knowing that his customer was a hard-boiled buyer, he stated that 30 cents was his firm's lowest price to anyone, and that they were not giving any concessions. The close of the deal left both buyer and seller satisfied; but—— L. L.

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Overselling: An American Business Vice

For some time A had been calling on a certain contractor, endeavouring to persuade him to buy a gasoline shovel, the manufacturer of which A represented. He finally secured from the contractor a promise that when the latter had the necessary capital he would give A an order for a machine.

Shortly afterwards, on returning to town from a business trip, A learned that the contractor had a new machine on his job. It seemed that during A's absence, B, a salesman for a rival manufacturer, had induced the contractor to take his shovel on the basis of a ninety-days' trial at absolutely no cost to the contractor—not even freight. The understanding was that the contractor, if satisfied at the end of that time, was to keep the machine, starting to pay for it from that date, or, if he disliked its performance in any way, to return it to the manufacturer. An operator was supplied for the trial period by the factory, gratis. It would seem to be unsound business practice, but it was done by this concern.

The job was finished inside of three months, the contractor had made money due to this particular shovel, and he was seriously considering its purchase. Meanwhile, his friend A had reminded him of his earlier promise, and now renewed his arguments in favour of his own machine. Understanding the existing agreement, were A's actions ethical? He succeeded in convincing the contractor, who, as a result, found himself in a dilemma. Believing that A had the better machine, and also desiring to keep his promise, he wished to purchase A's excavator. At the same time he wished to stand by his tacit agreement with the rival salesman—that is, to buy B's shovel if satisfied. He *was* satisfied with its mechanical performance and was further swayed by the fact that it had made money for him. However, after reflection, he bought a machine from A with the money he had made with B's machine, returning the latter with vague and general excuses.

Was it ethical for the contractor to take advantage of the unsound business methods of B's company, or, under the circumstances, should he have purchased their shovel, despite the fact that he sincerely believed A's to be the better machine? X.

Who Should Hold the Flour Bag?

A broker took orders from two merchants for flour, and transmitted them to his principal, a mill. Acceptance of the orders probably would have converted them into contracts legally binding upon the merchants.

But the mill, sensing from the size of the orders that the prospective buyers had overrated the quality of the flour offered at the contract price, wrote to them explaining that the flour was of inferior quality.

The merchants countermanded their orders, thus ending the transactions between the original parties.

The ensuing litigation involved an unsuccessful attempt on the part of the broker to hold the mill liable for his commissions on the sales which he regarded as having been thrown away by the mill. The Alabama Supreme Court said:

"The seller in this case did not refuse to fill the order, but merely made a candid and honest statement of the quality of the flour, leaving the purchasers the option either to reaffirm their order, or to change it to a better quality, or to revoke the order."

A. L. H. S.

A Knotty Problem

In 1926, during the Florida boom, a steamship company carried a large shipment of flooring from Philadelphia to Tampa. Because of the then existing railroad embargo against Florida, the shipper did not demur at being charged nearly three times the usual water rates. Nearly a year later, however, he discovered that the same steamer had moved some flooring for a competitor at a rate approximately half the rate charged him. He promptly entered a claim with the steamship company for about $1,000.

Such claims are always subject to considerable delay, however. Months went by. Then, in response to repeated inquiries, the shipper received a letter from the claims department informing him that they had approved his claim, and that a check would presumably go forward shortly.

About this time the directors of the company became alarmed at the amount of money they were paying out on Florida claims. They began to question the approvals of their claims department. One of the first claims held up was this one. Investigating, they discovered that the flooring shipped by the claimant's competitor was of different stock, less valuable, and, in their opinion, could properly be carried at a lower rate. They therefore wrote the shipper and offered him a settlement of $500. He indignantly refused.

By this time the legal limit within which the shipper could bring his claim before the United States Shipping Board for adjudication had expired. Lulled by the letter from the claims department, he had never thought of appealing to the Board. This oversight automatically relieved the company of liability.

What are the ethics of the situation? Should the company stand on its legal rights and ignore the claim altogether? Or should it pay the shipper the five hundred dollars it had offered and which has once been refused? Or should it pay him the thousand dollars which he and his lawyer insist he would have recovered had he appealed to the Shipping Board? The company does not deny that the letter of their claims department was responsible for the shipper's failure to seek legal redress. Although denying emphatically that the overcharge was any greater than $500, it has not forgotten the fact that in the only two cases where it has been summoned before the Board it has lost out.

What should the company do? H. S. B.

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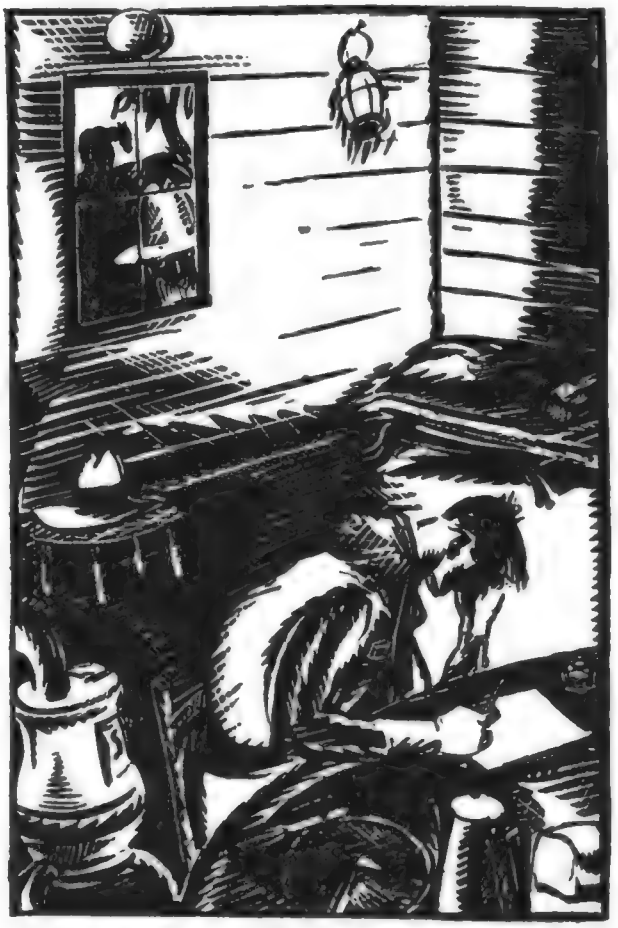
Spit-Cat Creek

By OWEN WISTER

Owen Wister

THE CABIN ON Spit-Cat Creek lies lonely among the high pastures, and looks down to further loneliness across many slanting levels of pine-tops. These descend successively in smooth, odorous, evergreen miles until they reach the open valley. Here runs the stage road, if you can discern it, from the railway to the continuously jubilant cow-town of Likely, Wyoming; and here, when viewed from the cabin through a field-glass, you can readily distinguish an antelope from a stone in the clear atmosphere which commonly prevails. The windows of the cabin are three, and looking in through any of them you can see the stove, the table, and the ingenuous structure which does duty as a bed. During the season of snow, from November until May, the cabin (in the days of which I speak) was dwelt in by no one; while through the open weather some person of honesty and resource would be sent thither from the headquarters ranch on Sunk Creek two or three times, to stay no longer than his duties required, and to come back with his report as soon as they should be performed. Such a man would live here with canned food and the small stove, seldom having other company than his own, and, if he had ears for the music of nature, the singing pines would often companion him; he could hear now and again some unseen bird crying as it passed among them, and always the voice of Spit-Cat. This stream foamed by the cabin to fall and wander deviously away into the great, distant silence of the mountains. Likely was eighteen miles distant, and to this place the man could ride in four hours by a recently discovered trail, which was the shorter one, and followed the smaller tributary stream of Spit-Kitten; and sometimes the man did so ride for his mail, or for more canned food, or for a game of chance and female company, in the continuously jubilant cow-town of Likely, Wyoming.



Upon a midday in June, had you secretly peered through any of the windows in the cabin, you could have seen a seated man, tightly curved over the table and apparently dying in convulsions brought on by poison; for the signs of a newly finished meal were near him. There was a coffee-pot, and a dish of bacon, and three-quarters of a pie. But it was merely Scipio Le Moyne endeavouring to write a letter; and no task more excruciating was known to this young man.

"Dear friend," he had begun, "i got no dictionery, but——"

At this point a heavy blot had intervened as he was changing the personal pronoun into a capital I.

"Oh, gosh!" he sighed, and for a while could spell no more. He sat back, staring at the paper. "It's not to a girl," he presently muttered. "I guess I'll not start a fresh sheet." And while the perspiring Scipio laid his nose to his pen and dragged himself onward from word to word, a bad old gentleman with a black coat and a white beard was coming stealthily up from the valley through the thick pines. He was still some miles away, and he meant to look in at one of the windows, and regulate his conduct according to what he should then see. He was by no means sure that Scipio had what he wanted, which was as much money as he could get, or any fraction thereof; but he had a shrewd suspicion that he could ascertain this without any extreme use of deadly weapons.

SCIPIO LE MOYNE was making his first stay in the Spit-Cat cabin, and in his mind there welled a complacency not to be justified; for when a thick roll of

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money is in a man's trousers, and the man's trousers are upon the man, and the man is writing a letter at a table, you see at once how unsafe the money is if the man's six-shooter is lying out of reach on the bed behind him. It should be hanging at his hip, or in the armhole of his waistcoat, or stuck elsewhere handily about his immediate person. And so it would have been on any ordinary day of Scipio's life; but alas! on this day he was writing a letter, and was therefore not quite accountable. There were many things that he did not enjoy—cooking, for example, or a bucking pony, or gun trouble in a saloon; but these worries he could usually meet. The only crisis which invariably disturbed him (except, of course, having to talk to Eastern ladies when they visited the Judge's ranch) was to be face to face with ink and a pen. After his midday meal this noon he had reclined upon his bed, putting off the hateful moment. Thus recumbent, he had unbuckled his belt for comfort, and got none, for the letter made him restless. At length, with a mind absent from everything save the coming ink and pen, he had gone to them, forgetting his revolver among the rumpled blankets.

Complacency welled in his mind because of errands accomplished. He had been trusted, and he had a pride in it deeper than any words he was willing to utter, and a gratitude which he would express by inference alone. He would do everything that they had given him to do so well that it could not be done better; that is how he would thank his friend, the Sunk Creek foreman, for giving him this chance to show his abilities—and his radical honesty. (Scipio was not in the least honest on the surface.) He would take no man's word for an inch of the work that he had been sent to oversee on both sides of the mountain; he would visit the various camps when he was not expected; every cow to be bought should be bought on his own inspection and not on the seller's assurances. But these trusts were little, compared with the heavy wages that he was carrying to pay off certain men when certain work should be finished. He had hoped to be rid of this at once, but late snows and high water had delayed the work.

Scipio Le Moyne was among the newcomers at the headquarters ranch on Sunk Creek. His character had not yet been tested by a year's scrutiny. He was known to ride and rope well, and to cook indifferently, and to return from town having behaved himself less ill than the worst; but Judge Henry had drawn back from putting in his hands a temptation so potent as the wages. Much ready money is a burning argument for a disappearance. To these cautious sentiments of the Judge his foreman had replied scarcely more than "I have studied Scipio mighty thorough." To Scipio himself, the friend for whose character he was thus pledging his good judgment, he merely remarked, "Stay with the money."

"Stay with it!" exclaimed Scipio, nearly overcome by his feelings. He wanted to hug the foreman; and lest his eyes should betray something, he narrowed them to a slit. "If y'u say so, I'll stay with it till I come home with it."

The usually sharp-witted foreman was at a loss.

"Sure!" Scipio explained. "I'll pay the boys what they're owed, and take 'em into Likely and win it back off 'em. Why, it's the kind of plan y'u might think of yourself."

"You're cert'nly shameless," murmured the foreman.

"So my enemies all say," retorted Scipio. Thus had he departed from Sunk Creek.

And now, having done well most things he was sent to do, his heart was so grateful to his friend that he would conquer his distaste for the pen, and write a long letter without a single word of thanks in it—the thanks would merely be between every line. The truly heavy load of responsibility was still with him, but safe with him; that money would go into the hands of the men at the Flat Iron outfit tomorrow, and surprise them. Had he not been adroit? No one suspected he was the paymaster. Visiting Likely once for his mail and some supplies, he had been obliged to spend the night there. His prudence as to whisky and general abstemiousness of conduct that night might point, he feared, to the fact that he carried money he was "staying with." He even felt a certain observation to attend his movements. He therefore began to speak deceitfully to the company he sat among. Had anybody else, he inquired, been through here from Sunk Creek? Nobody else had, it appeared; and Scipio smoked for a while.

"Well," he remarked at length, with a certain gloom, like one who speaks from an offended heart, "a man don't enjoy bein' mistrusted. Not if there's never been nothing to justify it." He said no more, waiting for some one to draw the desired inference from this utterance.

After a matter of some five minutes the inference was appreciated, and he received a counter-offer, so to speak, a trifle too obviously aimed. "Them hands at the Flat Iron," said the offerer, "has most finished their job, ain't they?"

"I don't know about them," said Scipio, keeping in the land of inference. "I've finished mine, I know." Then, after a proper pause and with proper bitterness, he finished: "If folks can't trust me they can't hire me."

It was lightly handled, and it did its work in Likely. All Likely gossiped next day about how Judge Henry would not let Scipio handle the Flat Iron money, and how Scipio let his feelings be shown too plain for self-respect—all Likely, save one close observer. The old gentleman with the black coat and the white beard thought that it was odd in Scipio to behave so carefully during his night in town, odd and interesting to drink nothing and go to bed early in the hotel. "That kind don't," he said to himself; "not usually when they're mad at their employer and goin' to quit their job." The old gentleman did not gossip, but grew thoughtful. One morning he got on his old pink mare, and took a quiet trail for Spit-Cat. He thought he knew the way, but lost himself, and luckily met a man on the stage road who directed him up the old, established trail. Or rather, it was lucky that he lost

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himself, else he would have arrived before Scipio had unbuckled his pistol and forgotten everything in the world but this letter he was knee-deep in.

"*Dear friend* I got no dictionery but if any of my spelling raises your suspicions you can borrow a dictionery at your end and theirby correct my statements which are otherwise garranteed to be strictly accurite. Hope you are well I am same. Have a good notion not to sine this for you will know my tracks without more information. Well buisniss first and I will try run in a little pleasure for you if my nerve holds out but that blot will tell you I am not myself just now. You said I was shameless but you are dead wrong about me. To think of the way you lied to those poor boys about the frogs has made me blush in bed after many a day when my own concience was at piece. I have looked after the new ditches I had to attend to them a whole lot they are all right now but they were not the young yellowleg who calls himself a civil engineer I guess becaus he looks at a grade through a machine on three sticks instead of with his naked eye was making trouble. He was arranging for the water from Crow Canyon to run up hill. We got it started the right way yesterday but that civil engineer does too much fingering with his pencil to suit me he has a whole box full of sums in arrithmetic. The fences are satisfactory. I was oblidged to turn half the cattle back the man thought I was one of those who do not know a cow when they see one but he has gone home realizing his poor judgment. And now that is all except I am paying off the extra hands at the Flat Iron outfit tomorrow or next day sure and now for pleasure as my hand has got limbered up wonderful and no longer oblidged to blast out every word with giant powder like I had to all around the start where you see those blots. I guess the words are going to get to chasing each other off this pen before I am through telling you something.

"I HAVE NOTICED A THING. Be the first to tell a joke on yourself it deadens the blow. Well Honey Wiggin has found out about this so I am going to hurry up and get ahead of his news. Likely is the town here as you know and twenty hours is still the record for driving to it from the railroad but there is a new trail from here to Likely by Spit-Kitten it saves an hour so I am living an hour nearer the fashion than you told me I would be when you gave me this job. But it was by no means to be fashionable that I had to go over to Likely though it is a good place for a man who wants to and this cabin is not fashionable a little bit but my flour gave out. The last of it was et up by Honey Wiggin who stopped here one night and told me about the trail by Spit-Kitten witch he claimed was easy except in one place by what they call the Little Pasture. You come on the fence on the side hill up among the trees where they have been cut down some and Honey said follow the fence a good ways maybe three miles he thought but not more and you would see the place where the trail took off down the hill through the same kind of trees pretty thin growing and pines mostly till you would come to the edge and see the town down below about half an hour more riding. Honey went over the mountain to Flat Iron and I caught up my horse and started for Likely. The trail was all right unless for a horse packed heavy and I did not hurry any for I knew I had the night to put in in town and I was in no haste to get there because I could have no enjoyment when I did on account of the money. I was invited a lot when I got there but though I have been going to bed the same day I got up for many weeks I was taking no risk. But that is not my point it is the Little Pasture I want to speak of. It got shady while I was following the fence which I struck all right but I did not mind and I was studying up something to tell any folks that might inquire about the money for Flat Iron for I have to practiss lying I am not quick at it like you. Well sir I went along getting up some remarks and then picking out them I considered to be the most promissing but after a while I says to myself it must be most three miles I have come along this fence. But Honey Wiggin is not special close about distances, and so I went along rejecting some of the remarks I had picked out and putting stronger ones in their place and pretty soon I knew I must have come five miles anyway for Japan can walk three miles an hour and I had looked at my watch. I made Japan lope and then I made him gallup and then something struck me like a flash and I got off him and I tied my hankerchef to the fence and me and Japan gallupped like we was both crazy and it was not twenty minnits till we came round to my hankerchef again. I expect the pasture is three miles round but cannot say how many times I circled her. I struck out for myself then and come to another fence and that was the one Honey meant, only he says now he told me to look out and not take the first fence.

"In Likely I went to bed the same day I got up and I slept in my pants with the money and can say I will be glad when——"

Here Scipio Le Moyne looked up from his letter, for the old gentleman stood in the door and wished him good morning. It was not morning, but let that go. The old gentleman had taken his observations through the window behind Scipio and had been much pleased to notice the six-shooter among the blankets. He had observed everything: the pie, the letter, all things inside the cabin, and also that outside the cabin Scipio's horse was grazing in the little field, and therefore not instantly serviceable. His own animal he had tied to a tree a little distance within the timber.

"Good morning," he said.

SCIPIO'S ENTIRE INWARD arrangements gave a monstrous leap, but his outward start was very slight. "Hello, Uncle Pasco!" said he cheerfully. "Are y'u lost?" And he sat in his chair quite still.

Uncle Pasco stood blinking in his usual way. "No," he returned. "Not lost. Just off trappin'. That's what." His voice was an old man's, dry and chirping, and his sentences proceeded in short hops. He had seen Scipio's one-quarter inch of movement, and he read that movement with admirable insight: it had been a quickly arrested and choked impulse to get to those blankets. And Scipio had done some reading,

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too. He saw Uncle Pasco's eye measuring distances, and he could discern no sign whatever of pistol upon the old gentleman. This rendered him extremely cautious, and his thoughts worked at a remarkable speed. Uncle Pasco did not have to think so quickly, for he had begun his meditations in Likely several days ago, and they were all finished as far as they could be up to the present juncture. Even the most ripened strategist must leave some moves to be determined by the fluctuations of the battle.

Drawings by Frank Boyd

"Been off trappin'," repeated Uncle Pasco.

"What luck?" Scipio inquired.

"Poor. Poor. Beaver gettin' cleaned out of this country. That's what."

"Better sit down and eat," said Scipio. "Take your coat off and stay a while."

Uncle Pasco's glance rested on the pie a moment and then upon Scipio's ink-covered sheets. "M—well," he said doubtfully, for Scipio's ease had now put him in doubt, "I got to get back to Likely. Pie looks good. Pie like mother made. That's what. M—well, you're busy. Guess you want to write your letter."

Scipio now looked at his letter, and drew inspiration from it, a forlorn hope of inspiration. "Why, you don't need to start for Likely so soon," he remarked with a persuasive whine. "What was the use in stoppin' at all? Eat the balance of the pie and take the new trail—if your packs are not loaded heavy."

"Spit-Kitten?" said Uncle Pasco.

"Yep," said Scopio. "Saves an hour."

"Ain't been over it," said Uncle Pasco.

"Can't miss it," said Scipio. "Your pack's light?"

"M—well," answered Uncle Pasco, doubtfully, "fairly light."

"Sit down," said Scipio. "I'll tell y'u about the trail while you're eatin' the pie." He made as if to rise and offer the only chair in the room to Uncle Pasco. This brought Uncle Pasco immediately to his side.

"Keep a-sittin'," the old gentleman urged. "Keep a-sittin', and draw me a map. That's what. Map of Spit-Kitten."

"Here," began Scipio, wriggling his pen across a blank sheet, "runs Spit-Cat. This here cross is this cabin. Stream's runnin' this way. Understand?"

"That's plain," said Uncle Pasco.

"Here," and Scipio wriggled his pen at right angles to the first wriggle, "comes Spit-Kitten into the main creek—right above this cabin. See? Well. Now." Scipio began dotting lines. "You follow the little creek up, *so*. Then you cross over to the left bank, *so*. And you go right up out of a little canyon (you can't if your packs is heavy loaded, for it's awful steep and slippery for pretty near a hundred yards) and you come out on top clear going—gosh! I've got to take another sheet of paper—well, now y'u go down easy a mile or two and keep swinging to your right, and about here"—Scipio now sprinkled some points on the paper—"the trees begin gettin' scattery and you look out for a fence on your left. You follow that fence for—well, I'll not say whether it's three miles or four—it's that noo pasture the Seventy-six outfit calls their Little Pasture, and before y'u come to the corner where there's a gate by a gushin' creek I don't know the name of, you'll notice the hill goin' down to your right all over good grass and mighty few trees, and if it's dark you'll see the lights of the town below and the trail takes off right about where you'll be standing this way" (Scipio scratched an arrow), "and don't y'u mind if it looks like a little-worn trail, for that's the way it is, and y'u can't miss it on that hillside. See?"

"That's plain as day," said Uncle Pasco, accepting the two sheets of the map and sliding them into his own pocket. He still stood beside Scipio, irresolutely, considering the lumpy appearance of Scipio's pocket. A handkerchief with a bag of tobacco might produce such a bulge.

"Fine day," said Scipio. "Better stay a while."

"Good weather right along now," said Uncle Pasco.

"Time it was," said Scipio, "after the wettin' the month of May gave us. Boys doin' anything in town lately?"

"Oh, gay, gay," returned Uncle Pasco. And he ran a pistol against Scipio's head. "Out with it," he commanded. "Cough up."

IT IS POSSIBLE under these circumstances, to refuse to cough, and to perform instead some rapid athletics which result in a bullet-hole in the wall or ceiling, to be forever after pointed to. But the odds are so heavy that the hole will be in neither the wall nor the ceiling that many people of undoubted valour have found coughing more discreet. Scipio coughed.

"Uncle Pasco," said he gracefully, "I didn't know you were that artistic."

Uncle Pasco now marched to the bed and appropriated Scipio's pistol. "Just for the present," he explained.

"Uncle Pasco," resumed Scipio, mild as a dove and

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never stirring from his chair, "you have learned me something today. It's expensive education. I'll not say it ain't. But I'm goin' to tell y'u where I went wrong. I'd ought to have acted more careless in Likely that night. I'd ought to have taken a whirl somewheres. Bein' so quiet exposed my hand to y'u. But, see here, I had everybody fooled but you."

"You're a kid," responded Uncle Pasco, but with indulgence. "You be good. Keep a-sittin' right there. Pie like mother made." And with the pie in one hand and his pistol in the other he made a comfortable lunch.

"It *was* my over-carefulness, warn't it?" persisted Scipio. "I have sure paid y'u good to know!"

"You're a kid," Uncle Pasco, with unchanged indulgence, repeated. "You'll do in time. Keep studying seasoned men. That's what." And he finished his meal. "You'll find your six-shooter in the place where I'll put it."

The old gentleman opened the door, and, leaving Scipio in the chair, walked briskly by the corral into the trees and mounted his old pink mare. From the door of the cabin Scipio watched him amble away along the banks of Spit-Cat.

"Pie like mother made!" he muttered. "You patch-sewed bread-basket! Why, you fringy-panted walking delegate, I'll agitate your system till your back teeth are chewin' your own sweetbreads!" He seized up a rope and began walking to where his horse was pasturing. "I could forgive him takin' the money," he continued. "He outplayed me. But——" Scipio was silent for a few yards, and then, "Pie like mother made!" he burst out again.

And now, reader, please rise with me in the air and look down like a bird at the trail of Spit-Kitten. The afternoon has grown late, and shadow is ascending among the thin pines by the Little Pasture. There goes Uncle Pasco, ambling easily along. He counts his money, and slaps his bad old leg with joy. With all those dollars he can render the next several months more than comfortable. Now he consults Scipio's map, and here, sure enough, he comes to the fence, just as Scipio said he would come; that fence he was to follow for three miles, perhaps, or four. Uncle Pasco slaps his leg again, and gives a horrid, unconscientious cackle. And now he hangs Scipio's pistol on a post of the fence and proceeds. While pleasing thoughts of San Francisco and champagne fill his mind as he rides, there comes Scipio along the trail after him at a nicely set interval. All is working with the agreeable precision of a clock. Scipio recovers his pistol, and after tying his horse out of sight a little way down the hill, he runs back and sits snug behind a tree close to the fence, waiting. He looks at his watch, "It took Japan and me twenty minutes to go around at a gallop," he observes. "Uncle Pasco ain't goin' half that fast." Scipio continues to wait with his six-shooter ready. In due time he pricks up his ears and rises upon his feet behind the tree. Next, he steps forth with his smile of an angel—but a fallen angel.

"Pie like mother made," he remarks musically.

Why tell of Uncle Pasco's cruel surprise? It is not known if he had gone round the fence more than once; but the town of Likely saw the dreadful condition of his clothes as he rode in that night. It was almost no clothes.

At that hour Scipio was finishing his letter to the foreman:—

"—this risponsibillity is shed," had been the unwritten fragment of his sentence when it was cut short, and he now completed it, and went on:—

"Quite a little thing has took place just now about that money. Don't jump, for I am staying with it as you said to and I am liable to be staying with it as long as necessary but an old hobo held me up and got it off me and kept it for most three hours when I got it back off the old fool. I would not have throwed him around like I did if he had been content to lift the cash but he had to insult me too said I was pie and next time he'll know a man should be civil no matter what his employment is.

"I have noticed another thing. To shoot strait always go to bed the same day you get up and to think strait use same pollicy.

"Your friend,

"Scipio Le Moyne.

"P. S.—I am awful oblidged to you."

Poem

By EMILY DICKINSON

I have not told my garden yet,
Lest that should conquer me;
I have not quite the strength now
To break it to the bee.

I will not name it in the street,
For shops would stare, that I,
So shy, so very ignorant,
Should have the face to die.

The hillsides must not know it,
Where I have rambled so,
Nor tell the loving forests
The day that I shall go,

Nor lisp it at the table,
Nor heedless by the way
Hint that within the riddle
One will walk today!

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Hors-d'oeuvres from the Newest Books

Aubrey Beardsley

The Events Leading Up to the Tragedy

I had to have something to wear! Father turned the fo'c's'le into a sewing room. His seamstresses were Lars Erickson—a Dane, Scotty—an old Scottish sailor who had only one snag tooth in his mouth, and that brown from tobacco stain, and the trusty Stitches.

These men were commissioned to make my wardrobe. They cut a small pair of pants from Stitches' well-worn dungarees and made little suspenders on them. The button-holes were works of art embroidered with infinite pains by Stitches. While they were engrossed in their sewing, a Hungarian sailor who was a bit of a bully, by name "Gooney" Bulgar, leaned out of his bunk and remarked:

"You ladies of the sewing circle will now adjourn an' tea will be served in the Cap'n's parlour," with which he waved an effeminate, coy hand in the shellbacks' faces.

It was never definitely settled which of them landed on him first. Bulgar claimed that Stitches had scratched him with his needle and none would bear witness that Scotty and Erickson hadn't used a steel marlinspike on him. At any rate, he resembled a piece of raw hamburger steak when they brought his limp body aft to my father to be revived. If there is one thing prevalent on shipboard it is he-men, and any suggestion that impugns their virility has to be settled with belaying pins to the finish. Whatever really happened, the event is recorded in the Log Book as follows:

> "This day at sea, the 27th of September, Able-Bodied Seaman Gustav Bulgar fell, in the course of duty, off the fo'c's'le head onto the main deck and was badly injured. Treated by Captain. Given dose of salts and wounds painted with Friar's Balsam. Captain found it advisable to fine seaman Five Dollars for carelessness."

The Cradle of the Deep. Joan Lowell.

A Challenge to Science

"Look here," said Mallard more calmly, "what's the good of science if it can't tell us if there's a survival after death? What's the good of all that muck you're writing if it can't answer a simple question like that? The mechanism of mind. Bosh! I want to know if there's any evidence about what happens—afterwards."

Boyd grinned through his horners and thrust his fingers through his hair.

"I'm sorry I can't do better for you in terms of science. Of course, religion is another thing altogether. . . . Science has nothing to do with faith. Just as a knowledge of philology—the history and structure of language—has nothing to do with poetry. . . . I don't pretend to offer an explanation. I'd like to find out."

"That's just it," said Mallard. "You say science doesn't know what lies out in No Man's Land. Why don't you self-conceited scientists go out there and report back? Is there any truth, or isn't there, in these phenomena of spiritualism? It seems to me a short cut to certainty. Get into touch with one spirit and we must believe in survival. One word with Ivo on the other side and I don't care a damn about death. One glimpse of immortality and God becomes real and this brief little life of ours just an hour in a wayside inn on the way—home."

Darkened Rooms. Philip Gibbs.

"The Gift of Expression Is Not in Man"

"I think we've both been lonely people." . . . She wondered why she said that. Never before had she thought of herself as lonely. Now she realized that she had been lonely, as everyone must be lonely. The gift of expression is not in Man, except to a slight degree. Life is too complicated for him and he hasn't the time or the courage or the intelligence to face it. He must slip through it with faint speech and misinterpretation and half-averted face. But Darley was a little different, a little superior. She stroked Darley's hand.

A Great Man. Walter Vogdes.

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The Misanthropy of Youth

He supposed he was getting old; he was not far from thirty. Looking back, though, he couldn't remember a period from eighteen on, when he hadn't thought he was getting old. Still, he was really getting on now. Getting old meant ceasing to want the things you used to want and ceasing to believe in the things you used to believe in. He had wanted to ride a raft down the Mississippi, to ride a tramp steamer all over the world, to climb mountains and wade in rivers, and to be free and very much alone. Later he had found that he didn't want to do those things so much as he wanted to want to do them, and after that he stopped wanting to want to do them and didn't want anything at all. There had never been any reason why he couldn't do almost anything he wanted to do; he just never got round to it. As for his beliefs, he had ceased to believe in Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, God, the single standard, the golden rule, free will, or the possibility of anything ever being as fine as you thought it was going to be. The fun of adolescence had been in learning that everything he believed in was a damned lie.

Peter the Drunk. Charles Wertenbaker.

Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning

Everyone in the house was packing up in preparation for moving day when Ba walked away from the noisy confusion of her home to the haven of Robert's love. She did not totter this time, but walked firmly, scorning Wilson's aid. No one seeing her turn the corner would have suspected that here went England's leading poetess on her way to a rendezvous with her poet lover. There were no frills or senseless ribbons on her bonnet. Her dark traveling dress was unadorned save for the locket, containing the lock of Robert's hair, in the hollow of her throat.

At Hodgeson's, Robert idly handled books and watched the door. There she was! He sprang forward, but they did not even touch hands. He managed a respectful bow, she a curtsey and shyly took his arm as they walked sedately from the place without having disturbed by any outward display of affection the musty, hushed solemnity of the bookshop. Their cab waited at the door; their tickets were in Robert's pocket; Wilson was mounting beside the driver. They looked back once towards Wimpole Street. Then he handed Ba royally into the carriage, leaped in beside her and off they drove, leaving literary London with its choicest morsel of gossip since Byron quit the town. . . .

Behind the fleeing poets their friends raised a chorus of amazement, and Wordsworth expressed the sentiment of all when he remarked, in a little sharper tone than others would have used: "So Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett have gone off together! Well, I hope they understand each other; no one else can."

The Brownings. A Victorian Idyll. David Loth.

The Joy of Creating

The banker . . . beamed. "Do you know, my boy, the thing I like about you is your modesty. But you mustn't under-estimate your abilities."

"But I'm not modest. I'm conceited. Ask Eve—ask anyone. But I honestly don't want to be president of anything."

"Oh, yes you do—boss of the whole show—make everybody stand around. We all like that."

"No, I don't enjoy bossing a bit, and I don't give a damn about making people stand around. That sort of ability strikes me as a low order of bluff and bullying. I've got plenty of ability in my own line, but it isn't executive or administrative or organizing ability. In fact, I don't even know which is which."

"Excellent!" said Mr. Monteagle. "I'm glad you recognize your own limitations. Most failures are due to misfits. What *do* you want to do?"

"I'd rather do my own work than bore myself by getting work out of others. I'd rather be an investigator and discover ideas that would make people work on them—not because I have official or economic power to command them to do so, but because they would want to do so voluntarily. That's a higher form of power, and far more potent, because unseen. And you, as an artist in business, ought to agree with me. That is the way all art operates."

They Still Fall in Love. Jesse Lynch Williams.

Vedic Commandments

"Study the Vedas, respect those who impart unto you wisdom; show hospitality to religion. Before leaving your teacher's home, reward him with the amount of payment that seems to you fitting. Do not cut the cord of marriage with the blade of celibacy. Do not be restless with truth . . . do not be ashamed to be great, do not neglect your ancestors.

"Harken to the pleading of the gods. Adore your mother as God, adore your father as God. Respect all enlighteners.

"Your guests should be treated to repletion. Give with reverence. Make each gift with love and rejoicing and, if you cannot rejoice, give not at all. Let intelligence rein the horse of charity. Let your gifts be as small as the cup of your humility, as large as the chalice of your religion. Do not give unless you give as to your equal."

May Brahma protect and enjoy us.

Devotional Passages from the Hindu Bible.
Dhan Gopal Mukerji.

[The Golden Book *Editorial Department, as a service to readers, will be glad to furnish information as to publisher, price, etc., of any volume mentioned here.*]

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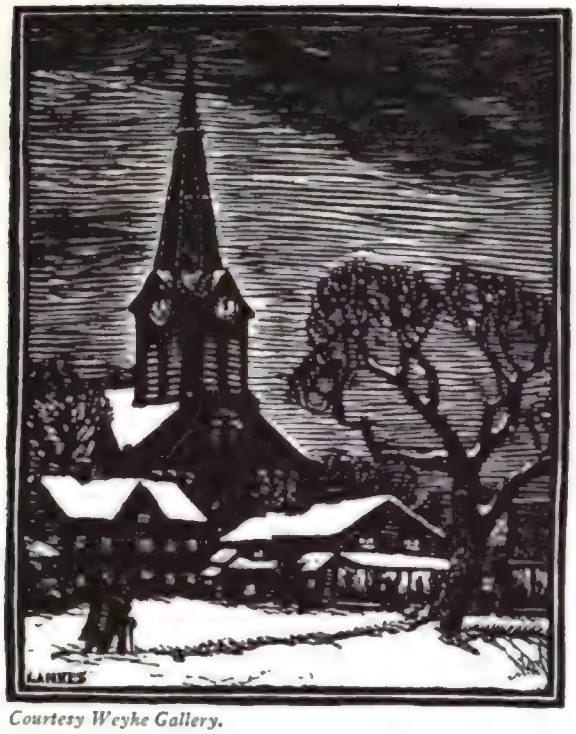

Courtesy Weyhe Gallery.

Ethan Frome

By EDITH WHARTON

Edith Wharton

The Story So Far:

ETHAN FROME is an outstanding figure in the Massachusetts village of Starkfield, but his distinction has a tragic background; he is introduced to us as a man of fifty-two, poverty-stricken and lamed; grizzled and low-voiced and reticent. Starkfield is strangely reluctant to talk about Frome and his affairs, but from remarks dropped here and there one learns of the death of his father by accident, of the mental decline and death of his mother, and of his wife Zeena, a silently critical and suspicious hypochondriac. Frome is fighting a losing battle against poverty and physical suffering, his only possessions a run-down saw-mill and a few barren acres. A chance remark to a friendly visitor gives us the key to the tragic puzzle of Ethan Frome's career, and takes us back a quarter of a century. . . .

Mattie Silver comes to live with the Fromes in order to lighten the burden of household work for her cousin, Zeena. Mattie is young and lively and intelligent, and extends to Ethan the sympathy and understanding which Zeena does not. She goes to a church dance, and Ethan walks down from his farm, two miles distant from Starkfield, to escort her home. He is made momentarily jealous by witnessing the attention paid her by Denis Eadie, the son of a progressive Irish grocer, but he soon loses himself in the deep pleasure which the presence of Mattie by his side gives him. Zeena gives them a chilling reception on their arrival home, however, and Ethan Frome, abashed and depressed, follows in his wife's wake upstairs and across the threshold of their room.

CHAPTER III

THERE WAS SOME hauling to be done at the lower end of the wood-lot, and Ethan was out early the next day.

The winter morning was as clear as crystal. The sunrise burned red in a pure sky, the shadows on the rim of the wood-lot were darkly blue, and beyond the white and scintillating fields patches of far-off forest hung like smoke.

It was in the early morning stillness, when his muscles were swinging to their familiar task and his lungs expanding with long draughts of mountain air, that Ethan did his clearest thinking. He and Zeena had not exchanged a word after the door of their room had closed on them. She had measured out some drops from a medicine-bottle on a chair by the bed and, after swallowing them, and wrapping her head in a piece of yellow flannel, had lain down with her face turned away. Ethan undressed hurriedly and blew out the light so that he should not see her when he took his place at her side. As he lay there he could hear Mattie moving about in her room, and her candle, sending its small ray across the landing, drew a scarcely perceptible line of light under his door. He kept his eyes fixed on the light till it vanished. Then the room grew perfectly black, and not a sound was audible but Zeena's asthmatic breathing. Ethan felt confusedly that there were many things he ought to think about, but through his tingling veins and tired brain only one sensation throbbed: the warmth of Mattie's shoulder against his. Why had he not kissed her when he held her there? A few hours earlier he would not have asked himself the question. Even a few minutes earlier, when they had stood alone outside the house, he would not have dared to think of kissing her. But since he had seen her lips in the lamplight he felt that they were his.

Now, in the bright morning air, her face was still before him. It was part of the sun's red and of the pure glitter on the snow. How the girl had changed since she had come to Starkfield! He remembered what a colourless slip of a thing she had looked the day he had met her at the station. And all the first winter, how she had shivered with cold when the northerly gales shook the thin clapboards and the snow beat like hail against the loose-hung windows!

He had been afraid that she would hate the hard

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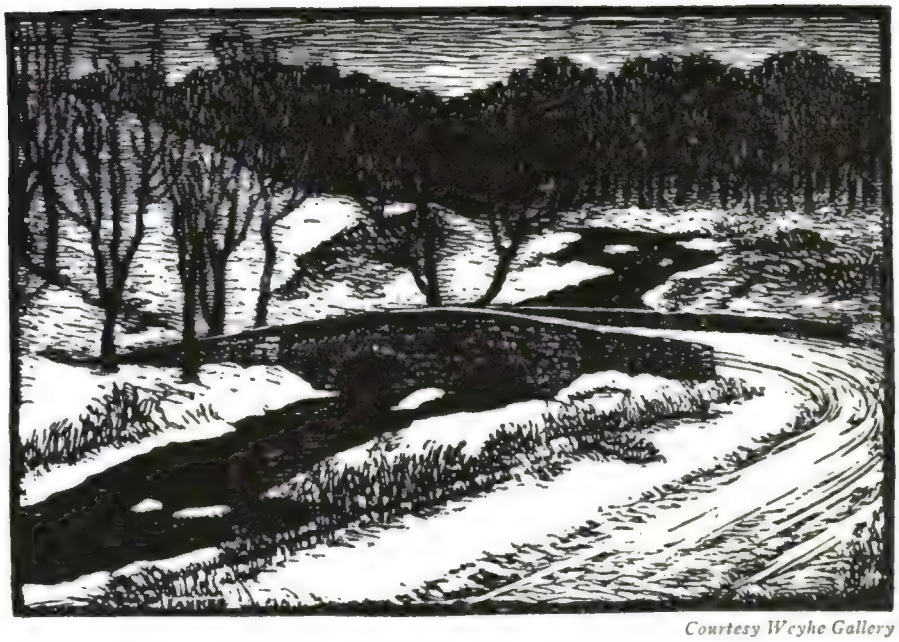
The Second of Three Parts

Woodcuts by J. J. Lankes



Courtesy Weyhe Gallery

life, the cold and loneliness; but not a sign of discontent escaped her. Zeena took the view that Mattie was bound to make the best of Starkfield since she hadn't any other place to go to; but this did not strike Ethan as conclusive. Zeena, at any rate, certainly did not apply the principle in her own case.

He felt all the more sorry for the girl because misfortune had, in a sense, indentured her to them. Mattie Silver was the daughter of a cousin of Zenobia Frome's, who had inflamed his clan with mingled sentiments of envy and admiration by descending from the hills to Connecticut, where he had married a Stamford girl and succeeded to her father's thriving "drug" business. Unhappily Orin Silver, a man of far-reaching aims, had died too soon to prove that the end justifies the means. His accounts revealed merely what the means had been; and these were such that it was fortunate for his wife and daughter that his books were examined only after his impressive funeral. His wife died of the disclosure, and Mattie, at twenty, was left alone to make her way on the fifty dollars obtained from the sale of her piano. For this purpose her equipment, though varied, was inadequate. She could trim a hat, make molasses candy, recite "Curfew shall not ring tonight," and play "The Lost Chord" and a pot-pourri from "Carmen." When she tried to extend the field of her activities in the direction of stenography and book-keeping, her health broke down, and six months on her feet behind the counter of a department store did not tend to restore it. Her nearest relations had been induced to place their savings in her father's hands, and though, after his death, they ungrudgingly acquitted themselves of the Christian duty of returning good for evil by giving his daughter all the advice at their disposal, they could hardly be expected to supplement it by material aid. But when Zenobia's doctor recommended her looking about for some one to help her with the house-work the clan instantly saw the chance of exacting a compensation from Mattie. Zenobia, though doubtful of the girl's efficiency, was tempted by the freedom to find fault without much risk of losing her; and so Mattie came to Starkfield.

Zenobia's fault-finding was of the silent kind, but not the less penetrating for that. During the first months Ethan alternately burned with the desire to see Mattie defy her and trembled with fear of the result. Then the situation grew less strained. The pure air, and the long summer hours in the open, gave back life and elasticity to Mattie, and Zeena, with more leisure to devote to her complex ailments, grew less watchful of the girl's omissions; so that Ethan, struggling on under the burden of his barren farm and failing saw-mill, could at least imagine that peace reigned in his house.

There was really, even now, no tangible evidence to the contrary; but since the previous night a vague dread had hung on his sky-line. It was formed of Zeena's obstinate silence, of Mattie's sudden look of warning, of the memory of just such fleeting imperceptible signs as those which told him, on certain clear mornings, that before night there would be rain.

His dread was so strong that, man-like, he sought to postpone certainty. The hauling was not over till mid-day, and as the lumber was to be delivered to Andrew Hale, the Starkfield builder, it was really easier for Ethan to send Jotham Powell, the hired man, back to the farm on foot, and drive the load down to the village himself. He had scrambled up on the logs, and was sitting astride of them, close over his shaggy grays, when, coming between him and their steaming necks, he had a vision of the warning look that Mattie had given him the night before.

"If there's going to be any trouble I want to be there," was his vague reflection, as he threw to Jotham the unexpected order to unhitch the team and lead them back to the barn.

It was a slow trudge home through the heavy fields, and when the two men entered the kitchen Mattie was lifting the coffee from the stove and Zeena was already at the table. Her husband stopped short at sight of her. Instead of her usual calico wrapper and knitted shawl she wore her best dress of brown merino, and above her thin strands of hair, which still preserved the tight undulations of the crimping-pins, rose a hard perpendicular bonnet, as to which Ethan's clearest

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notion was that he had to pay five dollars for it at the Bettsbridge Emporium. On the floor beside her stood his old valise and a bandbox wrapped in newspapers.

"Why, where are you going, Zeena?" he exclaimed.

"I've got my shooting pains so bad that I'm going over to Bettsbridge to spend the night with Aunt Martha Pierce and see that new doctor," she answered in a matter-of-fact tone, as if she had said she was going into the store-room to take a look at the preserves, or up to the attic to go over the blankets.

In spite of her sedentary habits, such abrupt decisions were not without precedent in Zeena's history. Twice or thrice before she had suddenly packed Ethan's valise and started off to Bettsbridge, or even Springfield, to seek the advice of some new doctor, and her husband had grown to dread these expeditions because of their cost. Zeena always came back laden with expensive remedies, and her last visit to Springfield had been commemorated by her paying twenty dollars for an electric battery of which she had never been able to learn the use. But for the moment his sense of relief was so great as to preclude all other feelings. He had now no doubt that Zeena had spoken the truth in saying, the night before, that she had sat up because she felt "too mean" to sleep: her abrupt resolve to seek medical advice showed that, as usual, she was wholly absorbed in her health.

As if expecting a protest, she continued plaintively: "If you're too busy with the hauling, I presume you can let Jotham Powell drive me over with the sorrel in time to ketch the train at the Flats."

Her husband hardly heard what she was saying. During the winter months there was no stage between Starkfield and Bettsbridge, and the trains which stopped at Corbury Flats were slow and infrequent. A rapid calculation showed Ethan that Zeena could not be back at the farm before the following evening. . . .

"If I'd supposed you'd 'a' made any objection to Jotham Powell's driving me over—" she began again, as though his silence had implied refusal. On the brink of departure she was always seized with a flux of words. "All I know is," she continued, "I can't go on the way I am much longer. The pains are clear away down to my ankles now, or I'd 'a' walked in to Starkfield on my own feet, sooner'n put you out, and asked Michael Eady to let me ride over on his wagon to the Flats, when he sends to meet the train that brings his groceries. I'd 'a' had two hours to wait in the station, but I'd sooner 'a' done it, even with this cold, than to have you say——"

"Of course Jotham'll drive you over," Ethan roused himself to answer. He became suddenly conscious that he was looking at Mattie while Zeena talked to him, and with an effort he turned his eyes to his wife. She sat opposite the window, and the pale light reflected from the banks of snow made her face look more than usually drawn and bloodless, sharpened the three parallel creases between ear and cheek, and drew querulous lines from her thin nose to the corners of her mouth. Though she was but seven years her husband's senior, and he was only twenty-eight, she was already an old woman.

Ethan tried to say something befitting the occasion, but there was only one thought in his mind: the fact that, for the first time since Mattie had come to live with them, Zeena was to be away for a night. He wondered if the girl were thinking of it too. . . .

He knew that Zeena must be wondering why he did not offer to drive her to the Flats and let Jotham Powell take the lumber to Starkfield, and at first he could not think of a pretext for not doing so; then he said: "I'd take you over myself, only I've got to collect the cash for the lumber."

As soon as the words were spoken he regretted them, not only because they were untrue—there being no prospect of his receiving cash payment from Hale—but also because he knew from experience the imprudence of letting Zeena think he was in funds on the eve of one of her therapeutic excursions. At the moment, however, his one desire was to avoid the long drive with her behind the ancient sorrel who never went out of a walk.

Zeena made no reply: she did not seem to hear what he had said. She had already pushed her plate aside, and was measuring out a draught from a large bottle at her elbow.

"It ain't done me a speck of good, but I guess I might as well use it up," she remarked; adding, as she pushed the empty bottle toward Mattie: "If you can get the taste out it'll do for pickles."

IV

As soon as his wife had driven off Ethan took his coat and cap from the peg. Mattie was washing up the dishes, humming one of the dance tunes of the night before. He said, "So long, Matt," and she answered gaily: "So long, Ethan"; and that was all.

It was warm and bright in the kitchen. The sun slanted through the south window on the girl's moving figure, on the cat dozing in a chair, and on the geraniums brought in from the doorway, where Ethan had planted them in the summer to "make a garden" for Mattie. He would have liked to linger on, watching her tidy up and then settle down to her sewing; but he wanted still more to get the hauling done and be back at the farm before night.

All the way down to the village he continued to think of his return to Mattie. The kitchen was a poor place, not "spruce" and shining as his mother had kept it in his boyhood; but it was surprising what a homelike look the mere fact of Zeena's absence gave it. And he pictured what it would be like that evening, when he and Mattie were there after supper. For the first time they would be alone together indoors, and they would sit there, one on each side of the stove, like a married couple, he in his stocking feet and smoking his pipe, she laughing and talking in that funny way she had, which was always as new to him as if he had never heard her before.

The sweetness of the picture, and the relief of knowing that his fears of "trouble" with Zeena were unfounded, sent up his spirits with a rush, and he, who was usually so silent, whistled and sang aloud as he drove through the snowy fields. There was in him a

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slumbering spark of sociability which the long Starkfield winters had not yet extinguished. By nature grave and inarticulate, he admired recklessness and gaiety in others and was warmed to the marrow by friendly intercourse. At Worcester, though he had the name of keeping to himself and not being much of a hand at a good time, he had secretly gloried in being clapped on the back and hailed as "Old Ethe" or "Old Stiff"; and the cessation of such familiarities had increased the chill of his return to Starkfield.

There the silence had deepened about him year by year. Left alone, after his father's accident, to carry the burden of farm and mill, he had had no time for convivial loiterings in the village; and when his mother fell ill the loneliness of the house grew more oppressive than that of the fields. His mother had been a talker in her day, but after her "trouble" the sound of her voice was seldom heard, though she had not lost the power of speech. Sometimes, in the long winter evenings, when in desperation her son asked her why she didn't "say something," she would lift a finger and answer: "Because I'm listening"; and on stormy nights, when the loud wind was about the house, she would complain, if he spoke to her: "They're talking so out there that I can't hear you."

It was only when she drew toward her last illness, and his cousin Zenobia Pierce came over from the next valley to help him nurse her, that human speech was heard again in the house. After the mortal silence of his long imprisonment, Zeena's volubility was music in his ears. He felt that he might have "gone like his mother" if the sound of a new voice had not come to steady him. Zeena seemed to understand his case at a glance. She laughed at him for not knowing the simplest sick-bed duties, and told him to "go right along out" and leave her to see to things. The mere fact of obeying her orders, of feeling free to go about his business again and talk with other men, restored his shaken balance and magnified his sense of what he owed her. Her efficiency shamed and dazzled him. She seemed to possess by instinct all the household wisdom that his long apprenticeship had not instilled in him. When the end came it was she who had to tell him to hitch up and go for the undertaker, and she thought it "funny" that he had not settled beforehand who was to have his mother's clothes and the sewing-machine. After the funeral, when he saw her preparing to go away, he was seized with an unreasoning dread of being left alone on the farm; and before he knew what he was doing he had asked her to stay there with him. He had often thought since that it would not have happened if his mother had died in spring instead of winter. . . .

When they married it was agreed that, as soon as he could straighten out the difficulties resulting from Mrs. Frome's long illness, they would sell the farm and saw-mill and try their luck in a large town. Ethan's love of nature did not take the form of a taste for agriculture. He had always wanted to be an engineer, and to live in towns, where there were lectures and big libraries and "fellows doing things." A slight engineering job in Florida, put in his way during his period of study at Worcester, increased his faith in his ability as well as his eagerness to see the world; and he felt sure that, with a "smart" wife like Zeena, it would not be long before he had made himself a place.

Zeena's native village was slightly larger and nearer to the railway than Starkfield, and she had let her husband see from the first that life on an isolated farm was not what she had expected when she married. But purchasers were slow in coming, and while he waited for them Ethan learned the impossibility of transplanting her. She chose to look down on Starkfield, but she could not have lived in a place which looked down on her. Even Bettsbridge or Shadd's Falls would not have been sufficiently aware of her, and in the greater cities which attracted Ethan she would have suffered a complete loss of identity. And within a year of their marriage she developed the "sickliness" which had since made her notable even in a community rich in pathological instances. When she came to take care of his mother she had seemed to Ethan like the very genius of health, but he soon saw that her skill as a nurse had been acquired by the absorbed observation of her own symptoms.

THEN SHE TOO fell silent. Perhaps it was the inevitable effect of life on the farm, or perhaps, as she sometimes said, it was because Ethan "never listened." The charge was not wholly unfounded. When she spoke it was only to complain, and to complain of things not in his power to remedy; and to check a tendency to impatient retort he had first formed the habit of not answering her, and finally of thinking of other things while she talked. Of late, however, since he had had reasons for observing her more closely, her silence had begun to trouble him. He recalled his mother's growing taciturnity, and wondered if Zeena were also turning "queer." Women did, he knew. Zeena, who had at her fingers' ends the pathological chart of the whole region, had cited many cases of the kind while she was nursing his mother; and he himself knew of certain lonely farm houses in the neighbourhood where stricken creatures pined, and of others where sudden tragedy had come of their presence. At times, looking at Zeena's shut face, he felt the chill of such forebodings. At other times her silence seemed deliberately assumed to conceal far-reaching intentions, mysterious conclusions drawn from suspicions and resentments impossible to guess. That supposition was even more disturbing than the other; and it was the one which had come to him the night before, when he had seen her standing in the kitchen door.

Now her departure for Bettsbridge had once more eased his mind, and all his thoughts were on the prospect of his evening with Mattie. Only one thing weighed on him, and that was his having told Zeena that he was to receive cash for the lumber. He foresaw so clearly the consequences of this imprudence that with considerable reluctance he decided to ask Andrew Hale for a small advance on his load.

When Ethan drove into Hale's yard the builder was just getting out of his sleigh.

"Hello, Ethe!" he said. "This comes handy."

Andrew Hale was a ruddy man with a big gray moustache and a stubby double chin unconstrained by

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a collar; but his scrupulously clean shirt was always fastened by a small diamond stud. This display of opulence was misleading, for though he did a fairly good business it was known that his easy-going habits and the demands of his large family frequently kept him what Starkfield called "behind." He was an old friend of Ethan's family, and his house one of the few to which Zeena occasionally went, drawn there by the fact that Mrs. Hale, in her youth, had done more "doctoring" than any other woman in Starkfield, and was still a recognized authority on symptoms and treatment.

Hale went up to the grays and patted their sweating flanks.

"Well, sir," he said, "you keep them two as if they was pets."

Ethan set about unloading the logs, and when he had finished his job he pushed open the glazed door of the shed which the builder used as his office. Hale sat with his feet up on the stove, his back propped against a battered desk strewn with papers: the place, like the man, was warm, genial, and untidy.

"Sit right down and thaw out," he greeted Ethan.

The latter did not know how to begin, but at length he managed to bring out his request for an advance of fifty dollars. The blood rushed to his thin skin under the sting of Hale's astonishment. It was the builder's custom to pay at the end of three months, and there was no precedent between the two men for a cash settlement.

Ethan felt that if he had pleaded an urgent need Hale might have made shift to pay him; but pride, and an instinctive prudence, kept him from resorting to this argument. After his father's death it had taken time to get his head above water, and he did not want Andrew Hale, or anyone else in Starkfield, to think he was going under again. Besides, he hated lying; if he wanted the money he wanted it, and it was nobody's business to ask why. He therefore made his demand with the awkwardness of a proud man who will not admit to himself that he is stooping; and he himself was not much surprised at Hale's refusal.

The builder refused genially, as he did everything else: he treated the matter as something in the nature of a practical joke, and wanted to know if Ethan meditated buying a grand piano or adding a "cupolo" to his house; offering, in the latter case, to give his services free of cost. Ethan's arts were soon exhausted, and after an embarrassed pause he wished Hale good-day and opened the door of the office. As he passed out the builder suddenly called after him: "See here—you ain't in a tight place, are you?"

"Not a bit," Ethan's pride retorted before his reason had time to intervene.

"Well, that's good! Because I *am*, a shade. Fact is, I was going to ask you to give me a little extra time on that payment. Business is pretty slack, to begin with, and then I'm fixing up a little house for Ned and Ruth when they're married. I'm glad to do it for 'em, but it costs." His look appealed to Ethan for sympathy. "The young people like things nice. You know how it is yourself: it's not so long ago since you fixed up your own place for Zeena."

ETHAN LEFT THE GRAYS in Hale's stable and went about some other business in the village. As he walked away the builder's last phrase lingered in his ears, and he reflected grimly that his seven years with Zeena seemed to Starkfield "not so long."

The afternoon was drawing to an end, and here and there a lighted pane spangled the cold gray dusk and made the snow look whiter. The bitter weather had driven everyone indoors, and Ethan had the long rural street to himself. Suddenly he heard the brisk play of sleigh bells and a cutter passed him, drawn by a free-going horse. Ethan recognized Michael Eady's roan colt, and young Denis Eady, in a handsome new fur cap, leaned forward and waved a greeting. "Hello, Ethe!" he shouted and spun on.

The cutter was going in the direction of the Frome farm, and Ethan's heart contracted as he listened to the dwindling bells. What more likely than that Denis Eady had heard of Zeena's departure for Bettsbridge and was profiting by the opportunity to spend an hour with Mattie? Ethan was ashamed of the storm of jealousy in his breast. It seemed unworthy of the girl that his thoughts of her should be so violent.

He walked on to the church corner and entered the shade of the Varnum spruces, where he had stood with her the night before. As he passed into their gloom he saw an indistinct outline just ahead of him. At his approach it melted for an instant into two separate shapes and then conjoined again, and he heard a kiss, and a half-laughing "Oh!" provoked by the discovery of his presence. Again the outline hastily disunited and the Varnum gate slammed on one-half while the other hurried on ahead of him. Ethan smiled at the

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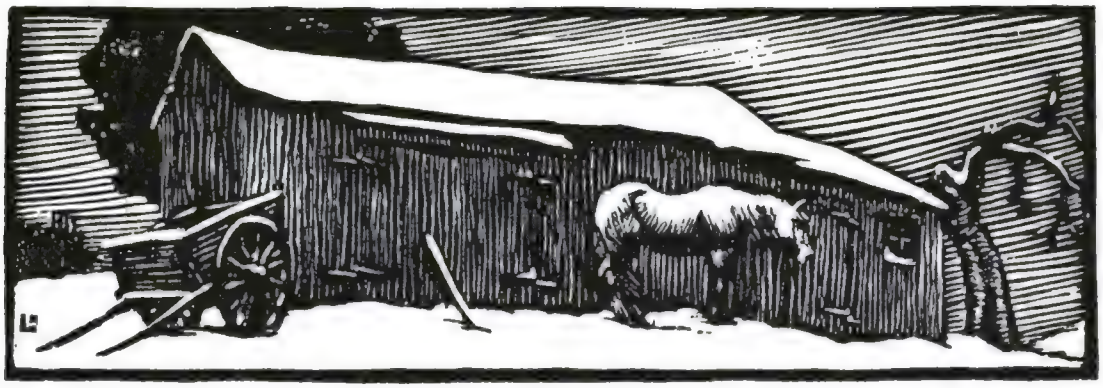

discomfiture he had caused. What did it matter to Ned Hale and Ruth Varnum if they were caught kissing each other? Everybody in Starkfield knew they were engaged. It pleased Ethan to have surprised a pair of lovers on the spot where he and Mattie had stood with such a thirst for each other in their hearts; but he felt a pang at the thought that these two need not hide their happiness.

He fetched the grays from Hale's stable and started on his long climb back to the farm. The cold was less sharp than earlier in the day and a thick fleecy sky threatened snow for the morrow. Here and there a star pricked through, showing behind it a deep well of blue. In an hour or two the moon would push up over the ridge behind the farm, burn a gold-edged rent in the clouds, and then be swallowed by them. A mournful peace hung on the fields, as though they felt the relaxing grasp of the cold and stretched themselves in their long winter sleep.

Ethan's ears were alert for the jingle of sleigh-bells, but not a sound broke the silence of the lonely road. As he drew near the farm he saw, through the thin screen of larches at the gate, a light twinkling in the house above him. "She's up in her room," he said to himself, "fixing herself up for supper"; and he remembered Zeena's sarcastic stare when Mattie, on the evening of her arrival, had come down to supper with smoothed hair and a ribbon at her neck.

He passed by the graves on the knoll and turned his head to glance at one of the older headstones, which had interested him deeply as a boy because it bore his name.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
ETHAN FROME AND ENDURANCE HIS WIFE,
WHO DWELLED TOGETHER IN PEACE
FOR FIFTY YEARS.

He used to think that fifty years sounded like a long time to live together; but now it seemed to him that they might pass in a flash. Then, with a sudden dart of irony, he wondered if, when their turn came, the same epitaph would be written over him and Zeena.

He opened the barn door and craned his head into the obscurity, half fearing to discover Denis Eady's roan colt in the stall beside the sorrel. But the old horse was there alone, mumbling his crib with toothless jaws, and Ethan whistled cheerfully while he bedded down the grays and shook an extra measure of oats into their mangers. His was not a tuneful throat, but harsh melodies burst from it as he locked the barn and sprang up the hill to the house. He reached the kitchen porch and turned the door handle; but the door did not yield to his touch.

Startled at finding it locked, he rattled the handle violently; then he reflected that Mattie was alone and that it was natural she should barricade herself at nightfall. He stood in the darkness, expecting to hear her step. It did not come, and after vainly straining his ears he called out in a voice that shook with joy: "Hello, Matt!"

Silence answered; but in a minute or two he caught a sound on the stairs and saw a line of light about the door-frame, as he had seen it the night before. So strange was the precision with which the incidents of the previous evening were repeating themselves that he half expected, when he heard the key turn, to see his wife before him on the threshold; but the door opened, and Mattie faced him.

She stood just as Zeena had stood, a lifted lamp in her hand, against the black background of the kitchen. She held the light at the same level, and it drew out with the same distinctness her slim young throat and the brown wrist no bigger than a child's. Then, striking upward, it threw a lustrous fleck on her lips, edged her eyes with velvet shade, and laid a milky whiteness above the black curve of her brows.

She wore her usual dress of darkish stuff, and there was no bow at her neck; but through her hair she had run a streak of crimson ribbon. This tribute to the unusual transformed and glorified her. She seemed to Ethan taller, fuller, more womanly in shape and motion. She stood aside, smiling silently, while he entered, and then moved away from him with something soft and flowing in her gait. She set the lamp on the table, and he saw that it was carefully laid for supper, with fresh doughnuts, stewed blueberries, and his favourite pickles in a dish of gay red glass. A bright fire glowed in the stove and the cat lay stretched before it, watching with a drowsy eye.

Ethan was suffocated with the sense of well-being. He went out into the passage to hang up his coat and pull off his wet boots. When he came back, Mattie had set the teapot on the table and the cat was rubbing itself persuasively against her ankles.

"Why, Puss! I nearly tripped over you," she cried, the laughter sparkling through her lashes.

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Again Ethan felt a sudden twinge of jealousy. Could it be his coming that gave her such a kindled face?

"Well, Matt, any visitors?" he threw off, stooping down carelessly to examine the fastening of the stove.

She nodded and laughed, "Yes, one," and he felt a blackness settling on his brows.

"Who was that?" he questioned, raising himself up to slant a glance at her beneath his scowl.

Her eyes danced with malice. "Why, Jotham Powell. He came in after he got back, and asked for a drop of coffee before he went down home."

The blackness lifted and light flooded Ethan's brain. "That all? Well, I hope you made out to let him have it." And after a pause he felt it right to add: "I suppose he got Zeena over to the Flats all right?"

"Oh, yes; in plenty of time." The name threw a chill between them, and they stood a moment looking sideways at each other before Mattie said with a shy laugh: "I guess it's about time for supper."

They drew their seats up to the table, and the cat, unbidden, jumped between them into Zeena's empty chair. "Oh, Puss!" said Mattie, and they laughed again.

ETHAN, A MOMENT EARLIER, had felt himself on the brink of eloquence; but the mention of Zeena had paralyzed him. Mattie seemed to feel the contagion of his embarrassment, and sat with downcast lids, sipping her tea, while he feigned an insatiable appetite for doughnuts and sweet pickles. At last, after casting about for an effective opening, he took a long gulp of tea, cleared his throat and said: "Looks as if there'd be more snow."

She feigned great interest. "Is that so? Do you suppose it'll interfere with Zeena's getting back?" She flushed red as the question escaped her, and hastily set down the cup she was lifting.

Ethan reached over for another helping of pickles. "You never can tell, this time of year, it drifts so bad on the Flats." The name had benumbed him again, and once more he felt as if Zeena were in the room between them.

"Oh, Puss, you're too greedy!" Mattie cried.

The cat, unnoticed, had crept up on muffled paws from Zeena's seat to the table and was stealthily elongating its body in the direction of the milk-jug, which stood between Ethan and Mattie. The two leaned forward at the same moment and their hands met on the handle of the jug. Mattie's hand was underneath, and Ethan kept his clasped on it a moment longer than was necessary. The cat, profiting by this unusual demonstration, tried to effect an unnoticed retreat, and in doing so backed into the pickle-dish, which fell to the floor with a crash.

Mattie, in an instant, had sprung from her chair and was down on her knees by the fragments.

"Oh, Ethan, Ethan—it's all to pieces! What will Zeena say?"

But this time his courage was up. "Well, she'll have to say it to the cat, anyway!" he rejoined with a laugh, kneeling down at Mattie's side to scrape up the swimming pickles.

She lifted stricken eyes to him. "Yes, but, you see, she never meant it should be used, not even when there was company; and I had to get up on the stepladder to reach it down from the top shelf of the china-closet, where she keeps it with all her best things, and of course she'll want to know why I did it——"

The case was so serious that it called forth all of Ethan's latent resolution.

"She needn't know anything about it if you keep quiet. I'll get another just like it tomorrow. Where did it come from? I'll go to Shadd's Falls for it if I have to!"

"Oh, you'll never get another even there! It was a wedding present—don't you remember? It came all the way from Philadelphia, from Zeena's aunt that married the minister. That's why she wouldn't ever use it. Oh, Ethan, Ethan, what in the world shall I do?"

She began to cry, and he felt as if every one of her tears were pouring over him like burning lead. "Don't, Matt, don't—oh, *don't!*" he implored her.

She struggled to her feet, and he rose and followed her helplessly while she spread out the pieces of glass on the kitchen dresser. It seemed to him as if the shattered fragments of their evening lay there.

"Here, give them to me," he said in a voice of sudden authority.

She drew aside, instinctively obeying his tone. "Oh, Ethan, what are you going to do?"

Without replying, he gathered the pieces of glass into his broad palm and walked out of the kitchen to the passage. There he lit a candle-end, opened the china-closet, and, reaching his long arm up to the highest shelf, laid the pieces together with such accuracy of touch that a close inspection convinced him of the impossibility of detecting from below that the dish was broken. If he glued it together the next morning months might elapse before his wife noticed what had happened, and meanwhile he might after all be able to match the dish at Shadd's Falls or Bettsbridge. Having satisfied himself that there was no risk of immediate discovery, he went back to the kitchen with a lighter step, and found Mattie disconsolately removing the last scraps of pickle from the floor.

"It's all right, Matt. Come back and finish supper," he commanded her.

Completely reassured, she shone on him through tear-hung lashes, and his soul swelled with pride as he saw how his tone subdued her. She did not even ask what he had done. Except when he was steering a big log down the mountain to his mill, he had never known such a thrilling sense of mastery.

V

THEY FINISHED SUPPER, and while Mattie cleared the table Ethan went to look at the cows and then took a last turn about the house. The earth lay dark under a muffled sky and the air was so still that now and then he heard a lump of snow come thumping down from a tree far off on the edge of the wood-lot.

When he returned to the kitchen Mattie had pushed

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up his chair to the stove and seated herself near the lamp with a bit of sewing. The scene was just as he had dreamed of it that morning. He sat down, drew his pipe from his pocket and stretched his feet to the glow. His hard day's work in the keen air made him feel at once lazy and light of mood, and he had a confused sense of being in another world, where all was warmth and harmony and time could bring no change. The only drawback to his complete well-being was the fact that he could not see Mattie from where he sat; but he was too indolent to move, and after a moment he said: "Come over here and sit by the stove."

Zeena's empty rocking-chair stood facing him. Mattie rose obediently, and seated herself in it. As her young brown head detached itself against the patchwork cushion that habitually framed his wife's gaunt countenance, Ethan had a momentary shock. It was almost as if the other face, the face of the superseded woman, had obliterated that of the intruder. After a moment Mattie seemed to be affected by the same sense of constraint. She changed her position, leaning forward to bend her head above her work, so that he saw only the foreshortened tip of her nose and the streak of red in her hair; then she slipped to her feet, saying "I can't see to sew," and went back to her chair by the lamp.

Ethan made a pretext of getting up to replenish the stove, and when he returned to his seat he pushed it sideways that he might get a view of her profile and of the lamplight falling on her hands. The cat, who had been a puzzled observer of these unusual movements, jumped up into Zeena's chair, rolled itself into a ball, and lay watching them with narrowed eyes.

DEEP QUIET SANK on the room. The clock ticked above the dresser, a piece of charred wood fell now and then in the stove, and the faint sharp scent of the geraniums mingled with the odour of Ethan's smoke, which began to throw a blue haze about the lamp and to hang its grayish cobwebs in the shadowy corners of the room.

All constraint had vanished between the two, and they began to talk easily and simply. They spoke of every-day things, of the prospect of snow, of the next church sociable, of the loves and quarrels of Starkfield. The commonplace nature of what they said produced in Ethan an illusion of long-established intimacy which no outburst of emotion could have given, and he set his imagination adrift on the fiction that they had always spent their evenings thus and would always go on doing so. . . .

"This is the night we were to have gone coasting, Matt," he said at length, with the rich sense, as he spoke, that they could go on any other night they chose, and that all time was before them.

She smiled back at him. "I guess you forgot!"

"No, I didn't forget; but it's as dark as Egypt outdoors. We might go tomorrow if there's a moon."

She laughed with pleasure, her head tilted back, the lamplight sparkling on her lips and teeth. "That would be lovely, Ethan!"

He kept his eyes fixed on her, marveling at the way her face changed with each turn of their talk, like a wheat-field under a summer breeze. It was intoxicating to find such magic in his clumsy words, and he longed to try new ways of using it.

"Would you be scared to go down the Corbury road with me on a night like this?" he asked.

Her cheeks burned redder. "I ain't any more scared than you are!"

"Well, *I'd* be scared, then; I wouldn't do it. That's an ugly corner down by the big elm. If a fellow didn't keep his eyes open he'd go plumb into it." He luxuriated in the sense of protection and authority which his words conveyed. To prolong and intensify the feeling he added: "I guess we're well enough here."

She let her lids sink slowly, in the way he loved. "Yes, we're well enough here," she sighed.

Her tone was so sweet that he took the pipe from his mouth and drew his chair up to the table. Leaning forward, he touched the farther end of the strip of brown stuff that she was hemming. "Say, Matt," he began with a smile, "what do you think I saw under the Varnum spruces, coming along home just now? I saw a friend of yours getting kissed."

The words had been on his tongue all the evening, but now that he had spoken them they struck him as inexpressibly vulgar and out of place.

Mattie blushed to the roots of her hair and pulled her needle rapidly twice or thrice through her work, insensibly drawing the end of it away from him. "I suppose it was Ruth and Ned," she said in a low voice, as though he had suddenly touched on something grave.

Ethan had imagined that his allusion might open the way to the accepted pleasantries, and these perhaps in turn to a harmless caress, if only a mere touch on her hand. But now he felt as if her blush had set a flaming guard about her. He supposed it was his natural awkwardness that made him feel so. He knew that most young men made nothing at all of giving a pretty girl a kiss, and he remembered that the night before, when he had put his arm about Mattie, she had not resisted. But that had been out-of-doors, under the open, irresponsible night. Now, in the warm lamplit room, with all its ancient implications of conformity and order, she seemed infinitely farther away from him and more unapproachable. To ease his constraint he said: "I suppose they'll be setting a date before long."

"Yes. I shouldn't wonder if they g married some time along in the sum mer." She pronounced the word *mar ried* as if her voice caressed it. I seemed a rustling covert leading to en chanted glades. A pang shot throug Ethan, and he said, twisting away fro her in his chair: "It'll be your turn nex I wouldn't wonder."

She laughed a little uncertainly. "Wh do you keep on saying that?"

He echoed her laugh. "I guess I do to get used to the idea."

HE DREW UP to the table again and sh sewed on in silence, with droop lashes, while he sat in fascinated co templation of the way in which her ha went up and down above the strip stuff, just as he had seen a pair of bir make short perpendicular flights over nest they were building. At length, wit out turning her head or lifting her e she said in a low tone: "It's not becaus you think Zeena's got anything agai me, is it?"

His former dread started up full-arm at the suggestion. "Why, what do mean?" he stammered.

She raised distressed eyes to his, work dropping on the table betw them. "I don't know. I thought night she seemed to have."

"I'd like to know what," he growle

"Nobody can tell with Zeena" was the first time they had ever spo so openly of her attitude toward M and the repetition of the name see to carry it to the farther corners of room and send it back to them in repercussions of sound. Mattie wa as if to give the echo time to drop then went on: "She hasn't said anyt to *you?*"

He shook his head. "No, not a wo

She tossed the hair back from forehead with a laugh. "I guess I'm nervous, then. I'm not going to t about it any more."

"Oh, no—don't let's think about Matt!"

The sudden heat of his tone made colour mount again, not with a r but gradually, delicately, like the re tion of a thought stealing slowly a her heart. She sat silent, her h clasped on her work, and it seemed him that a warm current flowed to him along the strip of stuff that lay unrolled between them. Caut he slid his hand palm downward the table till his finger-tips touche end of the stuff. A faint vibratio her lashes seemed to show that she aware of his gesture, and that it sent a counter-current back to him she let her hands lie motionless on other end of the strip.

As they sat thus he heard a sound hind him and turned his head. The had jumped from Zeena's chair to at a mouse in the wainscot, and a result of the sudden movement the c

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chair had set up a spectral rocking.

"She'll be rocking in it herself this time tomorrow," Ethan thought. "I've been in a dream, and this is the only evening we'll ever have together." The return to reality was as painful as the return to consciousness after taking an anæsthetic. His body and brain ached with indescribable weariness, and he could think of nothing to say or to do that should arrest the mad flight of the moments.

His alteration of mood seemed to have communicated itself to Mattie. She looked up at him languidly, as though her lids were weighted with sleep and it cost her an effort to raise them. Her glance fell on his hand, which now completely covered the end of her work and grasped it as if it were a part of herself. He saw a scarcely perceptible tremor cross her face, and without knowing what he did he stooped his head and kissed the bit of stuff in his hold. As his lips rested on it he felt it glide slowly from beneath them, and saw that Mattie had risen and was silently rolling up her work. She fastened it with a pin, and then, finding her thimble and scissors, put them with the roll of stuff into the box covered with fancy paper which he had once brought to her from Bettsbridge.

He stood up also, looking vaguely about the room. The clock above the dresser struck eleven.

"Is the fire all right?" she asked in a low voice.

He opened the door of the stove and poked aimlessly at the embers. When he raised himself again he saw that she was dragging toward the stove the old pap-box lined with carpet in which the cat made its bed. Then she recrossed the floor and lifted two of the geranium pots in her arms, moving them away from the cold window. He followed her and brought the other geraniums, the hyacinth bulbs in a cracked custard bowl and the German ivy trained over an old croquet hoop.

When these nightly duties were performed there was nothing left to do but bring in the tin candlestick from the passage, light the candle and blow out the lamp. Ethan put the candlestick in Mattie's hand and she went out of the kitchen ahead of him, the light that she carried before her making her dark hair look like a drift of mist on the moon.

"Good night, Matt," he said as she put her foot slowly on the first step of the stairs.

She turned and looked at him a moment. "Good night, Ethan," she answered, and went up.

He stood motionless, watching her till she had passed from his sight.

When the door of her room had closed after her, he remembered that he had not even touched her hand.

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VI

THE NEXT MORNING at breakfast Jotham Powell was between them, and Ethan tried to hide his joy under an air of exaggerated indifference, lounging back in his chair to throw scraps to the cat, growling at the weather, and not so much as offering to help Mattie when she rose to clear away the dishes.

He did not know why he was so irrationally happy, for nothing was changed in his life or hers. He had not even touched the tip of her fingers or looked her full in the eyes. But their evening together had given him a vision of what life at her side might be, and he was glad now that he had done nothing to trouble the sweetness of the picture. He had a fancy that she knew what had restrained him. . . .

There was a last load of lumber to be hauled to the village, and Jotham Powell—who did not work regularly for Ethan in winter—had "come round" to help with the job. But a wet snow, melting to sleet, had fallen in the night and turned the roads to glass. There was more wet in the air, and it seemed likely to both men that the weather would "milden" toward afternoon and make the going safer. Ethan therefore proposed to his assistant that they should load the sledge at the wood-lot, as they had done on the previous morning, and put off the "teaming" to Starkfield till later in the day. This plan had the advantage of enabling him to send Jotham to the Flats after dinner to meet Zenobia, while he himself took the lumber down to the village.

He told Jotham to go out and harness up the grays, and for a moment he and Mattie had the kitchen to themselves. She had plunged the breakfast dishes into a tin dish-pan and was bending above it with her slim arms bared to the elbow, the steam from the hot water beading her forehead and tightening her rough hair into little brown rings like the tendrils on the traveler's joy.

Ethan stood looking at her, his heart in his throat. He wanted to say: "We shall never be alone again like this." Instead, he reached down his tobacco-pouch from a shelf of the dresser, put it into his pocket and said: "I guess I can make out to be home for dinner."

She answered "All right, Ethan," and he heard her singing over the dishes as he went.

As soon as the sledge was loaded he meant to send Jotham back to the farm and hurry on foot into the village to buy the glue for the pickle-dish. With ordinary luck he should have had time to carry out this plan; but everything went wrong from the start. On the way over to the wood-lot one of the grays slipped on a glare of ice and cut his knee; and when they got him up again Jotham had to go back to the barn for a strip of rag to bind the cut. Then, when the loading finally began, a sleety rain was coming down once more, and the tree trunks were so slippery that it took twice as long as usual to lift them and get them in place on the sledge. It was what Jotham called a sour morning for work, and the horses, shivering and stamping under their wet blankets, seemed to like it as little as the men. It was long past the dinner-hour when the job was done, and Ethan had to give up going to the village because he wanted to lead the injured horse home and wash the cut himself.

He thought that by starting out again with the lumber as soon as he had finished his dinner he might get back to the farm with the glue before Jotham and the old sorrel had had time to fetch Zenobia from the Flats; but he knew the chance was a slight one. It turned on the state of the roads and on the possible lateness of the Bettsbridge train. He remembered afterward, with a grim flash of self-derision, what importance he had attached to the weighing of these probabilities. . . .

As soon as dinner was over he set out again for the wood-lot, not daring to linger till Jotham Powell left. The hired man was still drying his wet feet at the stove, and Ethan could only give Mattie a quick look as he said beneath his breath: "I'll be back early."

He fancied that she nodded her comprehension; and with that scant solace he had to trudge off through the rain.

HE HAD DRIVEN his load half-way to the village when Jotham Powell overtook him, urging the reluctant sorrel toward the Flats. "I'll have to hurry up to do it," Ethan mused, as the sleigh dropped down ahead of him over the dip of the schoolhouse hill. He worked like ten at the unloading, and when it was over hastened on to Michael Eady's for the glue. Eady and his assistant were both "down street," and young Denis, who seldom deigned to take their place, was lounging by the stove with a knot of the golden youth of Starkfield. They hailed Ethan with ironic compliment and offers of conviviality; but no one knew where to find the glue. Ethan, consumed with the longing for a last moment alone with Mattie, hung about impatiently while Denis made an ineffectual search in the obscurer corners of the store.

"Looks as if we were all sold out. But if you'll wait around till the old man comes along maybe he can put his hand on it."

"I'm obliged to you, but I'll try if I can get it down at Mrs. Homan's," Ethan answered, burning to be gone.

Denis's commercial instinct compelled him to aver on oath that what Eady's store could not produce would never be found at the widow Homan's; but Ethan, heedless of this boast, had already climbed to the sledge and was driving on to the rival establishment. Here, after considerable search, and sympathetic questions as to what he wanted for it, and whether ordinary flour paste wouldn't do as well if she couldn't find it, the widow Homan finally hunted down her solitary bottle of glue to its hiding-place in a medley of cough-lozenges and corset-laces.

"I hope Zeena ain't broken anything she sets store by," she called after him as he turned the grays toward home.

The fitful bursts of sleet had changed into a steady rain and the horses had heavy work even without a load behind them. Once or twice, hearing sleigh-bells Ethan turned his head, fancying that Zeena and Jotham might overtake him; but the old sorrel was not in sight, and he set his face against the rain and urged on his ponderous pair.

The barn was empty when the horses turned into it and, after giving them the most perfunctory ministrations they had ever received from him, he strode up to the house and pushed open the kitchen door.

Mattie was there alone, as he had pictured her. She was bending over a pan on the stove; but at the sound of his step she turned with a start and sprang to him.

"See here, Matt, I've got some stuff to mend the dish with! Let me get at it quick," he cried, waving the bottle in one hand while he put her lightly aside; but she did not seem to hear him.

"Oh, Ethan—Zeena's come," she said in a whisper, clutching his sleeve.

They stood and stared at each other pale as culprits.

"But the sorrel's not in the barn," Ethan stammered.

"Jotham Powell brought some good over from the Flats for his wife, and he drove right on home with them," she explained. He gazed blankly about the kitchen, which looked cold and squalid in the rainy winter twilight.

"How is she?" he asked, dropping his voice to Mattie's whisper.

She looked away from him uncertainly. "I don't know. She went right up to her room."

"She didn't say anything?"

"No."

Ethan let out his doubts in a low whistle and thrust the bottle back into his pocket. "Don't fret; I'll come down and mend it in the night," he said. He pulled on his wet coat again and went back to the barn to feed the grays.

While he was there Jotham Powell drove up with the sleigh, and when the horses had been attended to Ethan said to him: "You might as well come back up for a bite." He was not sorry to assure himself of Jotham's neutralizing presence at the supper table, for Zeena was always "nervous" after a journey. But the hired man, though seldom loth to accept a meal not included in his wages, opened his stiff jaws to answer slowly: "I'm obliged to you, but I guess I'll go along back."

Ethan looked at him in surprise. "Better come up and dry off. Looks as if there'd be something hot for supper."

Jotham's facial muscles were unmoved by this appeal and, his vocabulary being limited, he merely repeated: "I guess I'll go along back."

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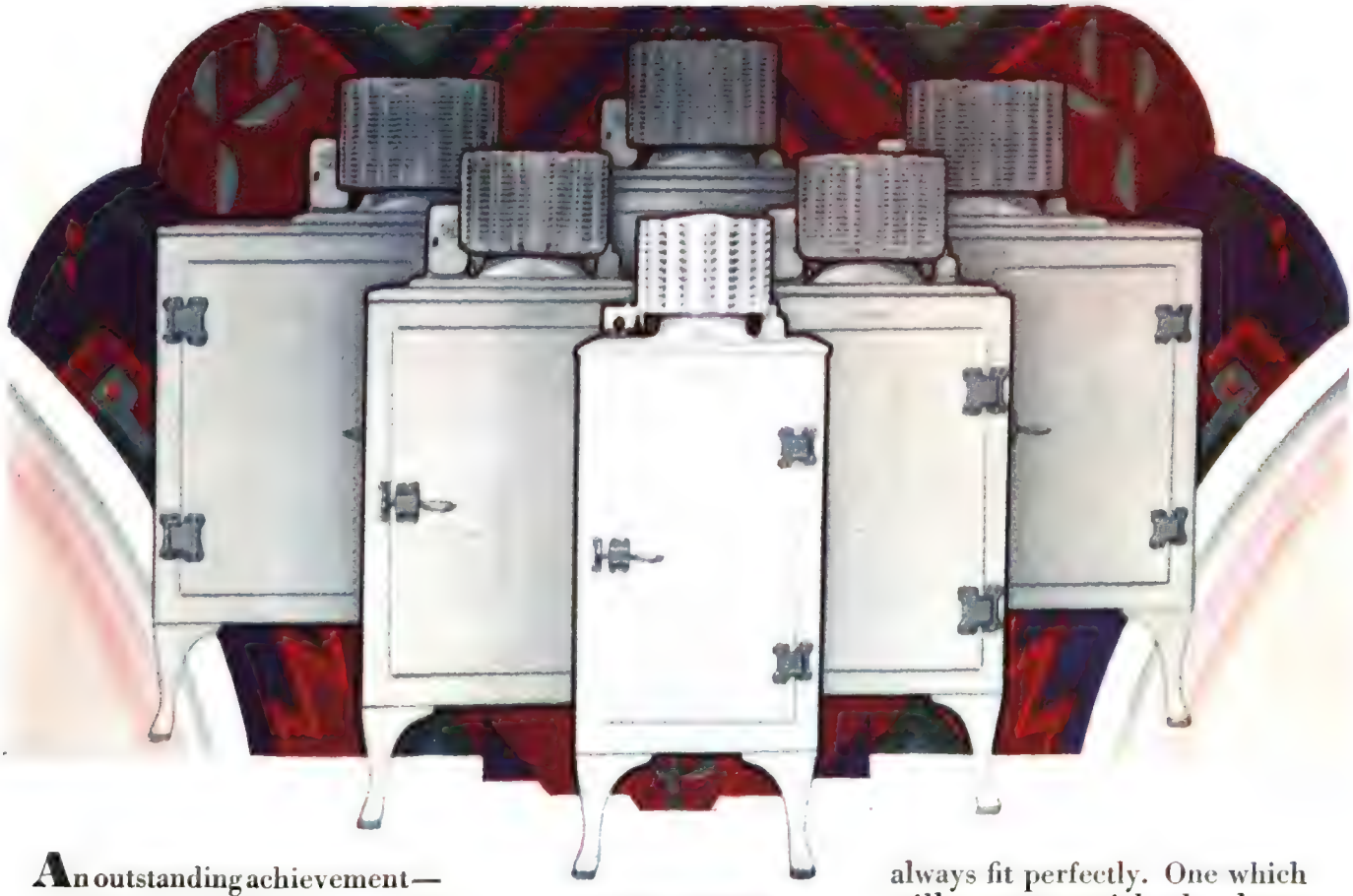

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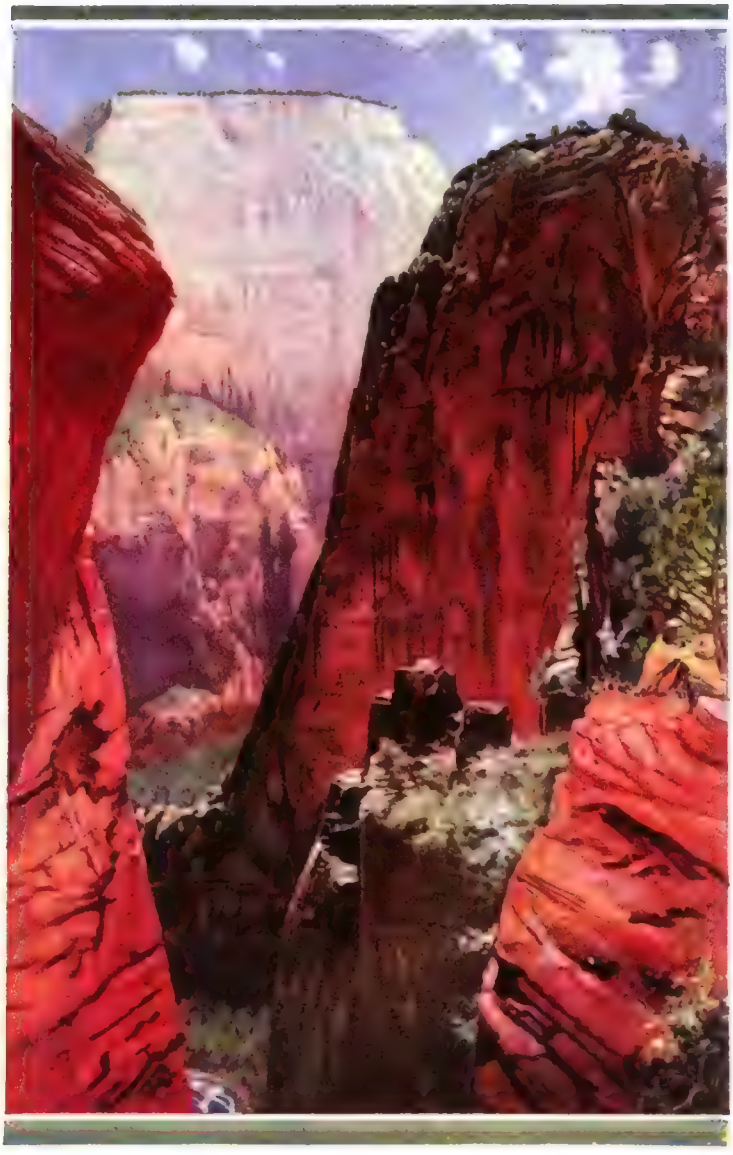

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To Ethan there was something vaguely ominous in this stolid rejection of free food and warmth, and he wondered what had happened on the drive to nerve Jotham to such stoicism. Perhaps Zeena had failed to see the new doctor or had not liked his counsel: Ethan knew that in such cases the first person she met was likely to be held responsible for her grievance.

When he re-entered the kitchen the lamp lit up the same scene of shining comfort as on the previous evening. The table had been as carefully laid, a clear fire glowed in the stove, the cat dozed in its warmth, and Mattie came forward carrying a plate of doughnuts.

She and Ethan looked at each other in silence; then she said, as she had said the night before: "I guess it's about time for supper."

VII

ETHAN went out into the passage to hang up his wet garments. He listened for Zeena's step and, not hearing it, called her name up the stairs. She did not answer, and after a moment's hesitation he went up and opened her door. The room was almost dark, but in the obscurity he saw her sitting by the window, bolt upright, and knew by the rigidity of the outline projected against the pane that she had not taken off her traveling dress.

"Well, Zeena," he ventured from the threshold.

She did not move, and he continued: "Supper's about ready. Ain't you coming?"

She replied: "I don't feel as if I could touch a morsel."

It was the consecrated formula, and he expected it to be followed, as usual, by her rising and going down to supper. But she remained seated, and he could think of nothing more felicitous than: "I presume you're tired after the long ride."

Turning her head at this, she answered solemnly: "I'm a great deal sicker than you think."

Her words fell on his ear with a strange shock of wonder. He had often heard her pronounce them before—what if at last they were true?

He advanced a step or two into the dim room. "I hope that's not so, Zeena," he said.

She continued to gaze at him through the twilight with a mien of wan authority, as of one consciously singled out for a great fate. "I've got complications," she said.

Ethan knew the word for one of exceptional import. Almost everybody in the neighbourhood had "troubles," frankly localized and specified; but only the chosen had "complications." To have them was in itself a distinction, though it was also, in most cases, a death-warrant. People struggled on for years with "troubles," but they almost always succumbed to "complications."

Ethan's heart was jerking to and fro between two extremities of feeling, but for the moment compassion prevailed. His wife looked so hard and lonely, sitting there in the darkness with such thoughts.

"Is that what the new doctor told you?" he asked, instinctively lowering his voice.

"Yes. He says any regular doctor would want me to have an operation."

Ethan was aware that, in regard to the important question of surgical intervention, the female opinion of the neighbourhood was divided, some glorying in the prestige conferred by operations while others shunned them as indelicate. Ethan, from motives of economy, had always been glad that Zeena was of the latter faction.

In the agitation caused by the gravity of her announcement he sought a consolatory short cut. "What do you know about this doctor, anyway? Nobody ever told you that before."

He saw his blunder before she could take it up: she wanted sympathy, not consolation.

"I didn't need to have anybody tell me I was losing ground every day. Everybody but you could see it. And everybody in Bettsbridge knows about Dr. Buck. He has his office in Worcester, and comes over once a fortnight to Shadd's Falls and Bettsbridge for consultations. Eliza Spears was wasting away with kidney trouble before she went to him, and now she's up and around, and singing in the choir."

"Well, I'm glad of that. You must do just what he tells you," Ethan answered sympathetically.

She was still looking at him. "I mean to," she said. He was struck by a new note in her voice. It was neither whining nor reproachful, but drily resolute.

"What does he want you should do?" he asked, with a mounting vision of fresh expenses.

"He wants I should have a hired girl. He says I oughtn't to have to do a single thing around the house."

"A hired girl?" Ethan stood transfixed.

"Yes. And Aunt Martha found me one right off. Everybody said I was lucky to get a girl to come away out here, and I agreed to give her a dollar extry to make sure. She'll be over tomorrow afternoon."

Wrath and dismay contended in Ethan. He had foreseen an immediate demand for money, but not a permanent drain on his scant resources. He no longer believed what Zeena had told him of the supposed seriousness of her state: he saw in her expedition to Bettsbridge only a plot hatched between herself and her Pierce relations to foist on him the cost of a servant; and for the moment wrath predominated.

"If you meant to engage a girl you ought to have told me before you started," he said.

"How could I tell you before I started? How did I know what Dr. Buck would say?"

"Oh, Dr. Buck—" Ethan's incredulity escaped in a short laugh. "Did Dr. Buck tell you how I was to pay her wages?"

Her voice rose furiously with his. "No, he didn't. For I'd 'a' been ashamed to tell *him* that you grudged me the money to get back my health, when I lost it nursing your own mother!"

"*You* lost your health nursing mother?"

"Yes; and my folks all told me at the time you couldn't do no less than marry me after——"

"Zeena!"

Through the obscurity which hid their faces their thoughts seemed to dart at each other like serpents shooting venom. Ethan was seized with horror of the scene and shame at his own share in it. It was as senseless and savage as a physical fight between two enemies in the darkness.

He turned to the shelf above the chimney, groped for matches and lit the one candle in the room. At first its weak flame made no impression on the shadows; then Zeena's face stood grimly out against the uncurtained pane, which had turned from gray to black.

IT WAS THE FIRST SCENE of open anger between the couple in their sad seven years together, and Ethan felt as if he had lost an irretrievable advantage in descending to the level of recrimination. But the practical problem was there and had to be dealt with. "You know I haven't got the money to pay for a girl, Zena. You'll have to send her back: I can't do it."

"The doctor says it'll be my death if I go on slaving the way I've had to. He doesn't understand how I've stood it as long as I have."

"Slaving!—" He checked himself again. "You sha'n't lift a hand, if he says so. I'll do everything round the house myself——"

She broke in: "You're neglecting the farm enough already," and this being true, he found no answer, and left her time to add ironically: "Better send me over to the almshouse and done with it. . . . I guess there's been Fromes there afore now."

The taunt burned into him, but he let it pass. "I haven't got the money. That settles it."

There was a moment's pause in the struggle, as though the combatants were testing their weapons. Then Zeena said in a level voice: "I thought you were to get fifty dollars from Andrew Hale for that lumber."

"Andrew Hale never pays under three months." He had hardly spoken when he remembered the excuse he had made for not accompanying his wife to the station the day before; and the blood rose to his frowning brows.

"Why, you told me yesterday you'd fixed it up with him to pay cash down. You said that was why you couldn't drive me over to the Flats."

Ethan had no suppleness in deceiving. He had never before been convicted of a lie, and all the resources of evasion failed

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him. "I guess that was a misunderstanding," he stammered.

"You ain't got the money?"

"No."

"And you ain't going to get it?"

"No."

"Well, I couldn't know that when I engaged the girl, could I?"

"No." He paused to control his voice. "But you know it now. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. You're a poor man's wife, Zeena; but I'll do the best I can for you."

For a while she sat motionless, as if reflecting, her arms stretched along the arms of her chair, her eyes fixed on vacancy. "Oh, I guess we'll make out," she said mildly.

The change in her tone reassured him. "Of course we will! There's a whole lot more I can do for you, and Mattie——"

ZEENA, WHILE HE spoke, seemed to be following out some elaborate mental calculation. She emerged from it to say: "There'll be Mattie's board less, anyhow——"

Ethan, supposing the discussion to be over, had turned to go down to supper. He stopped short, not grasping what he heard. "Mattie's board less—?" he began.

Zeena laughed. It was an odd, unfamiliar sound—he did not remember ever having heard her laugh before. "You didn't suppose I was going to keep two girls, did you? No wonder you were scared at the expense!"

He still had but a confused sense of what she was saying. From the beginning of the discussion he had instinctively avoided the mention of Mattie's name, fearing he hardly knew what: criticism, complaints, or vague allusions to the imminent probability of her marrying. But the thought of a definite rupture had never come to him, and even now could not lodge itself in his mind.

"I don't know what you mean," he said. "Mattie Silver's not a hired girl. She's your relation."

"She's a pauper that's hung onto us all after her father'd done his best to ruin us. I've kep' her here a whole year: it's somebody else's turn now." As the shrill words shot out Ethan heard a tap on the door, which he had drawn shut when he turned back from the threshold.

"Ethan—Zeena!" Mattie's voice sounded gaily from the landing, "do you know what time it is? Supper's been ready half an hour."

Inside the room there was a moment's silence; then Zeena called out from her seat: "I'm not coming down to supper."

"Oh, I'm sorry! Aren't you well? Sha'n't I bring you up a bite of something?"

Ethan roused himself with an effort and opened the door. "Go along down, Matt. Zeena's just a little tired. I'm coming."

He heard her "All right!" and her quick step on the stairs; then he shut the door and turned back into the room. His wife's attitude was unchanged, her face inexorable, and he was seized with the despairing sense of his helplessness.

"You ain't going to do it, Zeena?"

"Do what?" she emitted between flattened lips.

"Send Mattie away—like this?"

"I never bargained to take her for life!"

He continued with rising vehemence: "You can't put her out of the house like a thief—a poor girl without friends or money. She's done her best for you, and she's got no place to go to. You may forget she's your kin, but everybody else'll remember it. If you do a thing like that, what do you suppose folks'll say of you?"

Zeena waited a moment, as if giving him time to feel the full force of the contrast between his own excitement and her composure. Then she replied in the same smooth voice: "I know well enough what they say of my having kep' her here as long as I have."

Ethan's hand dropped from the doorknob, which he had held clenched since he had drawn the door shut on Mattie. His wife's retort was like a knife-cut across the sinews and he felt suddenly weak and powerless. He had meant to humble himself, to argue that Mattie's keep didn't cost much, after all, that he could make out to buy a stove and fix up a place in the attic for the hired girl—but Zeena's words revealed the peril of such pleadings.

"You mean to tell her she's got to go—at once?" he faltered out, in terror of letting his wife complete her sentence.

As if trying to make him see reason she replied impartially: "The girl will be over from Bettsbridge tomorrow, and I presume she's got to have somewheres to sleep."

Ethan looked at her with loathing. She was no longer the listless creature who had lived at his side in a state of sullen self-absorption, but a mysterious alien presence, an evil energy secreted from the long years of silent brooding. It was the sense of his helplessness that sharpened his antipathy. There had never been anything in her that one could appeal to; but as long as he could ignore and command he had remained indifferent. Now she had mastered him and he abhorred her. Mattie was her relation, not his: there were no means by which he could compel her to keep the girl under her roof. All the long misery of his baffled past, of his youth of failure, hardship and vain effort, rose up in his soul in bitterness and seemed to take shape before him in the woman who at every turn had barred his way. She had taken everything else from him; and now she meant to take the one thing that made up for all the others. For a moment such a flame of hate rose in him that it ran down his arm and clenched his fist against her. He took a wild step forward and then stopped.

"You're—you're not coming down?" he said in a bewildered voice.

"No. I guess I'll lay down on the bed a little while," she answered mildly; and he turned and walked out of the room.

(To be concluded)

Hors-d'œuvres from the Newest Books

[*Continued from page* 101]

THE BARATARIAN PIRATE

One moment Jackson regarded him, not uttering a syllable, his gray eyes boring like gimlets while every hair rose, after the fashion of a bayonet.

"So you are Lafitte? The Baratarian pirate?"

"I am—*what I am,* sir. We need not discuss it."

At these bold words all three of the officers wheeled simultaneously from their position at the window, and stared. An incoming courier halted motionless at the door. Outside the door a sentry paused and peered within, incredulous that anybody should use such tone to General Jackson. The very air of that tiny parlour seemed hushed and stifling as Old Hickory demanded:

"You are Lafitte? And dare come here?"

"You see me before you, sir." The Baratarian bowed with perfect composure.

Himself a fearless man, Andrew Jackson admired courage, and now spoke as if on equal terms.

"Have you considered the risk?"

"There are certain risks, sir, which must be accepted."

"Then what is your purpose?"

"I will speak with *Andrew Jackson,* man to man."

"Speak." The hostility of Jackson was undisguised as Lafitte addressed him.

"General, three months since I offered the services of myself, my ships and men to Governor Claiborne. He bade me wait until you came, when he would recommend it."

"Recommend *you? To me?"* Old Hickory straightened, as if a ramrod can make itself more straight, and might have settled the affair out of hand had not Lafitte's gesture stopped him.

"Hear me out, I beg you, sir." It was a manly appeal against prejudgment that closed Jackson's lips. Then, dispassionately as a lawyer, the Baratarian stated his case: "I have, or had, a force of five hundred men. Most of them can be assembled. The best cannoneers alive. General, you need gunners to beat the British! And to hold such men in jail, or keep them skulking through the swamps, is criminal folly."

"Criminal folly!" The eyes of Jackson blazed, and none about him would have ventured to draw a breath. "Those are plain words, Lafitte."

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"And plain facts," the Baratarian retorted. "We may be a hellish banditti. You may brand us as pirates and robbers, but, General Jackson, *we can fight.*"

"Fight!" Again Old Hickory echoed the words of this corsair. Then, quick to decide, as he was ever prompt to act, Jackson sprang up with the exclamation:

"By the Eternal! Lafitte, I like you, and shall give you a command."

Children of the River.
HARRIS DICKSON.

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The Army had started a series of schools. One for junior officers was at Gondrecourt. Gunner Gallivan heard of it and requested to be sent out there to be educated. . . . For amusement I wrote to . . . an instructor there to keep me posted about the old man. . . .

I learned they were living under canvas in a quagmire, and the first ten days after Gallivan's arrival he put in learning the manual of arms under a second lieutenant who had just come out of a training camp. That amused me, as Gallivan was one of the best drill masters I had ever seen! After about a month he returned.

"What do you think of that school, Gallivan?" I asked.

"It's foine, sor," he said. "Some av thim Frinch are there who are good, and I avin saw an Englishman I approved av. But the best av thim all are thim young Americans just out av the training camps, who are instructors there. They have it over iverybody. Why, one av thim was the greatest dhrawer I ivir saw in my life, sor."

"What do you mean?" I asked him.

"I mane the young officer wit' the blackboard and a piece av chalk who'll dhraw you a picture av a bomb. Maybe it'll take a matther av two days for him to do it. And whin you knew the insides and outsides av it by heart—he'd announce that the damned thing was obsolete. I want no more schools for mine."

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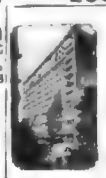

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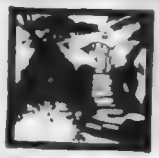

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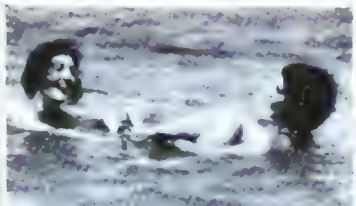

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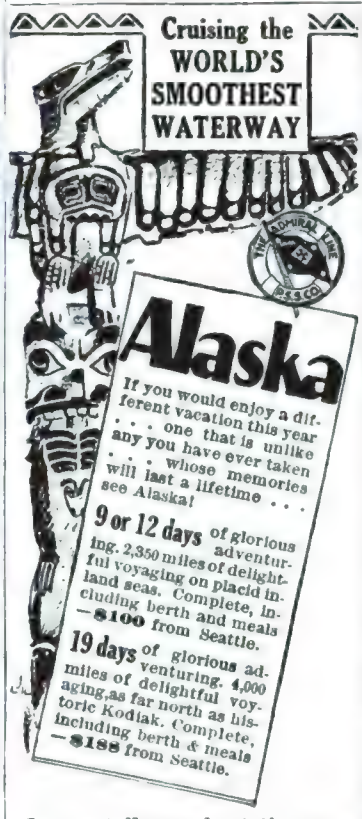
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Travel News

By Roger Shaw

Riding Waikiki's White Horses

Stroll along, in your mind's eye, through a maze of flamboyant hibiscus, plumbed coco-palm, and purple bougainvillea, to that famous arc of sand known as Waikiki Beach. Picture the harbour of Honolulu. At its southern end looms Diamond Head, America's own Gibraltar. Long lines of gleaming surf march relentlessly landward—offering a challenge and a thrill without parallel.

"Surf riding as it is done at Waikiki," says Donald Gillies in the *Sportsman*, "is not generally understood. Everyone knows that the riders mount on boards without the aid of rope or strap and are projected shoreward by the force of gravity—sliding down the slope of rising water. There is surfing of this kind done at Sydney and elsewhere, but from all that I can learn, nowhere under such conditions as prevail at Waikiki.

"Several factors combine to give Waikiki its preëminence—the . . . sheer reef, by arresting the landward surge of deep water, establishes the wave; the gradual shoal imparts regularity to it; at certain seasons the offshore Koolau wind stiffens it and retards its collapse. These factors insure long combers that rise at irregular intervals and run for unusual distances without collapsing. When they do collapse it is usually with a degree of regularity behind the running curl."

The boards used are of light, straight-grained, resilient wood. That used by Mr. Gillies was ten feet long, twenty-four inches wide at the beam, sixteen inches at the stern, its thickness tapering from three and one-half to two inches. It weighed seventy pounds. As a novice he learned to run down the beach and, flinging himself on the board, scud through the tumbling shallow water near the shore and swim out to a point of vantage.

"Lie on your board," was a friend's advice, "holding onto the sides, but not too far forward. If there is too much weight forward, the nose of the board will catch the water and the force of the wave will drive it down. If, when riding, you think that that is about to happen, slip back a little on the board. But not too far back, or you'd sink by the stern. Think of the board as sliding down an incline that will crumble unless the weight on it is evenly distributed. . . . If you find you don't slide straight, use your feet as a rudder." . . .

Even in January, the temperature of the water is never colder than 73 degrees. As the novice becomes more proficient the challenge of the speedier surfs is taken up. Paddling out, one must dive through many big waves to reach the quieter water of the surfing place. A dark line appears under the horizon—the first of three waves. The riders turn their boards shoreward, letting the first wave pass. The second wave, considered the best for riding, looms behind and they paddle energetically before it. The screaming crest tosses a thirty-foot plume of spray where it is beginning to curl.

The riders quickly turn left, increasing the fury of their paddling. They are lifted up and up, and fly toward the left and the beach at a speed of nearly forty miles per hour. The wave seldom moves faster than fifteen miles per hour, yet a skilful rider moving obliquely on the wave will travel perhaps 300 yards while the wave advances 100 yards. The wave is both a carrier and a whip.

An exalted moment for onlookers, as well as for the swimmer, is the spectacle of a sun-bronzed god moving along the crest of a far-distant wave, now lost to view as it breaks, then glimpsed guiding his board at terrific speed across smooth water to catch another wave just gathering. He speeds on in the grip of a living power, luckily catching wave after wave until he is swept joyously ashore.

In summer the big surfs run. "With the end of heavy weather at sea and the rise of an offshore wind, there is joy at Waikiki," says Mr. Gillies, and "round Honolulu run the words 'big surf,' and early in the afternoon young men desert the offices." There is tradition in this inspiring conflict with the sea; this was the sport of kings, and the agile successors to Hawaii's vanished nobility ably demonstrate their claim that this is the sport of sports.

© Williams, Honolulu

Riding the surf—Hawaii's sport of sports.

The White Collar Goes Abroad

In April, America's fancy turns to Europe. Warm sunshine thaws our veins. Friends tell of last year's wanderings among the cathedrals and châteaux of France, of a walk through the Black Forest, or of flying high over the English Channel. The wanderlust begins to stir. There grows a determination that this summer's holiday shall bring a trip abroad, if only for a month. Soon the transatlantic parade has started.

Parade it is. Some 503,900 persons made the eastward crossing of the Atlantic last year, and of this number, approximately 300,000 were Americans traveling purely for pleasure. Nor were these travelers confined to that largess-dispensing class responsible for the European notion that all Americans are rich. College students, professors, teachers, writers, farmers, salesmen, ministers — these

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now take vacations in Europe. And the reason is: tourist third.

Free-born Americans, though able to endure the hardships incidental to hewing an empire from a wilderness, traditionally demand the best in position and quality. The caste system aboard ship, of European origin, has always been distasteful to Americans. It was necessary when immigrants formed the major share of passenger lists. The average American, unable to afford a first-class passage which was high-priced because luxurious, preferred to remain at home.

But since the quota law of 1924 restricted immigrant traffic to a dribble, an important change has taken place. The steerage, completely renovated, no longer crowded to capacity, given over to those who feel it is better to travel cheaply than not at all, has found a bull market. The popularity of tourist third has destroyed the caste system aboard ships.

THIS NEW WAY of going abroad, initiated in 1924 as an economy which it was hoped would in some measure make up the losses in immigrant traffic, has become popular because it represents the real America. Ways and means are no longer the primary consideration. This section of the ship seems to enjoy its trip the most. Social barriers fall before the informality of a holiday mood, and no stigma of indignity today attaches to this mode of travel. Thus has the curse of the steerage been lived down in four short years.

Immigrant traffic once gave steamship lines one-third their revenue—a year-round volume business with a high margin of profit. Seasonal traffic in other passengers yielded another third, the remainder being derived from freight. Even the drastic income shrinkage which followed the immigration quota law of 1924 did not cause transportation experts to give enthusiastic welcome to a young man's idea that a cleaned-up steerage would be popular with students.

A few hundred young people sailed the summer of 1924 in the brightened steerages, sugar-coated with the names "college-cabin" and "student third." In 1925, some 27,800 crossed in the low-cost accommodations; in 1926, about 55,900 went white-collar steerage; in 1927, 92,700, and in 1928, about 105,500 traveled the standardized tourist third.

The immigrant once crossed the Atlantic for as little as $30, but the steamship lines crowded him like livestock, and gave him as little as possible in return. The minimum tourist third rate in 1928 was $185 round trip, a trifle less than the cheapest first-class one way. The fact that tourist third is today the vogue in summer travel bespeaks the quality of present accommodations. Still, it is not luxury that one looks for on the tourist third deck, but for the Bohemian camaraderie of its adventurers. Naturally tourist third has the youngest average age.

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The Talking Movies

An historical outline of the rapidly changing motion picture industry for investment guidance.

By KENNETH S. VAN STRUM

JUST ABOUT THIRTY-FIVE YEARS ago the motion picture industry began to develop out of the scientific experiments and inventions of several imaginative geniuses. Finally, George Eastman and Thomas Edison, after working separately, found that by combining their products a practical motion picture machine was the result.

To jump from that time to this is to skip a gay life history, a story of trials and errors—but of steady progress. The United States, with only six per cent. of the world's land and seven per cent. of the world's population, has developed the industry in these years beyond all other countries, and now produces eighty-five per cent. of the world's films.

It is small wonder, therefore, that one finds moving picture theatres scattered liberally throughout the country. The occupants of very small towns would almost rather forego their post-office than the moving picture house, for it means a connection with the outside world such as was impossible a few years ago.

One hundred million people go to the movies every week in this country. The industry reaches further, however. The hundreds of feature pictures and many more hundreds of short subjects, news reels, and travelogues produced every year are exported to seventy countries, and titles are shown in thirty-seven different languages.

We had progressed to the point where the first film starring Mary Pickford, made in utmost seriousness fifteen years ago, brought chuckles of glee from its spectators when it was revived recently. The motion picture had gone a long way. It had reached a point, in fact, where the producers were searching desperately for new material.

About three years ago, Warner Brothers became interested in experiments being made by the Western Electric laboratories with "talking films." This company saw the possibilities of coördinating sound with the film. They obtained a license to produce the new type of film, calling the process "Vitaphone," and began to prepare "short subjects": comedy skits in dialogue, and single reels featuring opera stars.

The first attempts met with slight enthusiasm, although John Barrymore's name made a moderate success of *Don Juan;* but Warner Brothers continued to

make sound films and to improve their apparatus.

According to the story, the turning point was reached when George Jessel, whom Warner Brothers had signed to do the *Jazz Singer* for a silent film, wanted what they considered too large a sum of money when they decided to make it in sound. Whereupon Al Jolson was obtained for the *rôle*.

When the *Jazz Singer* was presented last spring, it proved an unqualified success—the greatest hit the industry has ever known. In this production the spectators became an audience without realizing the strangeness of the new medium. The pictures had achieved a third dimension, which the public realized to be no longer a trick to attract attention, but a genuine advance.

A Revolution

The success of the *Jazz Singer* did more than win public approval, however. It revolutionized the entire industry. Producers abandoned all previous plans and rushed to make licensing arrangements with Western Electric, which had developed the first successful talking movie, and controlled the fundamental patents necessary to its manufacture.

In order to produce these new pictures a whole new production staff was needed. Pictures used to be made by shooting many thousands of extra feet of film and then cutting mercilessly until only the best remained. Because dialogue and sound accompaniments could not be chopped indiscriminately, this method went by the board. In its place, a process of rehearsing carefully before filming was instituted, requiring more time and more competent acting.

Scenario writers who were not acquainted with the art of writing smooth dialogue were out of jobs, and many screen favourites were found to have impossibly squeaky voices. Writers and actors were drafted from the legitimate theatre.

Finally, theatres had to be equipped with the necessary apparatus to present sound films. Although theatres are being equipped daily, it will be some years before the demand is satisfied.

These readjustments took time, time which the public's clamour for sound films made too valuable to waste. In

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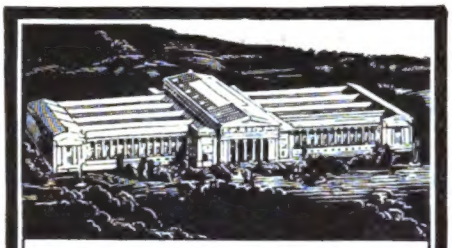

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the meanwhile, films made for silent presentation on the West Coast were made over after reaching New York by adding sound effects and musical accompaniment. Even dialogues were faked.

With processes so complicated and unfamiliar to work with, it was no wonder that many of the early pictures were poor examples of the new art. Public patience has been sorely tried, and today a picture is no longer popular merely because it has some sort of sound accompaniment. The producers became aware that their fickle god, the public, was again cool when a sudden decline in audiences was registered a few months ago, after the novelty had worn off.

MOVIETONE

PHOTOPHONE

The silent film, according to Jesse L. Lasky, of Paramount, will seem out of date within a year. The public is no longer satisfied with pictures which merely make a noise: it is demanding that producers turn out something that compares favourably with real life. Since it is not quite known what will be accepted by the public, the industry is redoubling its efforts, and radical changes may be expected in a year's time.

Types of Sound Films

Any producer can make sound pictures today. It is only necessary to take out licenses with the patent holders. There are three important ways of reproducing sound: vitaphone, movietone, and photophone. In the vitaphone method, the film is synchronized electrically by means of a recording apparatus on the principle of the phonograph. In movietone, the sound is obtained by means of a ray of light passing through lines of varying widths on the film and hitting a photo-electric cell with varying intensity. The photophone operates on substantially the same principle, except that a wavy line regulates the intensity of the ray of light which passes through the film. So far as the quality of reproduction is concerned, it is said that there is little difference between the three methods, the principal one being in the relative durability of the various films.

Profit Possibilities

The talking picture has presented three distinct possibilities to the investor. He can invest in companies owning the patents covering the technical side, in the actual making of the pictures, and in the exhibition of the pictures in theatres. Most companies have been expanding into all three phases of the industry in recent years, but even today each company emphasizes one particular angle more than the others.

The technical end of the new business is being handled almost entirely by companies to whom it is as yet a side line. The largest profits naturally go to the holders of various basic patents. As in the radio industry, the Alexanderson patents covering "tuned radio frequency" are the *raison d'être* of all talking movies.

While thirty per cent. of Radio Corporation's income for last year was derived from their diverse patent royalties, the annual statement did not disclose what proportion of the income was from radio and what proportion from talking movies. In addition to its income from patents, the Radio Corporation gained another source of income from talking pictures with its recent acquisition of Victor, which makes records for Vitaphone reproduction.

Western Electric, subsidiary of American Telephone and Telegraph Company, received by far the largest part of the business of installing talking movie equipment. But this income as yet is a relatively small item when reduced to terms of net income to the holder of a share of A. T. & T. stock, since the other interests of the company are so vast.

The first film companies to experiment with talkies, Warner Brothers and Fox Films, own patents covering the contributions they made to talking pictures. However, the income from this source is probably very small in relation to other sources of income.

Thus, in the case of most companies holding basic sound picture patents, it is necessary to consider many other factors besides the patents. Moreover, the salient aspects of the patent situation have never been clearly defined, which further confuses the profit possibilities of this end of the business.

Producing Companies

Warner Brothers and Fox Films, having started first, had the initial advantage in the production of sound pictures. While other companies were reorganizing their schedules, these two were releasing pictures which reaped the first rewards from the public clamouring for the new pictures.

Within the last few weeks, however, all the leading producers have released films of a high caliber, putting them all on a fairly equal footing. And perhaps the greatest single step in the development of sound pictures was the announced policy of Fox Films on March 24 to produce dialogue and musical pictures exclusively. An increased number of leading Broadway stage stars were also reported to be aligned with Fox for sound picture productions in accordance with this program.

Pathé and Universal derive the major part of their income from the production

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of pictures, since they have neither patent claims nor theatres. Since in recent years it has become increasingly important for each producer to own theatres where he can exhibit his own pictures and trade releases with other producers, the outlook for these two companies is less certain than for some of the others.

Paramount-Famous-Lasky, Loew's (now with Fox) controlling Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Warner Brothers, and Radio-Keith-Orpheum through F. B. O. Picture Corporation, are all in a position to benefit from the production of talking movies. Again, because each of these companies has large chains of theatres they are in a position to benefit from all talking pictures produced, no matter who makes them, since most pictures are exhibited today on a percentage basis.

Theatre Chains

Not only the above companies, but Warner Brothers also have expanded into the theatre field by purchase of the Stanley chain of theatres. Fox, with its control of Loew's, now includes some 800 theatres on its list, the largest chain in the country.

In the exhibiting phase of the industry, Shubert, producer of legitimate plays and owner of over 100 theatres, is often mentioned in mergers, since his show-houses would make a good addition to a motion picture theatre chain. Meanwhile, the Shuberts have been able to offset a bad theatrical season somewhat by showing talking movies. It is expected that they will receive a substantial income from talking pictures in the future.

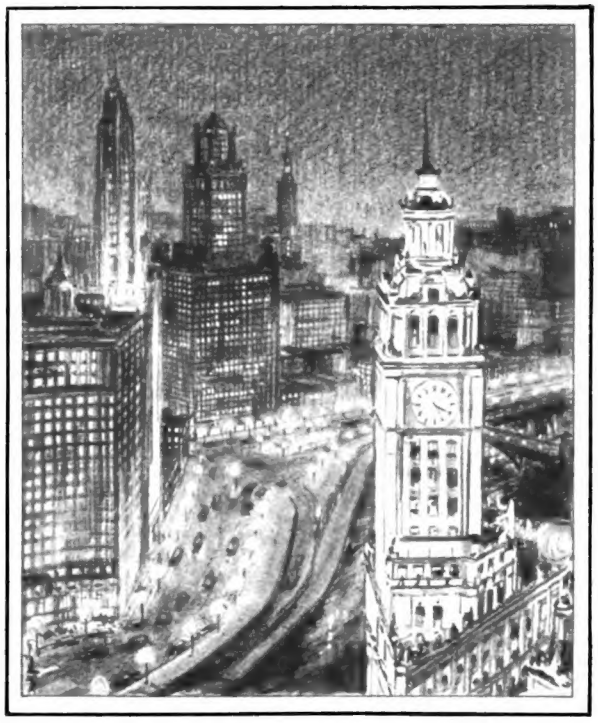
The ramifications of the industry are so diverse that it is difficult to single out the possibilities of various stocks, and charting the rise in prices of leading motion picture stocks since 1927 demonstrates the revolutionary changes which have taken place. Leaders in the industry say that the possibilities of the sound picture have barely been touched.

Since the recent announcement of the control by Fox of Loew's, the industry has been prepared for other large mergers tending towards the maintenance of balanced control between competing groups.

The investor must be careful to examine the position of a company in the industry before he invests, for, as in all new developments, the well managed units will go ahead more rapidly than the others.

The advance in amusement stocks has already discounted much improvement, but the more aggressive companies in the industry will undoubtedly progress still further.

Next month Mr. Van Strum will discuss the aviation industry from an investment viewpoint.



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Music and Radio

By ALFRED V. FRANKENSTEIN

NOVELS OF THE MUSICAL life are, on the whole, somewhat certain productions. When the average novelist tackles the development of musical character a vast sign seems to go up before his mental eye—"Go slowly. Tread lightly." Even if he succeeds in avoiding such monstrosities as reference to the key of A-sharp major, his lack of understanding of the musical mind causes him to create wizards, supermen, practitioners of a black magic of tone that mortal mind cannot fathom. This idea is pleasing to the singer, pianist, conductor, composer, and high-priced teacher, no doubt. It is, indeed, the all-pervading musical delusion.

A musical novel of the first importance, if only for its avoidance of this attitude, is Pitts Sanborn's *Prima Donna* (Longmans, Green). Its author is music critic of the New York *Telegram*, in whose columns he preaches a doctrine of purity in musical style that is sometimes annoying, but more often an excellent brake in the swirl of speed that is musical New York. His book, as its title implies, is the history of an opera singer. Its leading motive is that singing is an animal function of those born to sing; that the training which makes of this singing an art does not make of it any the less a function of the body.

His heroine is one born to sing. Helma Seymour, of Byzantium, Ohio, is the daughter of a lawyer in a small college town. She grows up on her native prairie to be, as her teacher says, "a prize filly"—not unintelligent, by no means uneducated, but totally unconcerned with intellectual currents, unbothered with world ideas or ideas of art. It is the voice, the precious voice, the priceless exercise of the muscles of the throat, that counts to the exclusion of everything else. In her life at this period there figure deeply but two persons, the old Italian teacher, Spinti, and a college student, Winfield Gaines, whose European background and knowledge of things strange and foreign is thoroughly frowned on in Byzantium, Ohio.

After the death of her parents this flourishing, beautiful animal makes her way to New York, to study with the incarnation of all that Pitts Sanborn holds dear in the practise of vocal art. This teacher, Dubosc, is the mothering, passionless, level-headed prop of her existence.

The enchanting life-process of singing grows in her luxurious youth and strength. That other absorbing mechanism of living things is gloriously tied up with dreams of vocal triumph. For it is the Spanish manager, Gonsalvo, who has his way with her, and who will surely put her into opera. And then the props are knocked from under, the Spaniard finds another lady more to his liking, and all bets are off. The dream of opera gone, the lover gone, the voice goes also. Frantically Helma seeks the warm corner where she will not be stepped on any more. And finds it with the one remaining bulwark of her career, Dubosc.

Dubosc takes her to Paris. The voice comes back. With it returns the unwilled search for sure reality in all the functions of life. For the moment it is supplied by one Raymond Retz, a youngster of the boulevards, a devoted fetcher and carrier. Raymond sees her through the *début* at Tours. But Helma is scheduled for Paris, and this nice little fellow will not do in the great world.

Paris brings her success in art and in love. A curious cosmopolite, Victor Ravet, a mountaineer of unfathomable depth of spirit, becomes her teacher, manager, lover, almost her Svengali. With him she conquers Germany, Russia, and Italy, and rises higher in the esteem of Paris. But no matter how deeply Helma may love Ravet, Ravet remains unfathomed, concerned more with her art than herself. And Ravet dies.

Then comes the philosophic count, Guy de Laurac, her husband. More triumph for the vocal function. But Guy de Laurac is never completely loved, and the marriage goes on the rocks with the discovery of his mistress.

And so Europe has held no final contentment for Helma Seymour. Then comes New York. Again vocal triumph. Again Gonsalvo, the Spanish wolf of her early days, whose memory has been a torturing horror through the years. A little pitiable now, he offers her vast sums for a season in Mexico, where she is a complete failure for the first time in her career. But it does not matter much. Her career is at its ripened zenith. And if there are desires unsatisfied, stretches of destiny unrealized, she can face her unsatisfaction and unrealization. The man she had hated she grants an annuity. The millionaire she had half pitied and did not love she decides to marry.

Such is the story of an operatic success. It is told admirably from inside the head of the heroine. Sanborn allows himself no nature painting, and but once—in the chapter on the grandfather of Guy de Laurac—gets outside the senses and reverie of its chief character. The story moves with the compelling sensuous drama of those dramatic soprano *rôles* of which its heroine is mistress.

THERE REMAINS another story of the opera which would make a novel perhaps even better than *Prima Donna*. It is the story of the operatic failure. It should be the story of the quacks, fakers, and crooks who dispense instruction in voice. It should be the story of the ill-educated vocal authorities, unable to tell if their lives depended on it, the difference between triple and double rhythms, not knowing a sharp from a flat, who tell us with an air of finality that Mme. So-and-So sings out of tune and drags behind the conductor, and to whom these things are the ultimate criticism of music. It should tell of the incompetents who have *so* much soul. It should tell of the paper opera companies of street-corner impresarios. It should tell of the sodden weight of greasy unintelligence that makes one opera popular, and another unpopular, and of the *dementia præcox* that makes "artists" with voices less than the streaming hair of peanut wagons believe they are kept out of the Metropolitan by intrigue, when by their unwillingness to enter intrigue. It should tell of the thousand and one schemes, plots, and subterfuges employed by these lamb-white ones to achieve the end. It should tell. . . .

Sanborn is not the man to write the novel. No American who can employ with such evident relish the sonorous terms Limousin, Auvergne, and Dordogne is sufficiently of the herd. Respectfully I commend the job to Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

"THE CRITIC"

SNEER—He is very perfect indeed! Now, pray, what did he mean by that?

PUFF—Why, by that shake of the head he gave you to understand that even though they had more justice in their cause and wisdom in their measures, yet if there was not greater spirit shown on the part of the people, the country would at last fall a sacrifice to the hostile ambition of the Spanish monarchy.

SNEER—The devil! Did he mean all that by shaking his head?

PUFF—Every word of it—if he shook his head as I taught him.

—RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

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